BRITANNIA and EVE

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MARCH
1937

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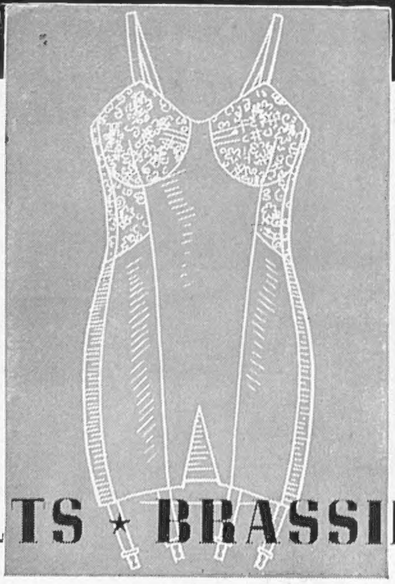

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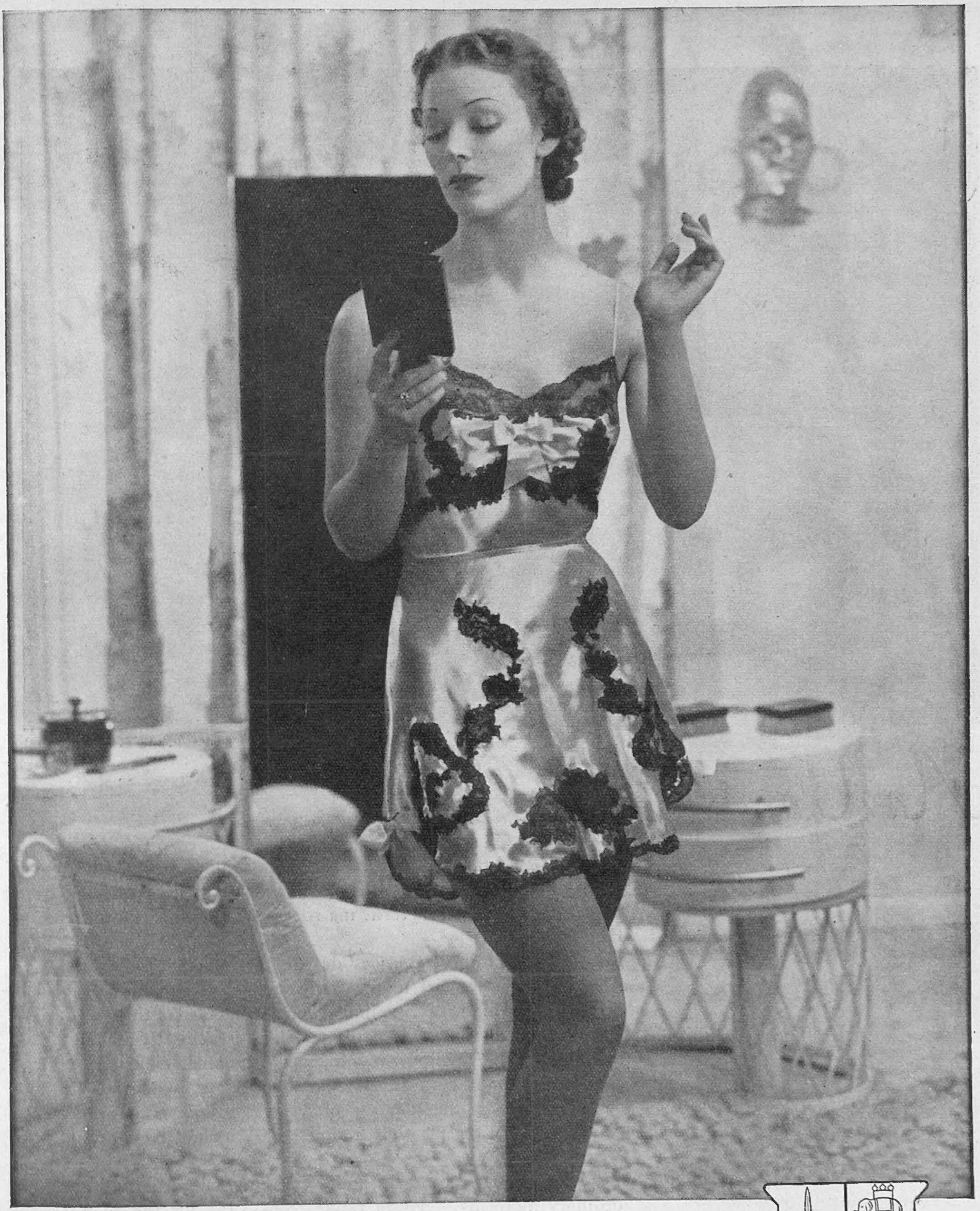

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 3. MARCH 1937

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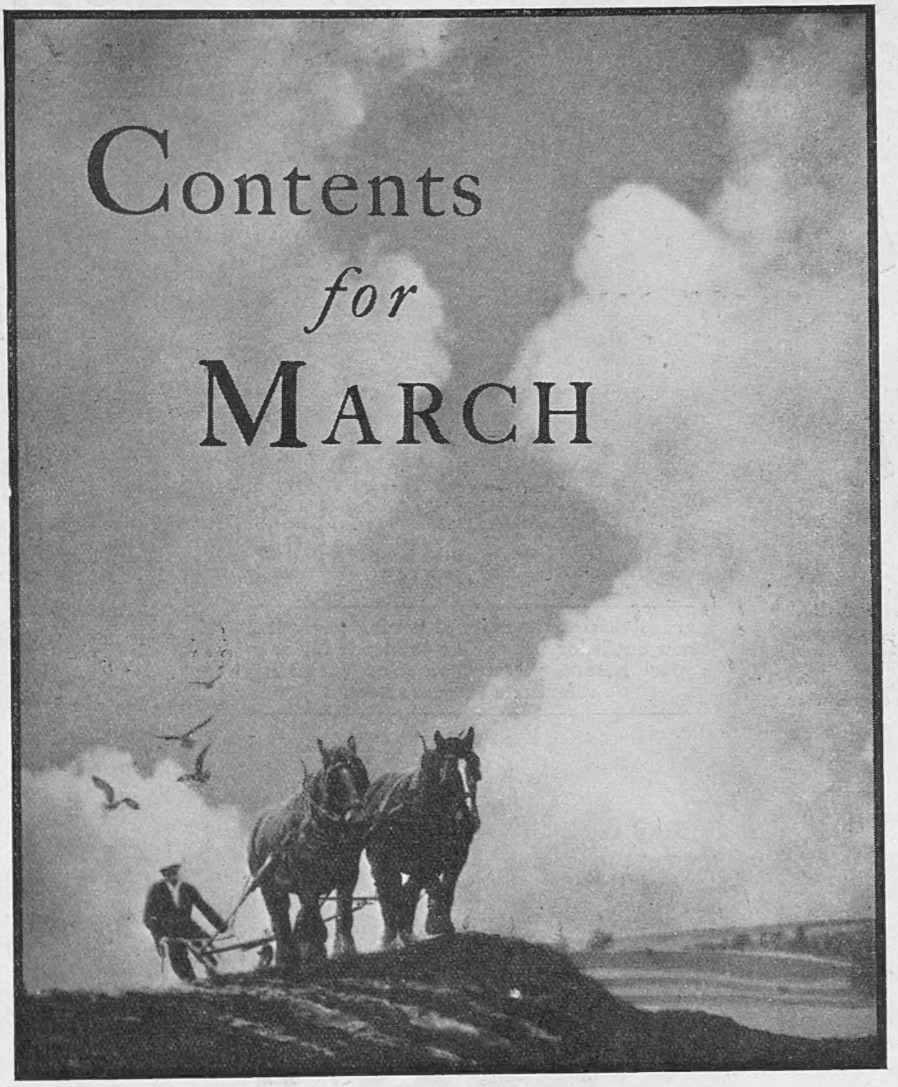

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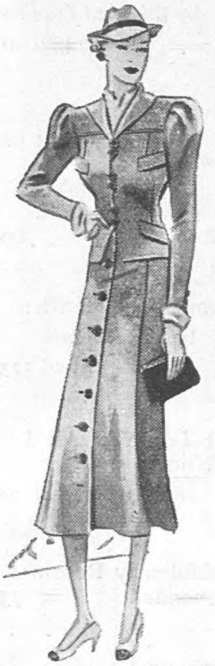

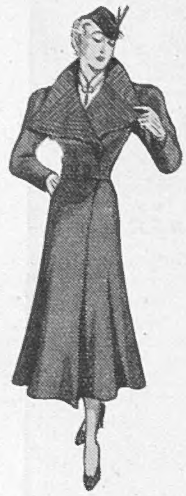

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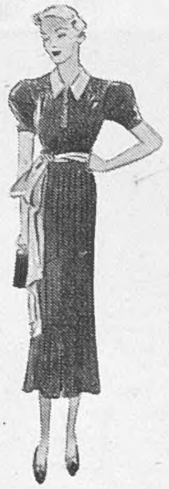

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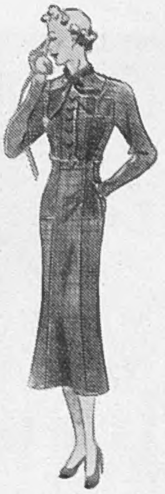

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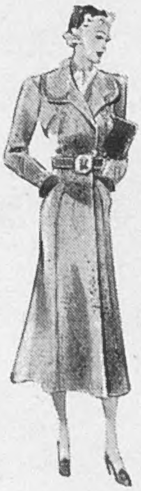

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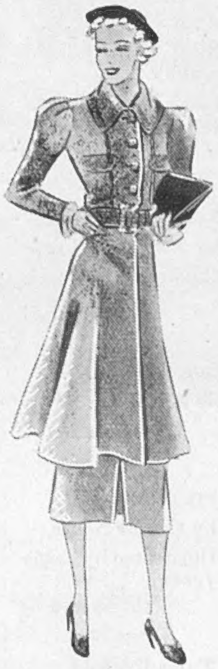

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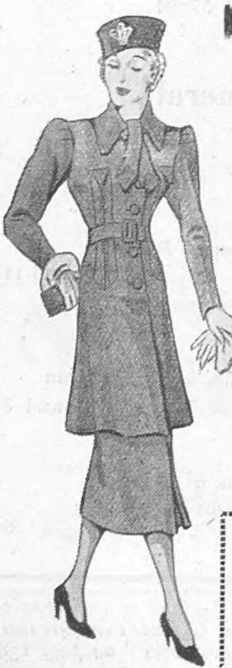

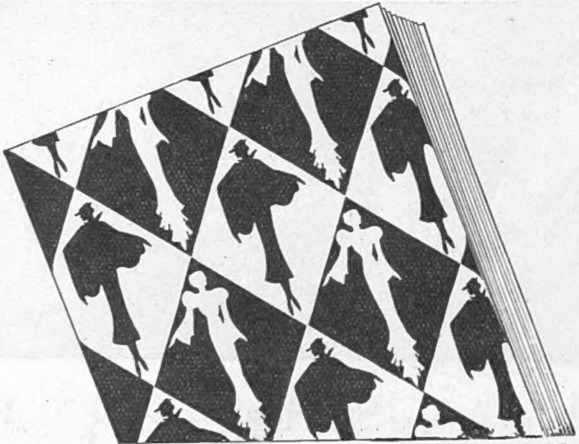

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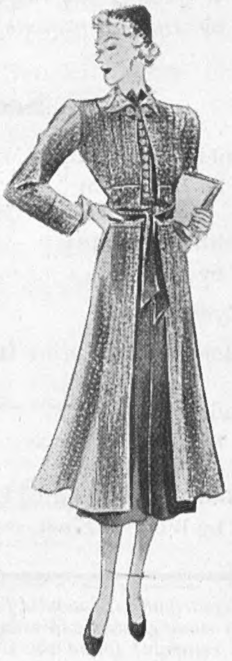

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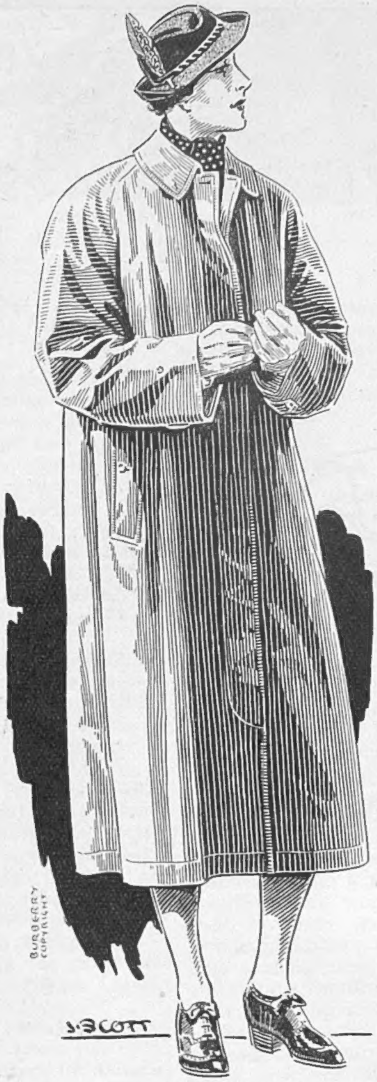

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THE FAST PETROL WHICH **BANISHES PINKING**

MARCH

Monday, March 1st

St. David's Day. Hurrah for Wales!

Whether March roars in like a lion or sidles up like a lamb, it will go out Lamb-lion at Easter time, when these two animals always walk side by side—led by a child.

Remember this blether when marking the weather. We prophesy it will be freak lamb-lion.

Wild-bird shooting ends.

OPENS: Nursing Exhibition at the new Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

To be shown: A MOTHERCRAFT SECTION, with lectures on Sulphanomide, the new drug which has reduced maternal mortality from 8 per cent. to 2 per cent. at Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

AN ANTI-GAS AIR-RAID SECTION: demonstrating a bomb-proof anti-gas underground shelter fitted with air-locks.—or outer chambers in which entrants are decontaminated before coming into the gas-shelter—and air-sights, by which occupants can ascertain whether the poison gas has cleared off before leaving shelter.

How to make any kitchen gas-proof in half an hour. Kitchens are the best shelters for families as they contain the food and water supplies.

How to make an ordinary room gas-proof. Gas-masks. How public baths will be turned into gas-proof shelters, for people caught in the street, in half an hour.

This section has been organised and paid for by the Home Office in conjunction with the Ministry of Health, assisted by the British Red Cross, Institute of Hygiene, among many others.

Now comes the blow.

The Exhibition is only open to doctors and nurses.

Why, when the public need to be educated in every anti-gas precaution? What are the authorities about? Why don't taxpayers and mothers clamour? If the Horticultural Hall is too small to admit the public, what's wrong with Olympia and charging 3d. a head admittance?

Think it out.

Thursday, March 4th

Palestine Charities Boxing. Albert Hall. 8.30 p.m. Ardent Palestinians shrewdly pay to watch non-Palestinians fight. Chief attraction: Small Montana *v.* Pat Palmer.

Friday, March 5th

Army Championships Boxing. Albert Hall. 8 p.m. Very different. Smashing blows dealt for the honour of regiments.

Sunday, March 7th

Under happy energetic influences. Time to turn black patches in the garden into lawn. By discarding weeds and brickbats, breaking up the soil and levelling, dusting two ounces of grass-seed to the square yard then, and raking; rolling, fitting scarecrow and forgetting, till in two weeks grass is waving.

Good for planning Easter house-party, or where you'll go over the short holiday. Devon, Cornwall, and the Cotswolds give the best foretaste of Spring in daffodil-rippling slopes, hedges of snow-bloom blackthorn, gold gorse and vivid spurs of larchwood, newly green and shimmering. Unspoilt still is the West Country.

While slipping through it, snoop into the curiosity shops in towns that are off the railway track. Many of the finest pieces in Queen Mary's wonderful collection have been picked up by her ladies passing through Ilchester. Here rare old Bristol and Nailsea glass is to be found, as Somerset is not an exhausted hunting ground.

Monday, March 8th

Ox-gall from friend butcher. 3 oz. to a pint of water, sponged over your carpets, will bring them up like new. Is how British Museum clean their valuable Chinese, Persian and Bokhara rugs.

Tuesday, March 9th

Three-day Hunter Show at Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, brings breeders of thoroughbreds from all parts of England to London. Many stay on for National Pony Show, which follows at same hall on

Friday, March 12th

Ponies of every description, from shaggy Shetlands to scraggy Devons, are judged. Delightful children's gymkhanas in the afternoon.

New Moon 7.32 p.m.

Saturday, March 13th

Freshwater fishing in England and Wales, and Cambridge Lent Term, end.

Passion Sunday, March 14th

Also marks Mohammedan New Year, 1356. Great doings at Woking, Lucknow, Mecca, and Constantinople, and wherever else Allah and Mohammed keep the fourteenth-century world turning.

Monday, March 15th

Flat racing opens at Lincoln More exciting, by far, is the arrival of three famous tourists in Britain. Wheat-ear and chiff-chaff are two, and although their bird-call may be unknown to you, it makes all the difference to our summer woods and hedges. Piatigorsky is the third. This world-celebrated 'cellist plays at Queen's Hall at 8.30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 17th

Cheers for St. Patrick and Ireland. Women will be lucky in Lincolnshire Handicap. Bet in their company. Place on Nipaway, Fair-play, or Laureate II, if running, say Ladbroke's.

Friday, March 19th

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, LIVERPOOL. Stars say: Inauspicious for sport and altogether nasty. Gee willie! Women still luckiest. Woman-owned Golden Miller has won once—refused to go round course twice. Is fed up with it. But his rider, F. Walwyn, is clever. To-day's system, watch colours. For preference back grey, gold and primrose. Also russet and pale blue, and—Good luck to you!

Saturday, March 20th

Oxford Hilary Term ends. If you are vegetable-minded, sow broccoli, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, leeks, celery, in rows half an inch deep. If, in addition, you are a gambler, put in a row of early potatoes, French beans and peas.

Palm Sunday, March 21st

Vernal Equinox—in other words Spring. Weather forecast, wonderful. Rarely can a day have dawned showing promise of greater benefits to be derived from family reunions, old friendships, the observance of tradition. Keep in with your elders.

Monday, March 22nd

Note for book-lovers: Sale of Lord Aldenham's library of early illuminated English manuscripts, at Sotheby's, Bond Street.

Tuesday, March 23rd

Inter-Varsity two-day golf match starts at Sandwich between Oxford and Cambridge.

Wednesday, March 24th

THE BOATRACE. Planets still smile on pale blue. Hilary Law Sittings end. Many schools break up. Some children come home, others set out on admirably planned school Continental trips, estimated to cost £12, actually anything to £20.

Maundy Thursday, March 25th

QUARTER DAY. It never rains but it pours.

Good Friday, March 26th

Passion services in churches, and *Messiah* at Albert Hall, 3 p.m.

Easter Sunday, March 28th

Church bells ring out over town and country. Lovely festival. Let pagan custom of searching for bright-coloured eggs, hidden over house or garden, be kept after church-going. It's fun, and as much a part of Easter as roast lamb for lunch.

Easter Monday. Bank Holiday. March 29th.

Rather too early to hear that cuckoo!

Tuesday, March 30th

Back to work again, and perhaps to Ideal Home Exhibition.

Now, and no sooner, you may prune your roses. Cut weak shoots out of the ramblers, reduce strong ones by a third; bush roses down to two eyes.

A quarter of the year has passed.

Hearts of Oak

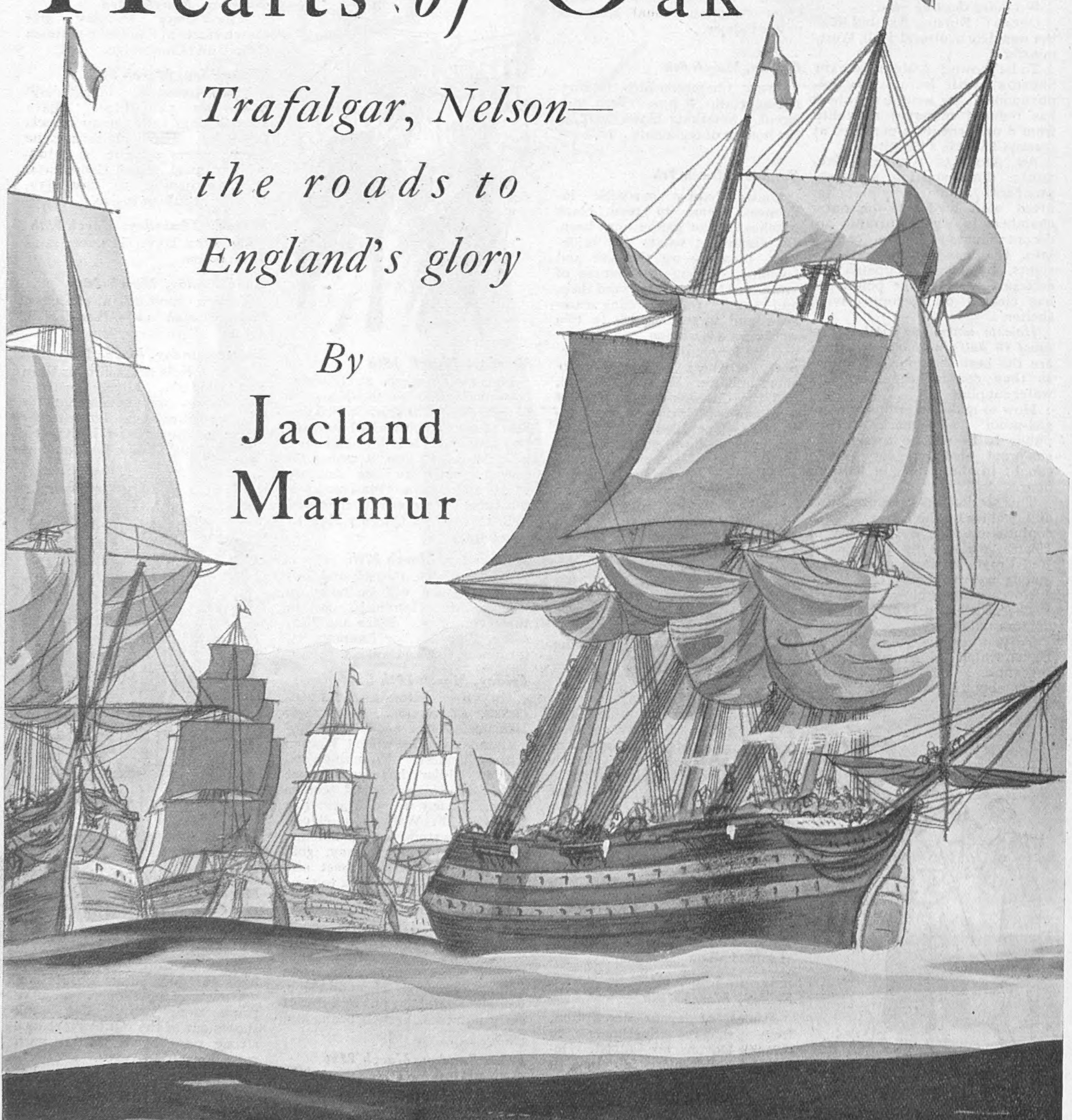
Trafalgar, Nelson— the roads to England's glory

By Jacland Marmur

H. M. S. *Royal Sovereign,* ship-of-the-line, one hundred guns, Lord Collingwood, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, is leading Nelson's leeward squadron off Cadiz in search of Napoleon's battle fleet. Astern, the men-o'-war swing lofty topsails in the sky, faint white squares against the gloom. It is still dark night of that famous October morning of 1805: the time of England's greatest naval triumph is at hand.

Far in the north and west the lurching signal lanterns burn aloft, tangling the stars. That will be the *Euryalus* and the *Sirius* frigates, the eyes of the sailing fleet. And all around, a-twinkle and a-glitter, are the running lights of England's ships and England's men. The divisions are standing north, slowly, for they are ungainly sailers, square and lofty-pooped, wall-sided ships of war, two and three deckers with gun ports tight. The stirring, throat-catching names of them! *Tonnant, Colossus, Swiftsure,* and *Belleisle.* And to windward the famous *Victory,* the fighting *Téméraire, Conqueror, Defiance,* and *Britannia.*

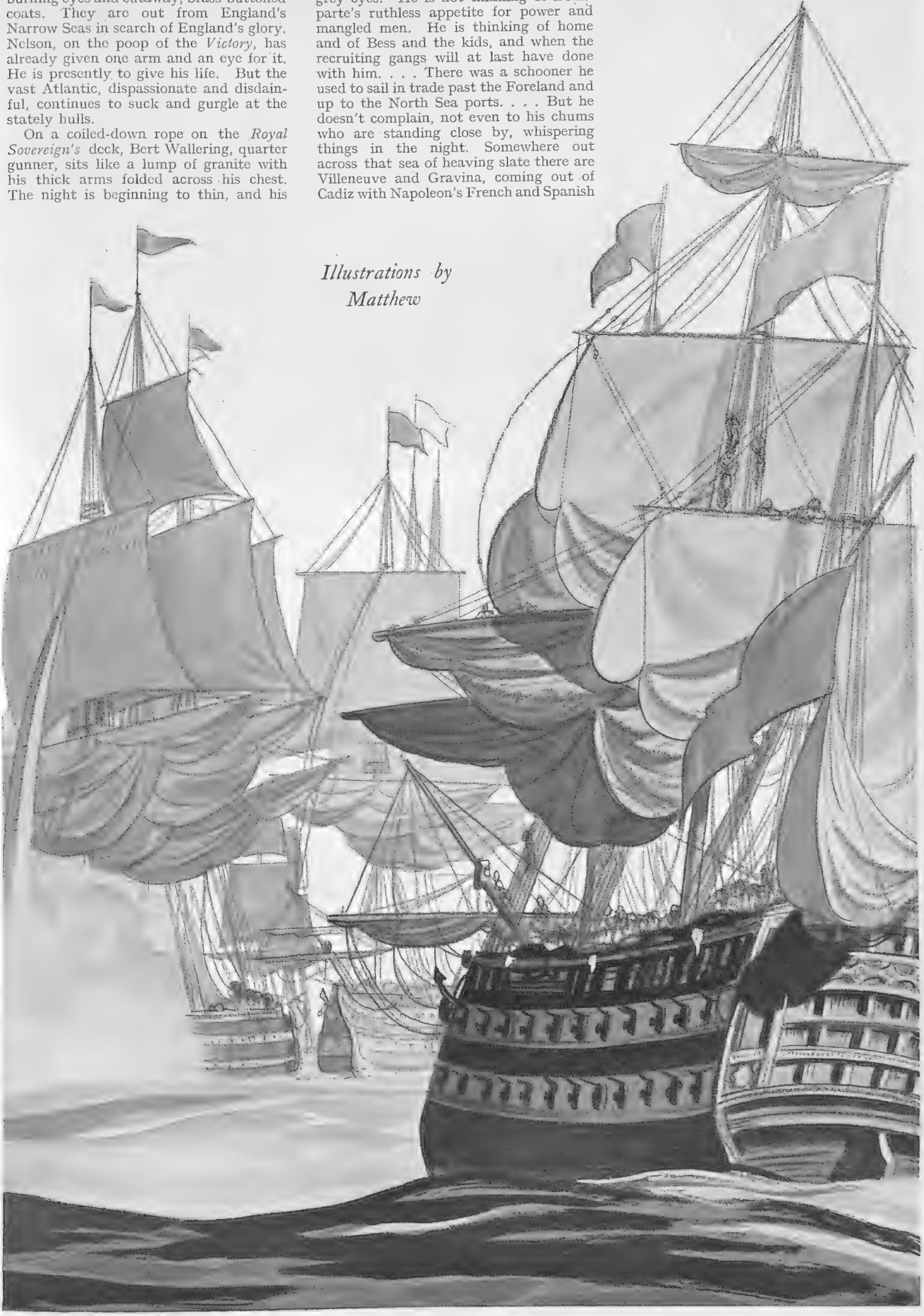
The wind is quietly west of north and hauling further westward, from where a strong, deep ground swell comes surging in toward the shoals of San Pedro and Cape Trafalgar on the Spanish coast. The *Royal Sovereign,* on the port tack with sail braced in alow and aloft, heaves ponderously through dark water, soughing the wind from her drawing canvas and slicing a steep swath in the paling stars with the sky-high trucks of her masts. On the quarter-decks the officers murmur together in rumbling whispers, dark clusters of heavy-faced men. They are in search of glory, those dim grim shapes far aft on the decks of command: frock-coated admirals with cocked hats and golden stars on their breasts, flag-captains in tight-fitting hose and buckled shoes, sailing masters and lieutenants with

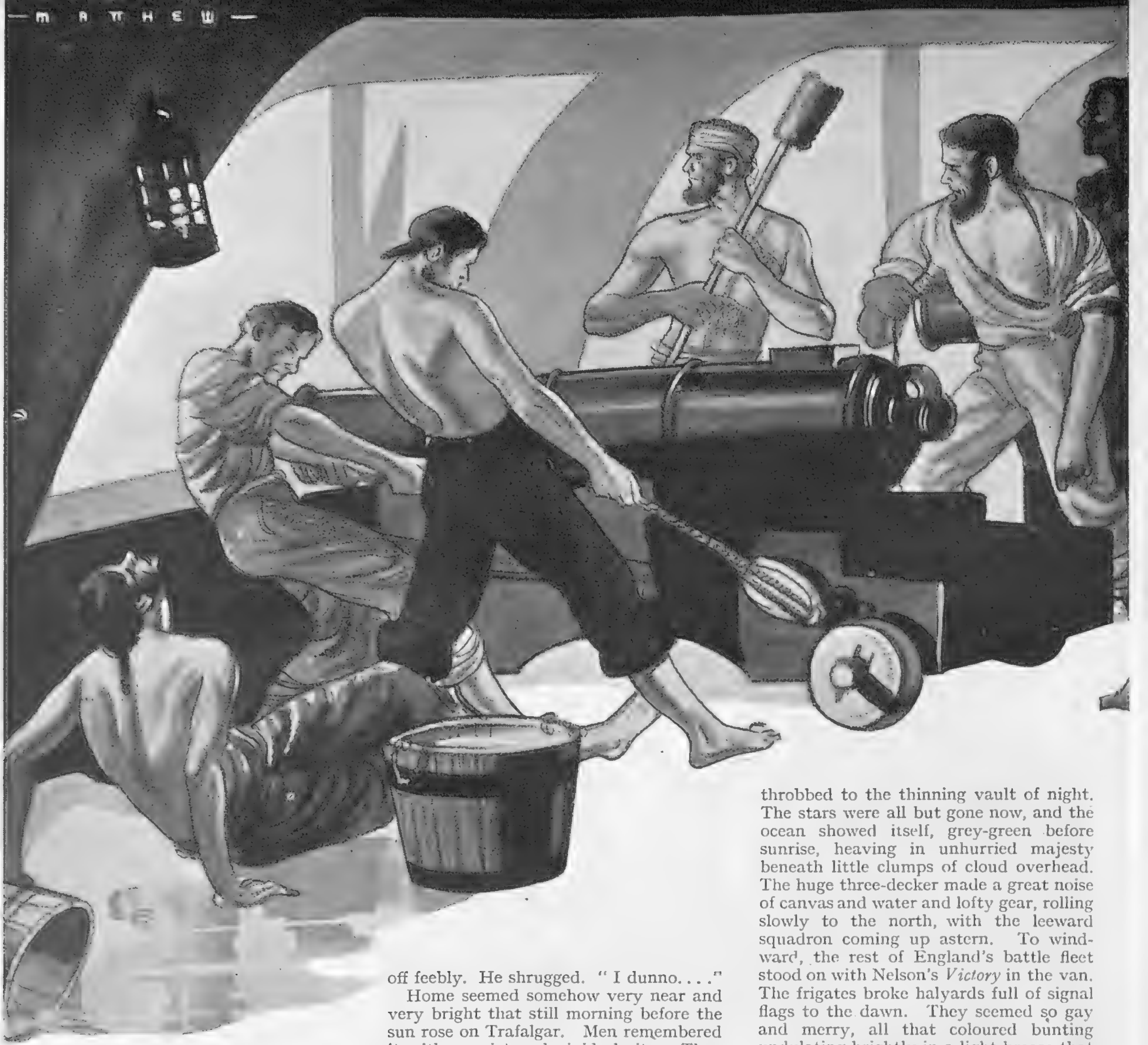


grizzled cheeks in the wind; and little midshipmen boys of ten and twelve with burning eyes and cutaway, brass-buttoned coats. They are out from England's Narrow Seas in search of England's glory. Nelson, on the poop of the *Victory*, has already given one arm and an eye for it. He is presently to give his life. But the vast Atlantic, dispassionate and disdainful, continues to suck and gurgle at the stately hulls.

On a coiled-down rope on the *Royal Sovereign's* deck, Bert Wallering, quarter gunner, sits like a lump of granite with his thick arms folded across his chest. The night is beginning to thin, and his face can be seen. It is a stolid Sussex face, with slow thought kindling patient grey eyes. He is not thinking of Bonaparte's ruthless appetite for power and mangled men. He is thinking of home and of Bess and the kids, and when the recruiting gangs will at last have done with him. . . . There was a schooner he used to sail in trade past the Foreland and up to the North Sea ports. . . . But he doesn't complain, not even to his chums who are standing close by, whispering things in the night. Somewhere out across that sea of heaving slate there are Villeneuve and Gravina, coming out of Cadiz with Napoleon's French and Spanish

Illustrations by
Matthew





fleet. And if common men didn't pay for England's glory, who would ?

One of the men stirred closer, speaking hesitatingly in a hollow and hoarse whisper as if afraid to disturb the impending dawn. " It'd be nice of a mornin' like this back home. Wouldn't it, Bert ?"

Bert Wallering turned his great head on his shoulder and smiled. He had been thinking about that too. " Aye, Jack, it would," he agreed solemnly. " The trees all goin' brown, an' dry gold leaves in the Channel wind. Had a letter from Bess at Gibraltar, Jack. She says 'twas a wonderful summertime they had . . . an' me chasin' Villeneuve to the Caribbees an' back again."

" Aye, Bert."

" She writes funny, Jack. Just like she talks. My Bess does."

" How do you mean, Bert ? "

" Oh, I dunno. . . . Funny things. How she watches the western sky at night, wonderin' if I'm there. Women are like that, I guess. An' the glory of the sun goin' down." Bert frowned. " I can just see her eyes gleamin' when she's talkin' like that. Y'know, Jack, before me an' Bess got married an' had the kids, she used to teach at a fancy Portsmouth school. Learned a heap more'n me, Jack, Bess did. Lord ! " Bert's voice trailed off feebly. He shrugged. " I dunno. . . ."

Home seemed somehow very near and very bright that still morning before the sun rose on Trafalgar. Men remembered it with a quiet and vivid clarity. They spoke of it reverently, the one thing they might be certain of in a time of great trouble. Jack scowled, pulling his forelock angrily.

" What's the matter of him, Bert ? That feller Bonaparte ? "

" Matter ? I'll tell you what's the matter ! " A corporal of marines wiped his chin with the back of a hairy hand. His voice was firm and decisive, the low voice of a man uttering studied judgment. " He can't take no joy makin' love to a pretty girl like common men do. That's what's the matter of him ! If he could he wouldn't be tearin' the guts out o' half the earth. Someone's got to crack him down ! "

Bert Wallering grinned. " That's funny, Nat. Maybe so you hit it right at that."

" Maybe ! " the corporal snorted with a large disdain. " Ain't no maybe about it, Bert. That un's a bloomin' maniac ! "

" Them frogs, Bert," Jack murmured after a silent pause. " Do you reckon they're comin' out to fight ? "

" They *are* out, lad." The gunner stood up, a huge solid man, gesturing broadly with one arm. " Have a look off there to the east."

The bronze bell of the *Royal Sovereign* tolled two double strokes. The sound throbbed to the thinning vault of night. The stars were all but gone now, and the ocean showed itself, grey-green before sunrise, heaving in unhurried majesty beneath little clumps of cloud overhead. The huge three-decker made a great noise of canvas and water and lofty gear, rolling slowly to the north, with the leeward squadron coming up astern. To windward, the rest of England's battle fleet stood on with Nelson's *Victory* in the van. The frigates broke halyards full of signal flags to the dawn. They seemed so gay and merry, all that coloured bunting undulating brightly in a light breeze that was settling at west south-west. But they were no longer needed. The enemy was in sight.

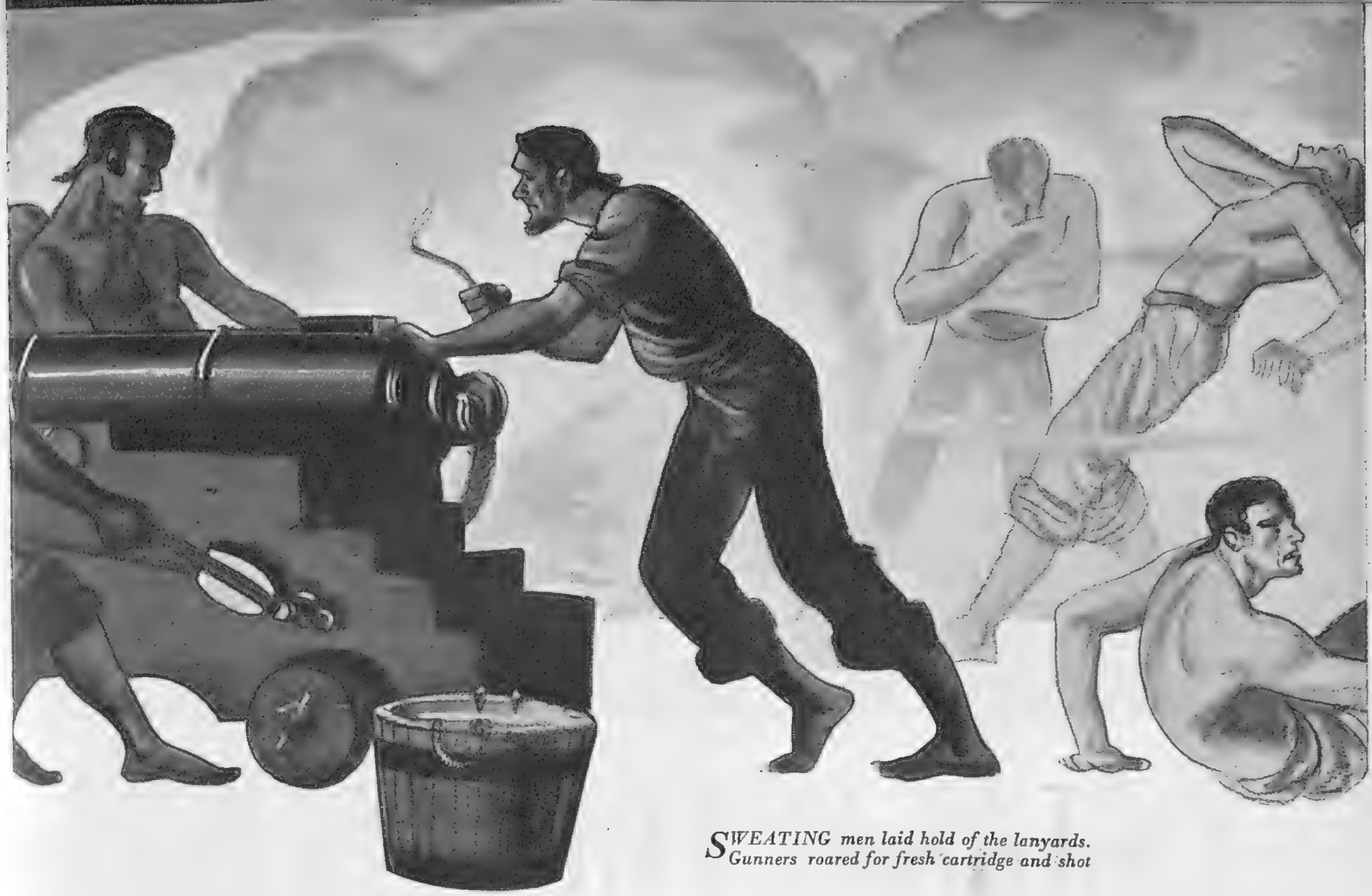
In the still and pristine clarity the allied fleet could be plainly seen, heads south on the starboard tack, like immense white moths moving slowly across still water. Presently the sun burst up behind them, flaming their sail to crimson. Bert watched them with narrow eyes. Jack gasped. The corporal of marines set his teeth.

" Lord A'mighty ! There's over thirty ship-o'-the-line."

" Get a bellyfull this time. So we will. What's Nelson going to do wi' *that* ? "

Far aft the whistles piped. A master's mate cracked orders out. The *Victory* shot signal flags aloft. " Prepare for battle." Collingwood answered from the *Royal Sovereign's* poop, and then sent flying up the orders for his own division of sail. The first manœuvre of Trafalgar began. The *Royal Sovereign*, hauling her wind, stood east at once for the French and Spanish fleet, white clumps before a delicate blue horizon. The topmen sprang aloft, shaking out topsail reefs, setting royals and studding sails. From every quarter-deck long glasses read the stiffening flags.

" Form the larboard line of bearing."



SWEATING men laid hold of the lanyards. Gunners roared for fresh cartridge and shot

Bert Wallering hitched at his belt. He was a silent man. He said nothing now. There was a business at hand which he had to attend. A dirty business, true. But the gunner knew well enough that trouble wasn't a thing you could lash down with an angry whip. Bess and the kids would have to wait a little longer now. Villeneuve and Gravina were standing in, and someone had to crack them down. He turned for the hatchway in silence. And as he went, all through the ship of war, the drums began to rattle out the raucous call to quarters.

"Hearts of Oak!" they played: England's hearts of oak.

THE harsh dry rattle of the drums filled the ship. It came droning up with the wind from all the rest of the fleet. The *Royal Sovereign* was overrun with her men now, clearing for action. They were tight-lipped—they each had a Bess of their own—and there was a fire in their eyes no man could stop to question. Hammocks and blankets, rolled tight, were being fastened to protect bulwarks and gangways. Splinter nettings were rove below each mast. Sails, decks, and boats were drenched with water, and buckets left standing full. Wet blankets at each hatchway and along the entire passage leading to the magazine. Below, the carpenter and his mates tore out cabin partitions and furniture. The ships left a trail of rubble in their wakes. Two pigs and a bullock went overside, drifting off bawling until, still struggling, they sank from sight. They were not to share in England's splendid victory.

On his gun deck Bert Wallering was grimly attending his long guns. Buckets of fresh water there, with swabs by every piece. And the big tubs over which he carefully hung each smouldering match. Quietly he inspected the filling shot racks, examined the powder tubes, and at last, with ports swung open and tompions drawn and lashings struck, stripped to the waist the gun crews overhauled the running tackles of the fighting guns.

Eight bells went. Bert wiped the sweat from his cheek and peered out through the open port along which the black gun muzzle lay. A little midshipman came rushing along the sanded deck. He at least had clear head room under the heavy deck beams. His eyes were burning and his cocked hat a-kew. He was about to go into action. His first. It would teach him what that wet sand meant, strewn on the narrow fighting deck.

"Lord Nelson has just signalled to bear up and sail large for action, men!" he cried out in his shrill, excited boyish voice. "We have the weather gauge. He asks for twenty captured ship-of-the-line. By heaven! We will give him another splendid victory!"

Bert Wallering didn't even turn. Good enough, all that, for a stripling midshipman boy. He didn't know. The gunner did. He only muttered tightly, "Aye, sir," and went on peering through the gaping port.

He had his eye on the enemy fleet.

He could tell by how those white-bellied sail swung just what to expect. He was a veteran at this sort of thing. Good English gunners weren't allowed to remain on shore for long. The wars. The wars! The long, interminable endless wars. . . . That was a funny thing Nat said about that fellow Bonaparte. Maybe the corporal had it right, at that. What would a man want, tearing Europe and half the earth to shreds, unless he could take no human joy of an amorous woman's flesh? Balmy, they must be, those fellows! Balmy, and no mistake. Bert frowned and scowled. There were so many things he could never hope to understand, no matter how he tried.

There was Bess. She said funny things like that, too. What would she possibly mean by talking about the glory of a setting sun? He would have to ask her, straight out, if ever he got home. She spoke as if it were something splendid and fine, something common men ought to know about. That's what came of that fancy Portsmouth school. The gunner sighed prodigiously. That's all he wanted. Why wouldn't they let him alone? That's all he had ever wanted. To get back to her, to his Bess and the kids, and maybe to find out just what she meant. Well, it would have to wait again. It would have to wait till the guns were done, till the business of stinking powder smoke and sweating bloody men was done. England's men, though they served beyond their will, served well.

"Hearts of Oak!" the drums cracked out, rattling, hard, and dry. Merciless, hard, and dry. England's hearts of oak.

To Bert Wallering, through the square frame of the port where the gun muzzle stuck, the French and Spanish fleet seemed almost motionless in the light unsteady airs, an irregular line of white patches of sail heading south, with a thick clump of them at its head. That was Admiral Gravina's squadron. Suddenly they started to pirouette gracefully, all wearing ship at (*Continued on page 128*)

John Bull Guards

On the Strong and Costly Chains of Destiny of our Race

LONDON, March 1, A.D. 5037.

"CONTROVERSY over the small jewelled object found on the 'dig' here last week has now taken a new and exciting turn. It is a crown: that point has been settled by Professor Spik, the authority on ancient Britain. But the first identification, which placed it as a relic of Saxon England, has now been decisively abandoned. The theory now is that it may actually be the famous symbolical headpiece which crowned the kings of England and symbolised the unity of the old British Empire in its third and final phase, when the crown was the last link left.

"The original error of the archæologists in dating the crown back to the last Saxon king before the Norman invasion and conquest was due to the fact that it is of Saxon design.

"But further investigation put an entirely different complexion on the discovery. Although immense gaps in the human record have been left by the unprecedented destruction of the world wars which raged over the twentieth and twenty-first centuries after Christ, we are now beginning to rediscover the technique of imperial rule developed by the ancient British over a thousand years. Evidently they placed great faith in tradition. The illusion of continuity was a fetish with them.

"The twentieth-century British king whose strange love story has survived even to our times, along with the tale of Anthony and Cleopatra, and the myth of Tristan and Isolde, bore the name of an eleventh-century predecessor: Edward. The latter was the third Edward, and the crown found at the 'dig' was at first thought to be this Edward's crown.

"But Professor Spik has deciphered a record which indicates that the headpiece used to crown Edward king of England in A.D. 1042 served for successive sovereigns during the next 600 years, and was then destroyed during a brief republican interlude. The line of monarchs was restored with Charles II, and Professor Spik's theory is that the English had a replica of the old crown made and used it to crown their king. This would account for certain curious discrepancies which a closer examination has revealed regarding the workmanship, metal, and jewels.

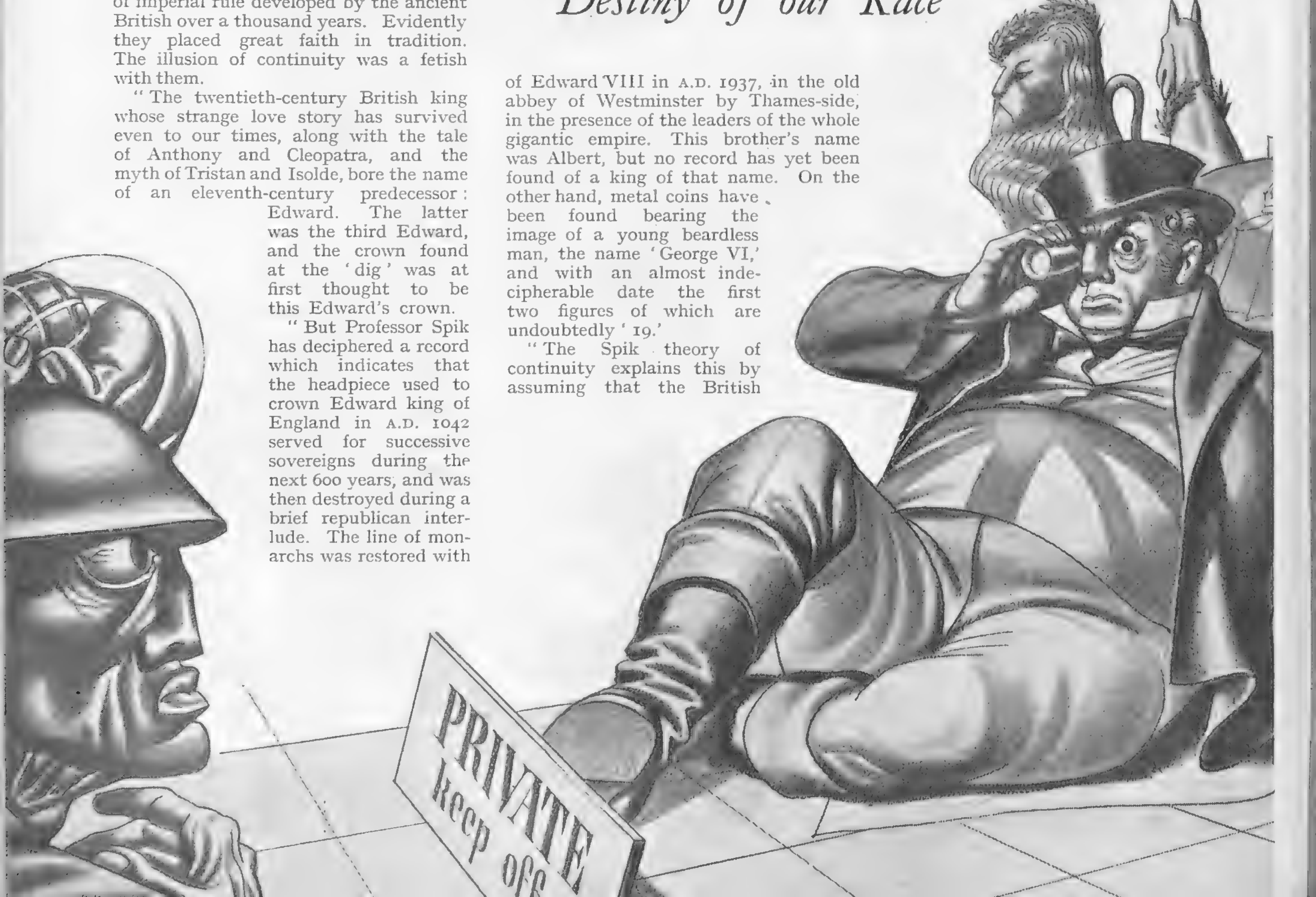
"If the theory is correct, this crown would still have been in use 275 years later. It would be the one which the eighth Edward, according to the legend which has come down to us, rejected for love of an American woman who, having had two previous husbands, was not acceptable to the British people as a wife for their king-emperor and a queen for themselves (the institution of marriage was very seriously regarded among the ancient British; more so, some authorities believe, than among the ancient Americans, although the respective civilisations of these imperial peoples is believed to have had much in common, and they certainly spoke a common tongue).

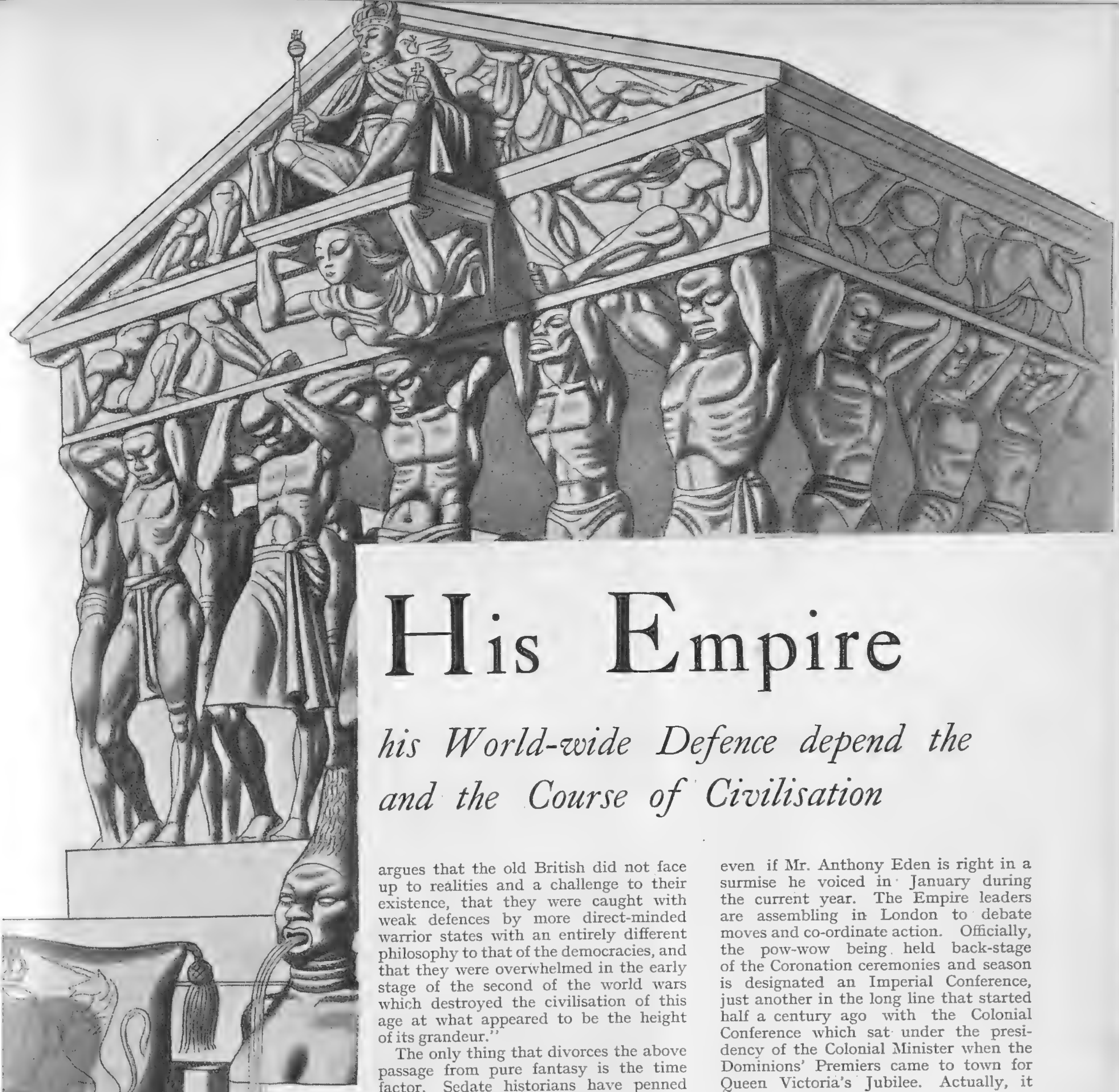
"This crown would also be the one placed by the chief priest of the Christian official Church on the head of the brother of Edward VIII in A.D. 1937, in the old abbey of Westminster by Thames-side, in the presence of the leaders of the whole gigantic empire. This brother's name was Albert, but no record has yet been found of a king of that name. On the other hand, metal coins have been found bearing the image of a young beardless man, the name 'George VI,' and with an almost indecipherable date the first two figures of which are undoubtedly '19.'

"The Spik theory of continuity explains this by assuming that the British leaders, after the abdication of Edward VIII, decided to link the new king to his dead father, George V, the monarch who saw the Empire through the first world war, and the years of tremendous change that must have ensued, by crowning him with the thousand-year-old crown under the name of George VI.

"Our knowledge stops short at the fourth decade of the twentieth century of this age. How long did the Windsor dynasty endure? How many more king-emperors were crowned with the crown of the third Edward (Edward the Confessor), last of the Saxon kings? How long did this astonishing empire, the greatest in human history up to that time, survive? Was its fall abrupt or gradual? And what is the secret of the disappearance of the greatest empire in history up to that time?

"Further work at this 'dig' on the site of the capital city of the old empire may in time solve these riddles. But Professor Spik, who, his critics say, has a theory to fit everything, thinks the last enigma is capable of a perfectly simple and rational explanation. He





His Empire

his World-wide Defence depend the and the Course of Civilisation

argues that the old British did not face up to realities and a challenge to their existence, that they were caught with weak defences by more direct-minded warrior states with an entirely different philosophy to that of the democracies, and that they were overwhelmed in the early stage of the second of the world wars which destroyed the civilisation of this age at what appeared to be the height of its grandeur."

The only thing that divorces the above passage from pure fantasy is the time factor. Sedate historians have penned similar commentaries and speculations on an ancient Chinese civilisation which had its League of Nations, an ancient Egyptian civilisation which had its New Deal, an ancient Roman civilisation which had its bonds, booms, slumps, currency depreciation, and trouble with a formidable dictator-ruled State which challenged its survival. Whether or not a future correspondent sends home from the site of the London " dig " something like the foregoing dispatch seems to depend on two things. One is the power of the British Empire people to hold what they have got ; the other is their ability to break out of the pattern of the empire tale so far—birth, rise, decline, fall.

We shall not have a clue to the latter riddle in our lifetime. But the first question may be answered before 1940—even if Mr. Anthony Eden is right in a surmise he voiced in January during the current year. The Empire leaders are assembling in London to debate moves and co-ordinate action. Officially, the pow-wow being held back-stage of the Coronation ceremonies and season is designated an Imperial Conference, just another in the long line that started half a century ago with the Colonial Conference which sat under the presidency of the Colonial Minister when the Dominions' Premiers came to town for Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Actually, it is a war council.

An entirely new chapter is opening for the Empire. It is being subjected to pressures which extend from its island moats, by way of the Mediterranean, to the Pacific. The menaces it confronts are far greater and more complex than those presented 23 years ago by the combined empires of the Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Sultan-Caliph. The measures needed to meet the challenge are greater and more far-reaching than anything dreamed of at the time when Britain was preparing to meet the onslaught of these old military empires. One, at least, of the reasons is that the British Empire, during the last century, has made itself the neighbour of every country on earth.

It covers now a land area of 13,000,000 square miles— (*Continued on page* 124)

By C. Patrick Thompson

Death of Boris

Illustrations by
Edward Osmond

"I'M not satisfied about this," said Detective-Inspector Hull.

It was noon of a perfect spring morning, so that even Paul Harley's rather gloomy chambers in Chancery Lane suggested something of the budding year. I had dropped in to ask him to lunch with me, for he was leaving shortly for the Near East. Having ten days to spare, I had just suggested joining him, when our old friend Inspector Hull, of New Scotland Yard, had been announced and instantly admitted. Harley knew from long experience that when Hull was bothered there was something odd afoot.

"So I gather," said Harley drily, pulling a tin of tobacco from a table drawer and beginning to load his pipe.

"What do you mean, Mr. Harley ?" said Hull, staring under lowered reddish brows with very straightforward blue eyes. "Have you heard something ?"

"In my odd capacity," Harley replied, stuffing tobacco into the briar bowl, "I pick up all sorts of queer information. I could draw a respectable income from social paragraphs. However"—he glanced at me and I tossed him the matches—"I am all interest, inspector. Please proceed."

"It's hardly necessary," Hull went on, still watching Harley in a puzzled way, "to go into details."

"Very necessary," Harley jerked as, his pipe alight, he dropped the match into a tray. "Newspaper reports and other outside accounts don't interest me. You are in charge of the case ; you are a trained observer. Please give me your own version."

Detective-Inspector Hull nodded.

"The studio-flat in which the body of Mr. Korsakov was found," he went on, "is, as you know, on the top floor of a house in Oakley Street, Chelsea. The floor beneath is unoccupied at present, and the ground floor is a shop. Mr. Korsakov being a well-known man, although I admit he wasn't well known to me, I was given the case."

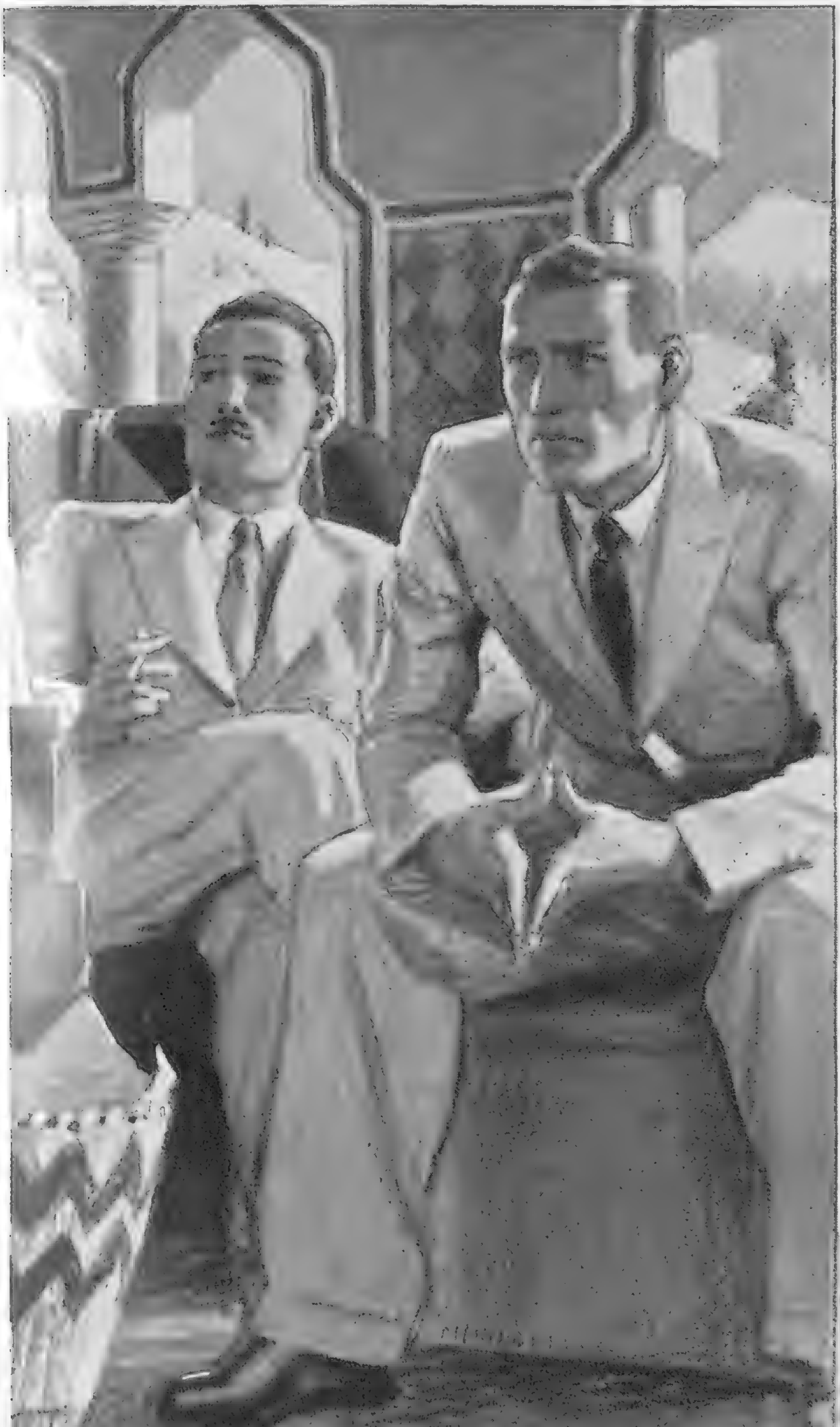
He paused to light a cigarette.

"He was found shot as you have read in the papers" (he glared suspiciously at Harley) "—shot through the heart. The weapon, which lay beside him where it had dropped, was an old-fashioned duelling pistol of which Mr. Korsakov

KORSAKOV

By Sax Rohmer

Was it murder or suicide in that Chelsea flat?


EDWARD OSMOND 1937.

possessed a pair. The twin pistol hung in its place on the wall."

"So far," said Harley, "you are adding nothing to the information imparted by the daily press. He had a store of ammunition for these obsolete weapons and used to amuse himself by doing target practice in the studio."

"That's correct. The journalists don't miss much. In my opinion the man went mad. But I'm coming to my difficulties in a moment. You may possibly know the studio of the late Mr. Boris Korsakov?"

"I was never in it," Harley replied.

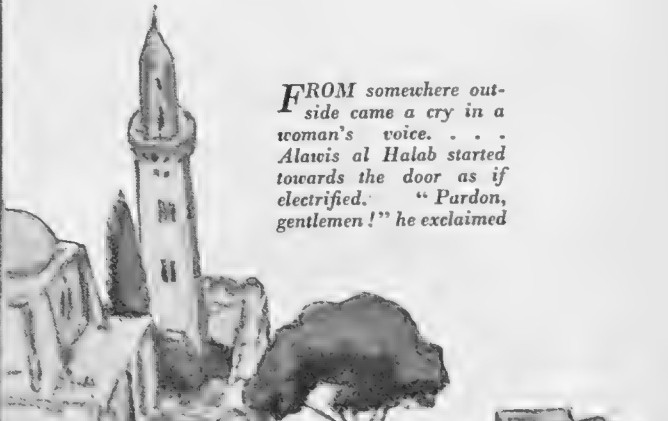
"I was, once," I interjected. "A very long, narrow room and, as I remember it, surrounded by drawings for theatre sets, little models in alcoves artificially lighted and odd pieces on the bookcases, ranging from primitive Central Africa to the modern products of Venice. He had some beautiful coloured glass, I remember."

"Thank you," said Hull; "that brings me to one of my difficulties—I mean, your mentioning his modern glass. One of these pieces of Venetian glass——"

"One moment, inspector," Harley interrupted, raising his hand (as sunshine glittered on the silver hair at his temples I thought how many years had passed since the first adventure we had shared together). "You are jumping to the end of the story. My memory is not infallible, nor is my information regarding this case of a character which could be put before a jury. Therefore—I stand to be corrected—I believe the case to which you are referring is as follows:—

"The gentleman known as Boris Korsakov occupied a studio-flat in Oakley Street. He had rented it for several years; had travelled much abroad, sometimes but not always accompanied by his wife, a former Russian ballet-dancer." He paused, puffing at his pipe. "There was no resident servant, if I remember rightly, and Mr. Korsakov had been abroad."

"In Syria, Mr. Harley—some place near Damascus."



FROM somewhere outside came a cry in a woman's voice. . . . Alawis al Halab started towards the door as if electrified. "Pardon, gentlemen!" he exclaimed

"Thank you—yes. In Syria, as you say, for nearly three months. His wife, a reputed beauty—did you know her also?"

He glanced at me, smiling.

"I met her once," I replied. "She was striking, but peculiar, rather reminiscent of the Rossetti type; wonderful red hair."

"On the last occasion," Harley went on, "Korsakov's wife had remained at the flat."

"No, sir," Hull interrupted, "only for the first month, as far as I can gather. After that she lived with friends and the studio was practically unoccupied, although she seems to have visited it from time to time. A daily woman came in twice a week to clean it up. It was this woman, Mrs——"

Harley checked him again.

"In order to refresh my memory, inspector," he said, "I am reviewing the facts of which I have knowledge, but I have not come yet to the tragedy. Mr. Korsakov, having been abroad for some time, was found last Thursday morning. He lay on the floor of his studio with one of these duelling pistols, which he must have specially charged and loaded, lying beside him. The bullet had gone through his heart. There was some note, the contents of which have not yet been published."

"There was a note in his own hand lying on a desk at the end of the studio; it bore Wednesday's date and was addressed to the coroner. The newspapers have it now. I held it up for a time, because of my suspicions."

"What did it say?"

"Here's a copy."

Inspector Hull took out and opened a bulky note-case. He read aloud:—

> "I address this to the coroner whose unpleasant duty it will be to deal with me after death. I depart from this life not because I find it unamusing, but because I think it might be more amusing elsewhere.
>
> "Boris Korsakov."

"Very interesting," Harley murmured. "Go ahead, inspector."

Detective-Inspector Hull returned the note to his case and the case to his pocket.

"The genuineness of this letter," he went on, "I don't dispute. It was undoubtedly written by Boris Korsakov. But the points on which I'm not satisfied, Mr. Harley, are these: First, the dead man's hair was dyed——"

"Dyed?"

"Yes. I got Dr. Flynn, the pathologist who acts for the Yard, to look the body over again. His hair had been dyed, and very crudely."

"Remarkable!" Harley murmured, holding his pipe in his hand and contemplating the rising smoke. "An artist, of course, inspector. Perhaps he was going grey. He was nearly forty, wasn't he? And people of his temperament are sometimes odd."

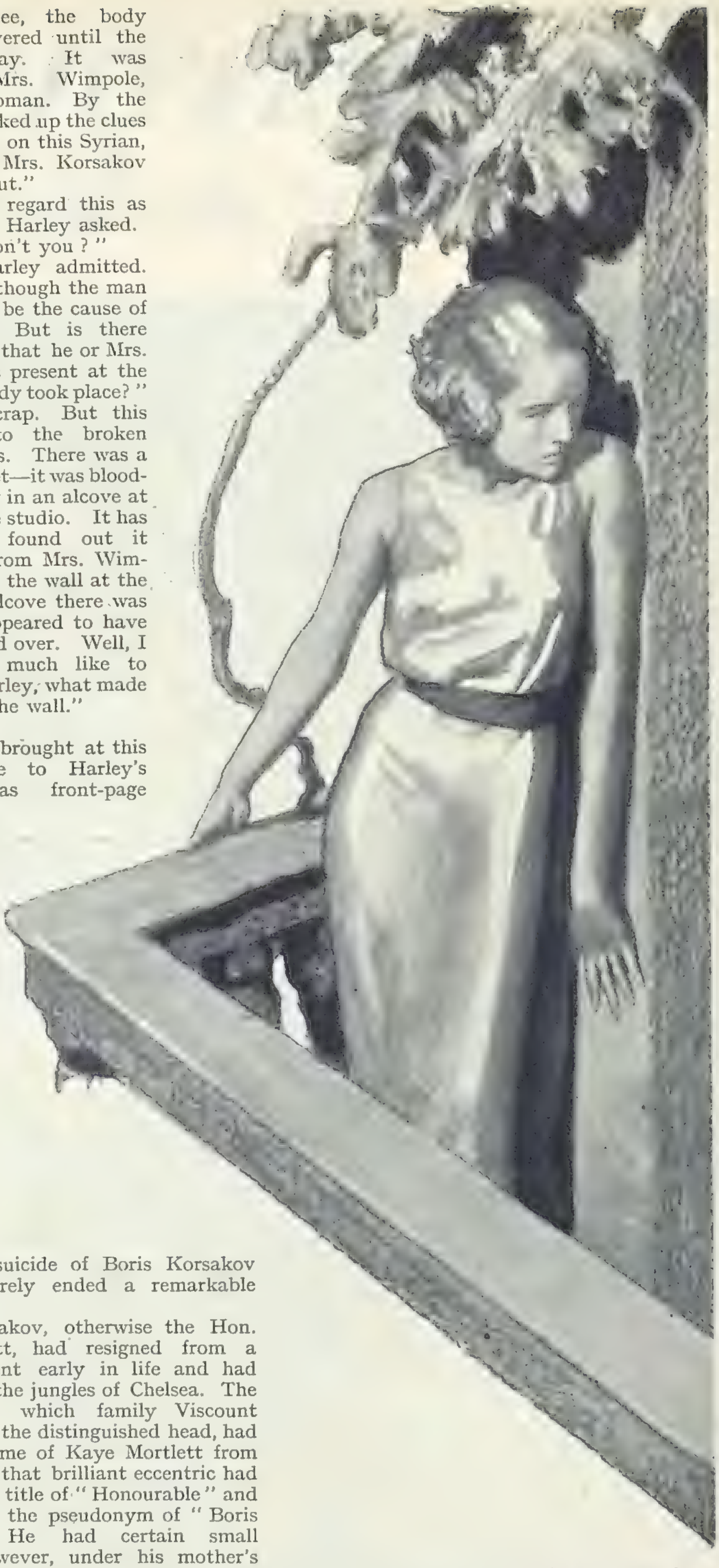
"I agree that might explain it. But it's one point that puzzles me. The second is this: The beautiful Mrs. Korsakov has been knocking about London with a certain Mr. Alawis. He seems to be managing director of the Lebanon Tobacco Company, with offices in Eastcheap—a wealthy Syrian. The said Mr. Alawis and Mrs. Korsakov have disappeared. Alawis crossed to France on Thursday morning. Mrs. Korsakov I have been unable so far to trace. It looks as though they had gone together, doesn't it? You see, the body wasn't discovered until the following day. It was found by Mrs. Wimpole, the daily woman. By the time I had picked up the clues and got a line on this Syrian, both he and Mrs. Korsakov had cleared out."

"And you regard this as significant?" Harley asked.

"I do. Don't you?"

"Yes," Harley admitted. "It looks as though the man Alawis might be the cause of the tragedy. But is there any evidence that he or Mrs. Korsakov was present at the time the tragedy took place?"

"Not a scrap. But this brings me to the broken Venetian glass. There was a coloured goblet—it was blood-red—standing in an alcove at one end of the studio. It has vanished. I found out it stood there from Mrs. Wimpole. And in the wall at the back of the alcove there was a hole; it appeared to have been smoothed over. Well, I should very much like to know, Mr. Harley, what made that hole in the wall."

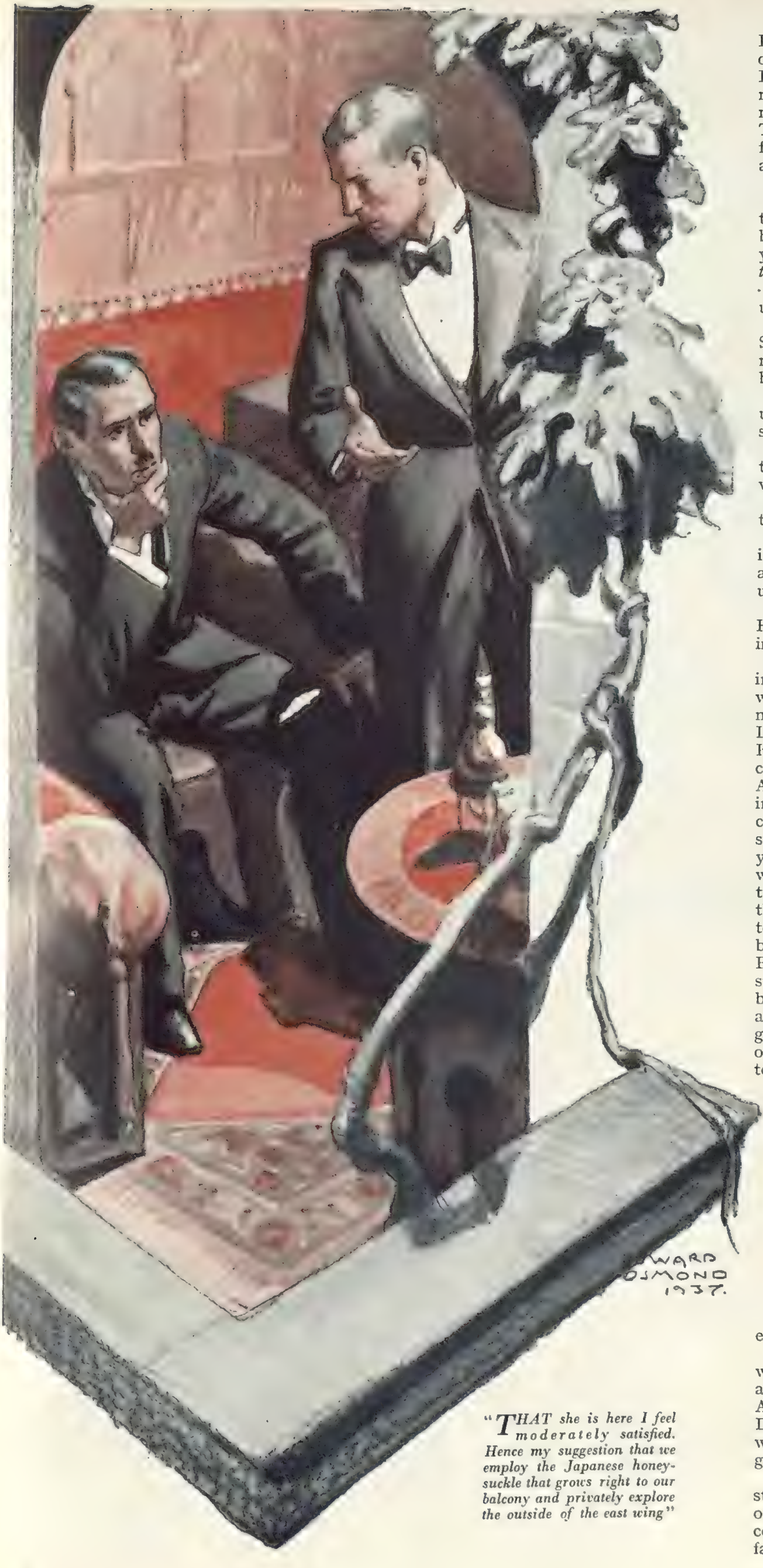


THE case brought at this late stage to Harley's attention was front-page news. The suicide of Boris Korsakov had prematurely ended a remarkable career.

Boris Korsakov, otherwise the Hon. Kaye Mortlett, had resigned from a smart regiment early in life and had plunged into the jungles of Chelsea. The Mortletts, of which family Viscount Battenby was the distinguished head, had struck the name of Kaye Mortlett from the roll when that brilliant eccentric had renounced his title of "Honourable" and had adopted the pseudonym of "Boris Korsakov." He had certain small revenues, however, under his mother's will, which the indignant nobleman was unable to disturb.

Unruffled by his social ostracism, he pursued his bent. His costumes, and more particularly his lighting and scenery, for the memorable *Kûbla Khân* production in 1932, made theatrical history. His marriage to Anna Melanova, the Russian dancer, resulted in a spate of publicity which did nothing to soften the indignation of Viscount Battenby.

I recalled having read a paragraph in some theatrical news stating that Boris Korsakov was obtaining atmosphere abroad for scenery and costumes designed for a forthcoming production by a Russian ballet, *Sinbad the Sailor*. I had met him once—tall, slender, and blond, like all the Mortletts—and I had recognised, as the world had learned to recognise, the man's artistic genius. I thought when I met his wife, exotically beautiful, that his passion for her had probably influenced him in the selection of a pseudonym.



"THAT she is here I feel moderately satisfied. Hence my suggestion that we employ the Japanese honeysuckle that grows right to our balcony and privately explore the outside of the east wing"

"I have seen Mr. Muradin," said Inspector Hull, "the London manager of the Lebanon Tobacco Company, and I'm not satisfied with his evidence. The movements of Mr. Alawis on Wednesday night definitely don't amount to an alibi. There's a bad gap. Why did he bolt from London? Wasn't he running away?"

"Certainly looks like it."

"Then, there's that hole in the wall of the studio. If ever I saw a hole made by a bullet, this was one! Suicide if you like. But did Mr. Korsakov fire *twice*?"

"A man intent upon suicide doesn't usually miss himself," Harley murmured.

"Apart from which, Mr. Harley," the Scotland Yard man cried, "there was no mark of burning on his vest where the bullet had entered!"

"Very odd. He was wearing a silk under-vest, trousers, socks and black shoes, if I remember rightly?"

"Yes. But the body had been disturbed. I'm sure of it. He wasn't alone when he died."

"And there were no powder marks on the vest?"

"None. No shot was heard by anyone in the neighbourhood. But I tested it, and no one would be likely to hear a shot up in that studio."

"What is the point of all this?" Harley asked. "What's bothering you, inspector?"

"I want to know what made that hole in the wall," Hull said doggedly, "and why I could find no powder marks. I'm not disputing the dead man's letter, but I'm not satisfied. Why hasn't Mrs. Korsakov come forward? I have checked up the movements of this man Alawis. His associate, Mr. Muradin along in Eastcheap, couldn't deny it. He cleared out under very suspicious circumstances. And although I don't know it yet, I think I shall find out why the woman is missing. I have already spoken to the Commissioner, and it's on the cards that I shall be sent across to Damascus to have a chat with Mr. Alawis. He may be a big bug, but our relations with the French police are quite friendly. If my suspicions are correct, we can get him back. But I'm not keen on the journey, and if you think, Mr. Harley, that I've gone wrong in this matter, I should be obliged if you would be good enough to tell me so."

Paul Harley laid his pipe in an ashtray.

"I shall be in a better position to advise you, inspector," he replied, "in a few days' time."

"How's that?"

"Mr. Muradin, the English manager of the Lebanon Tobacco Company, evidently suspecting (as a result, I take it, of a personal interview) that you were dissatisfied at present, called me up urgently."

"Is that so?"

Detective-Inspector Hull's frank blue eyes looked from face to face.

"I have accepted the case. I don't work entirely for fun, and the fee was an attractive one. I am going by Imperial Airways as far as Paris, from Paris to Damascus, and from there to Al Omar, which is the residence, I believe, of the gentleman known as Mr. Alawis."

"Oh!" said Detective-Inspector Hull, standing up. He crossed and stared out of the window. "Whenever we have come in contact we have always played fairly with one

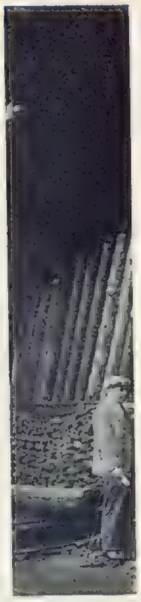
(*Continued on page* 93)

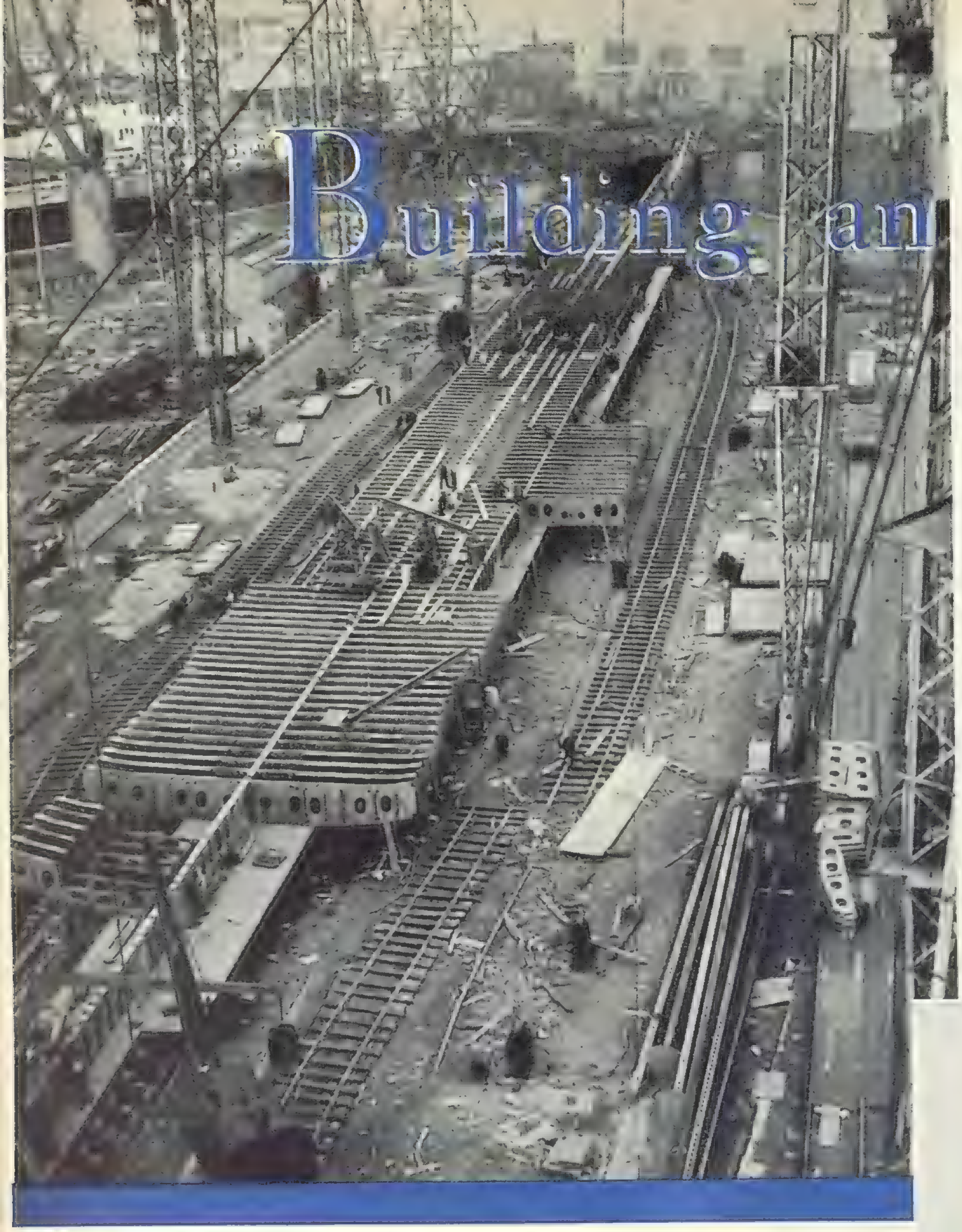
Building an Ocean

By A. P. Lus

Technical developments have made the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary* inevitable, just as they are making necessary the *Queen Mary's* sister ship and a host of modern liners which are replacing older, less economical ships; just as they will make necessary a wholesale reconstruction of the world's merchant fleets.

It is really to the Cunard-White Star Company that the credit for starting the boom must go. For years the Cunard Company had aimed at replacing their three or four ship service with a weekly two-ship one. They knew that two giant liners could carry as much traffic as three normal ones, and carry it more econo-





AN aerial view showing the huge keel, nearly completed, of the sister ship to the "Queen Mary," which is now being built at Clydebank

"SHIPBUILDING Boom Here!" shouted heavy headlines a few months ago. "Work Starts on *Queen Mary* Sister Ship." "Cunard-White Star Planning 40,000-ton Liner." "Blank Company Order Three New Liners." "New Fast Fleet for Dash Company." "Prosperity for Clyde." "Prosperity for Tyneside." "Prosperity . . ." "Shortage of Skilled Labour . . ."

Overnight newspaper readers, for years accustomed to tales of shipping in the doldrums, of laid-up and scrapped liners, of rotting millions of tons, awoke to the astonishing tale of shipbuilding revived. The 8.15's to town were filled with amateur prophets of woe. "Sheer economic madness," they whimpered, "Building these vast, costly things which will never make money. Scrapping perfectly good ships for new ones. If you ask me, the whole situation's due to nationalism gone wild. Senseless competition. If I ran my business that way . . ."

As usual, the 8.15 critics were wrong. The "boom" is due neither to nationalism, war-preparation nor insanity. It is an inevitable consequence of the recent spectacular progress in naval science, and of the equally inevitable rationalisation of their fleets by the major shipping companies.

Technical progress during the last decade has made a revival of shipbuilding an economic necessity. Here is a simple illustration. The ten-year-old transatlantic liner *Ile de France*, of 43,000 tons, burns around 38 tons of fuel oil every hour when steaming at 23½ knots. The vast new *Normandie*, of nearly double the tonnage, and steaming at 29 knots, uses only the same amount of fuel.

But the *Normandie* carries more passengers in greater comfort and can earn a considerably greater revenue. Also, by virtue of her speed, she can perform more round trips, and earn more money, every year.

Similarly, our own *Queen Mary* uses the same amount of fuel as the smaller, slower, less comfortable *Berengaria*.

TOWERING into the sky. The bows of the "Queen Mary" when the ship was in the fitting-out basin

Giant

combe Whyte

The "Queen Mary" safely launched

To hold the giant in check

THESE heavy steel chains, weighing many hundreds of tons, are attached to the hull by hawsers. When the vessel is being launched and begins to gather pace on the slipway, they will slowly drag out—thus acting as a brake to prevent her from colliding with the opposite bank of the river

mically. They decided that two ships of *Queen Mary* size were the "smallest and slowest" ships which could undertake this service. Against a storm of criticism from the marine world, they went ahead to build them. The *Queen Mary's* profitable few months on the Atlantic have already proved their wisdom.

A great deal has been learned during the *Queen Mary's* brief career, and her sister ship, which is now taking shape on the stocks of John Brown's shipyard, is likely to be faster, more economical and in every way an even better ship.

It was almost inevitable that the "552" should be built at the same yard, and on more or less the same plan as her sister. The creation of a great new liner involves months or even years of experiment and the drawing—and often scrapping—of thousands of full-size plans. In the case of "552" much of this preliminary work will be cut out. She is likely to be a counterpart, slightly modified, of the *Queen Mary*.

Few laymen realise the extent of the preliminary planning and experiment which precede the actual laying of a new liner's keel. In the past ships were built largely to an established plan, but shipbuilders and owners now realise that precious knots and tons of oil can be saved by a slight alteration in the shape of a hull or the design of a turbine. The success or failure of a new liner is now often decided by models in a water tank long before her keel-plate is laid.

For nearly four years before the *Queen Mary* was laid down, the Cunard company designed and re-designed, tested and re-tested. John Brown's, the veteran builders, freely volunteered their immense experience, though no one then knew who would be the constructors of the new liner.

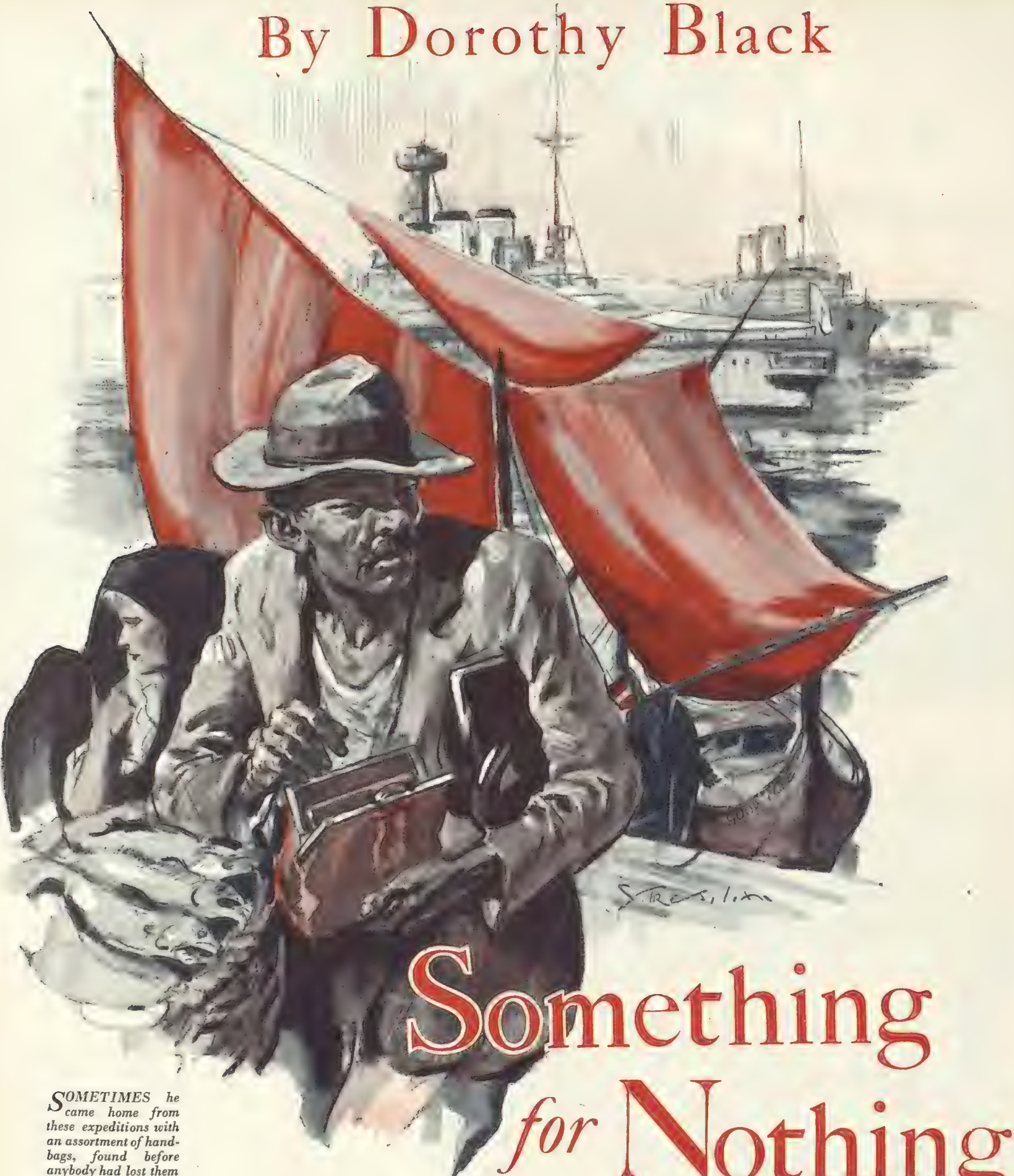
The final rough plan was embodied in a 200-inch wood model of the *Queen Mary*, complete with propellers, superstructure and funnels. At John Brown's experimental station the 400-foot long towing tank was filled, the artificial wave and wind apparatus revved up. Then the model was lowered into the water, attached to an overhead travelling car and towed at speed through a home-made Atlantic gale.

(*Continued on page 102*)

THE finished job. The "Queen Mary" leaving Southampton on her maiden voyage to America

By Dorothy Black

Something for Nothing



SOMETIMES he came home from these expeditions with an assortment of handbags, found before anybody had lost them

GONZALES and Portenza did not live together because they liked each other, but because it had become a habit, and nothing is quite so difficult to break as a habit. They had been living together for so long that it was too much trouble to make a different arrangement.

The house they lived in belonged to Gonzales, who was a man of property. It was right down on the quay side, in Malta, against the stone steps of the landing stage opposite the Naval Barracks. The big building reflected itself in the daytime, in the green-blue waters of the harbour, and at night, in a row of lit windows that looked like a necklace of stars. Busy little boats buzzed backwards and forwards, taking Admirals and officers and their lady friends here, there and everywhere. Over there, on the white rocks, everything was so clean that it hurt.

Where Gonzales and Portenza lived there were piles of seaweed, and rotting fish, and sponges, and old baskets sodden with brine, and this and that Gonzales or Portenza had picked up, hoping there might be a market for it one day, only there seldom was.

Gonzales considered himself a European. His father had been an English sailor, and his mother a Spanish lady of doubtful antecedents. What Gonzales' father's name was he never knew, nor did he very much care. Anyway, the white man had acted like a perfect gentleman, and had settled enough money on his mother to give her this house and a small income. Gonzales did nothing to augment it. He was incredibly goodnatured and lazy, and lay in the sunshine most of the day, thinking of pleasant things and picking his teeth.

PORTENZA was the result of a brief passage between a Chinese lady and a Maltese boatman. The Chinese lady had come to Malta to see if there was anything doing there, as things were slack in Bombay. From her, Portenza had inherited queer oblong eyes, incredible cunning, and a great desire to get something for nothing.

Gonzales would often have been glad to get rid of him, for his constant energy was very wearing to one of a more peaceful temperament. But Portenza cooked and cleaned the house, when it was cleaned, which saved Gonzales exerting himself. So the arrangement just trailed on, by the stone steps of the landing stage at Valetta, where it was always dusty and where it was always incredibly smelly when the sun went down.

But it was gay. There was always someone strumming on a guitar and singing, and at night the lights from the naval barracks shone out, and music from the band there stole over the water and mingled with the smells and the sounds of people quarrelling. Great ships came and anchored conveniently just in front of the house where Gonzales and Portenza lived, sometimes two, sometimes three or more in a week.

Then Portenza, who was always interested in getting something for nothing, would take out his boat and row to the ship's side to see what was to be had. Sometimes he rowed people ashore, charging them three times the regulation fare if they looked fools enough to pay. Sometimes he came home from these expeditions with quite an assortment of handbags, found before anybody had lost them.

His boat, most suitably, was called *The Good Hope*.

Besides what he could pick up in this way, there were many interesting things people threw into the sea. Solar topees and cigarette tins. Useful bottles and assorted garments of every denomination.

Occasionally, too, he picked a handy pocket.

Of late he had had to be careful. The police had their eye on him, and when the police had their eye on a man, all that man could do was to lie low and hope for the best till they took it off him again.

The naval ratings who drove the busy white boats about on the turquoise harbour—they had their eye on him, also. They looked at him darkly. They shouted unflattering things at him. Portenza could not imagine what they had seen. He was always most careful, and at the time he had stolen the brass nozzles off the barracks fire hose he could have sworn not a soul was about. He had been misled at the time, by their amazing brightness, into thinking they were gold. Portenza was not accustomed to things as clean as all that.

So, what with the police and the naval ratings, Portenza had to lie low, and when he lay low there was nothing coming in whatever, and it was all very disheartening. If only Gonzales had a little more spunk. If only he would take the boat out and see what he could pick up, until such a time as the police were looking in other directions—they might, Portenza knew, do very well indeed. They might make plenty money—big money, between them.

Gonzales would do nothing but laugh and lie around, and pick his white teeth and tighten up his scarlet bandana belt and look what he was, an idle, cheerful, picturesque ruffian.

"What for I worka," was all he said. "when I gotta de mungey?"

It was true enough. He had.

It made Portenza's blood boil that life should be so easy for Gonzales, and that he could pay week after week his share of their meagre housekeeping without raising a finger, whilst he, Portenza, had to work his fingers to the bone seeing what he could pick up.

GONZALES' money was invested in a bank. The income came in reliable monthly sums. So cunningly tied up was it that no one could touch the capital. There was no known way of getting hold of it save by persuading Gonzales to make a will leaving it to his friend Portenza.

Portenza thought of how to do this, both night and day. He thought of it hard and swallowed his feelings when Gonzales drove him mad with his idle ways. Because one day he hoped to solve the problem, he did not quarrel with Gonzales, though often he would have liked to quarrel very much indeed. If he quarrelled with Gonzales, then Gonzales might turn him out, for the house and the furniture, such as they were, were all his.

Meantime Portenza waited, and thought, and bided his time.

He was pretty well known around Valetta. Able seamen and naval ratings who saw him in the vicinity of the barracks did not fail to drive him away with oaths. And sometimes pieces of rock. Stewards on liners looked down from their railings, like angels from the golden bar of Heaven, and called to Portenza as they spotted him far below:

"What-ho, macaroni!"

Or sometimes, fancying he might be French, they said,

"Toode-lo, Pomme-de-terre."

Quite unexpectedly one day Portenza had a bit of luck.

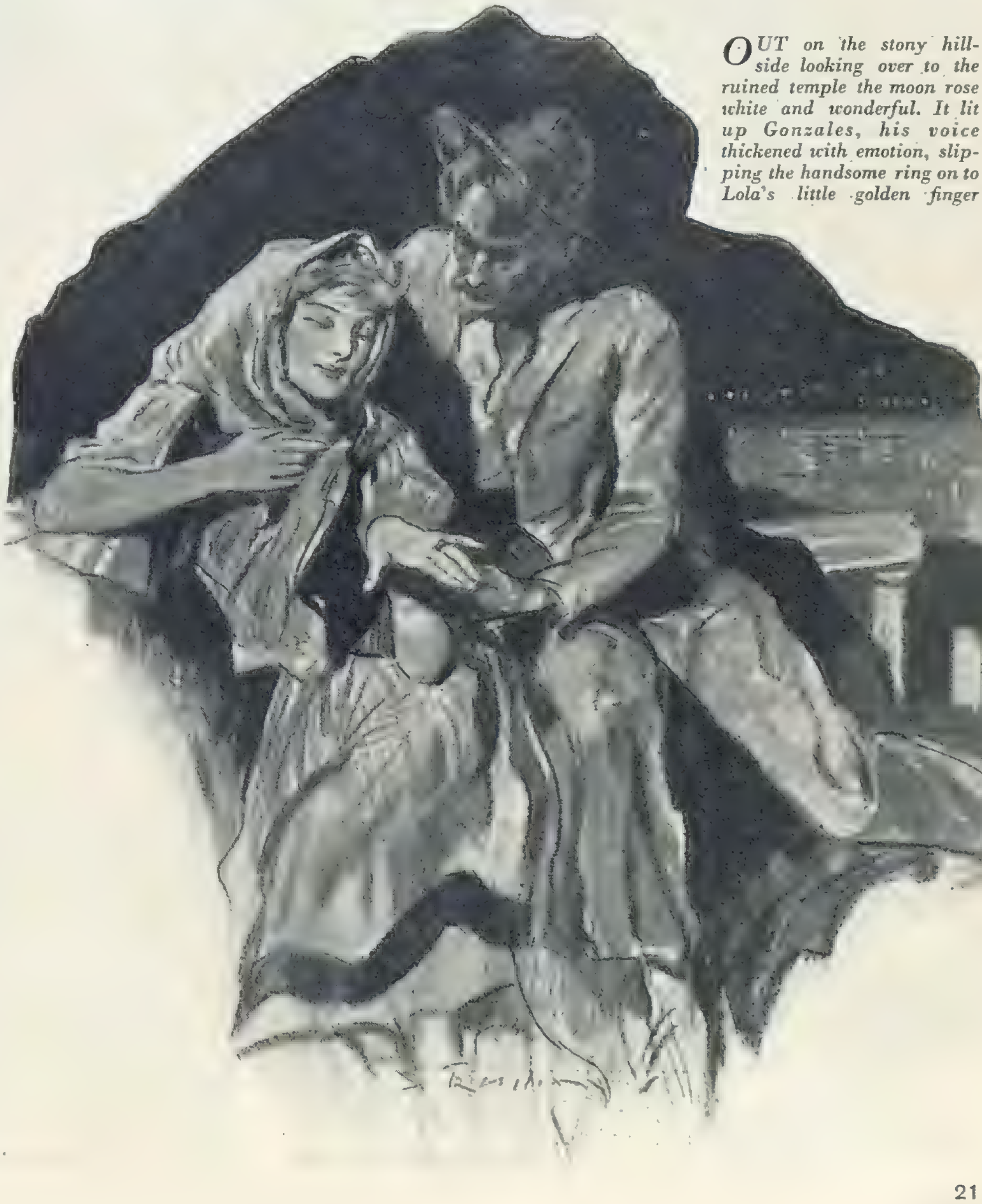
He managed to steal one of the licensed porters' badges from a friend. He cut off his moustache, put on a different hat, achieved the dream of a lifetime, and boarded the P. and O. liner homeward bound, on a sunny October morning.

He handled luggage with the best of them, though it was hot and hard work. He was looking for a really nice dressing-case to make away with when he saw that a quartermaster with a face redder than he liked, hands bigger than he liked, and boots larger than he at all cared about, was watching him from the gangway with a reminiscent look in his blue, blue eyes.

Portenza thought perhaps it was time to go.

He hastened down the decks over a stack of luggage, and hastened too fast. He fell with a crash over a wardrobe trunk and cut his knee severely on an iron plate.

He was seized and carried below.



OUT on the stony hillside looking over to the ruined temple the moon rose white and wonderful. It lit up Gonzales, his voice thickened with emotion, slipping the handsome ring on to Lola's little golden finger

Useless to remonstrate and vow, in an anguish to get away, that he was quite all right. They had him down in the doctor's cabin in a brace of shakes.

The doctor was tall and lean and, like everything else on that ship, so incredibly clean that he gave Portenza the shivers. How people could live in such a state of appalling cleanliness Portenza simply did not know. They bathed his knee, which was bleeding freely, and sat him down on a stool waiting for the bleeding to cease and the blood to congeal before they bound him up.

As he waited there, someone came running in to fetch the doctor, urgently, for an accident in the hold.

"Stay where you are," said the doctor, and departed. Portenza stayed where he was, but presently he hopped around, having a good look. The doctor had left his drug cabinet open at the other end of the cabin. There was something fascinating in the neat array of bottles within.

For no reason, save that he was always interested in a scheme to get something for nothing, Portenza took one of the bottles at random and slipped it into a trouser pocket.

He was seated, meek as a lamb where they had put him, when the doctor returned. Looking mild, and twiddling his thumbs. An expression of patient suffering on his dark face. They bandaged him and let him go.

He had no time to look at the nice little bottle he had picked up until he got home again. Then he saw it was marked:

"Strychnine. Poison."

Portenza scratched his nose and thought that, one way and another way, this was probably one of the most interesting things he had picked up for a long time. For one reason and another reason it had dropped from Heaven, right into his hand, at a most opportune moment.

The question was where to hide it ?

Gonzales, he knew very well, had a duplicate key to the only box he possessed, and went through it systematically every time he, Portenza, was absent for any length of time. It was no good secreting his treasure there.

In the end he removed a brick from the wall, and hid it behind in a little heap of rubble.

After that he couldn't sleep o' nights for thinking. Over in the naval barracks the band played "God Save the King," "Soldiers of the Queen," and "Will ye no come back again ?"—and still Portenza thought and thought. The thing was to get Gonzales to make a last will and testament, making everything he possessed over to his dear friend Portenza, should he die before him.

The rest would be easy.

The trouble was to get it done without rousing Gonzales' suspicions. One of the worst things about human nature, thought Portenza bitterly, was this tendency to get suspicious and go looking for trouble before trouble came.

In the end he decided he might do it if he made Gonzales drunk. The unfortunate thing was that it took such a lot to make Gonzales drunk and, unless you seized just the right moment, he passed out on you into a heavy sleep—and then what ? Money all wasted for nothing !

Once that difficulty was overcome, and the necessary money for liquor somehow scraped together, Portenza had a really good, watertight plan—a plan which, as far as he could see, had the great advantage over all other plans in that it practically could not go wrong.

Gonzales was incredibly lazy, but he was also incredibly greedy. Every year, with the ripening of the soft fruits and the custard apples, Gonzales over-ate himself and suffered from a very severe colic—so severe that more than once the elderly Maltese doctor who came along on these occasions thought he had given himself cholera.

"Aye, aye, I fancy he has done for himself this time, Portenza."

This doctor had got into the fashion of expecting Gonzales' annual attack. Like the departure of the Fleet and the coming of the P. and O. steamships, it was a regular fixture.

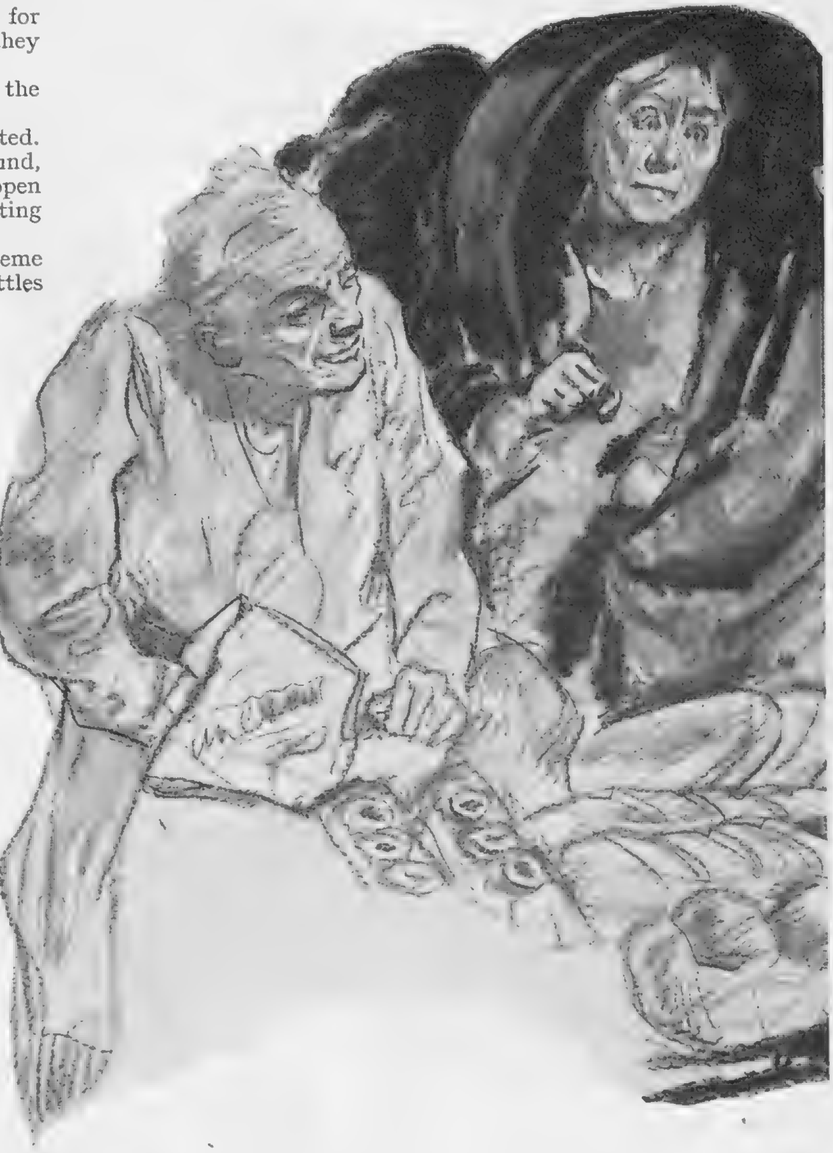
"So, Gonzales, you have over-eaten once again," he would say, pulling his dirty little goat's-beard. Moaning and belching, Gonzales would plead guilty. Groaning, he would vow:

"But never—no, never again."

"Until next time," said the doctor, who knew his Malta. And he would grin sardonically, administer chlorodyne, and depart, telling Portenza to send for him again if the patient took a turn for the worse in the night.

Now it was to happen that next time Gonzales' colic *would* take a turn for the worse in the night. Very much the worse. So much the worse that this time he would not get over it.

It was what the doctor had been expecting for years. Nothing would be thought. No awkward questions would be asked. Portenza sucked his teeth and generously decided he would give Gonzales a handsome funeral.



Was he not his best friend ?

The only difficulty was to get him to sign some paper, or make some announcement. In the event of his dying intestate, what Portenza wanted to know was—would his personal effects go *ipso facto* to his sole friend and crony, Portenza ?

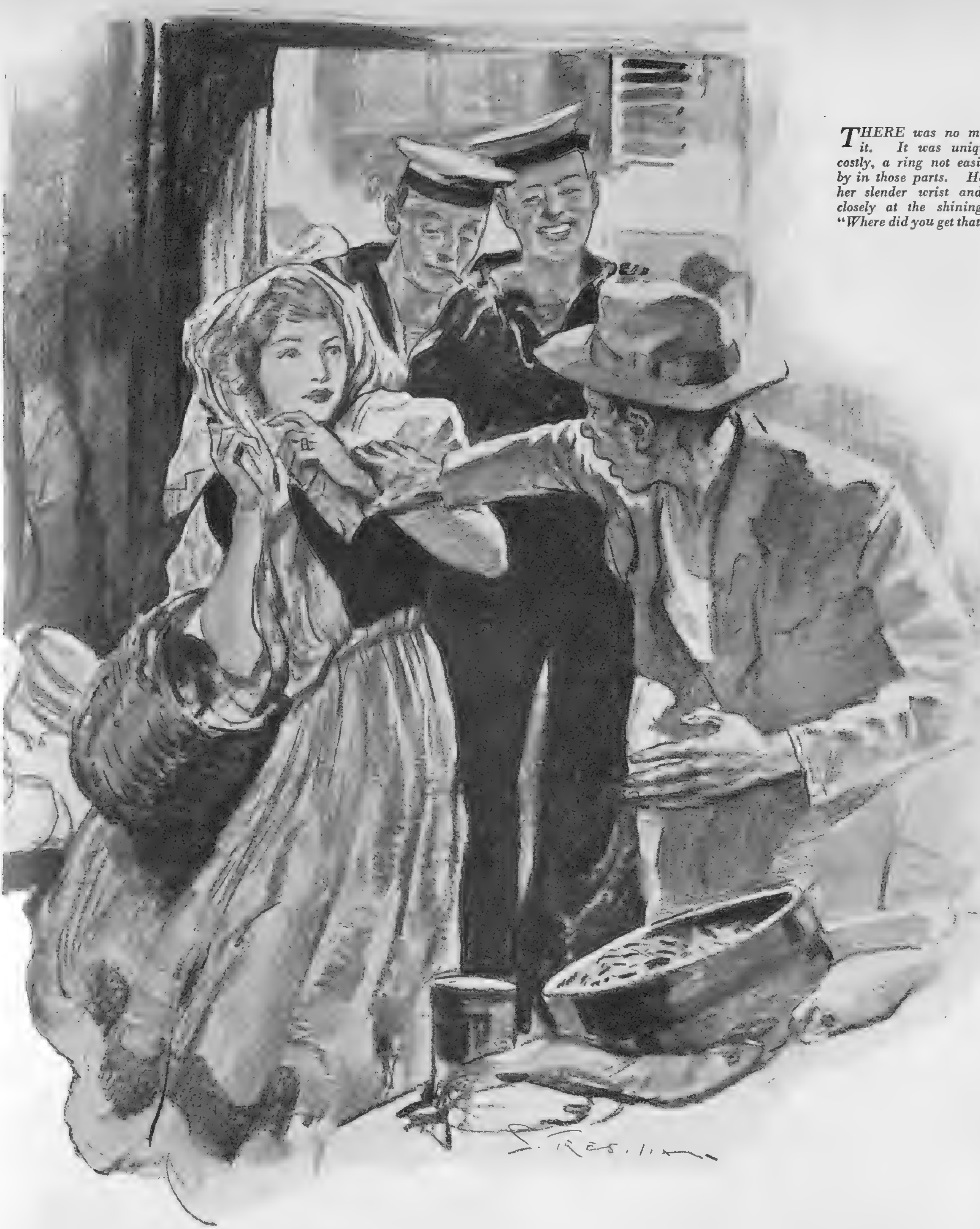
He went round artfully, making here and there a few tentative enquiries amongst persons who might be expected to know. He brought the conversation round casually to such subjects when he drank of an evening in one of the dusty bars on the quay side, all amongst the sponges, rotting seaweed, and old baskets sodden with brine.

There was no hurry. There was plenty of time. The fruit season was not at its height till June. There was still a cold nip in the air, and the sea towards Crete was all smooth and turquoise and untroubled at morning—and at evening, when Portenza so fortunately came upon that handy little bottle.

MEANWHILE Gonzales laughed and lay around doing nothing, and picked his fine, white teeth and thought of pleasant things. And one evening, just about the hour of sundown, he took a walk by himself in the stony hills behind the town, for no particular reason.

There was a thin stream running through the stony fields with their harsh hedges of cactus. A stream that threaded its way down to the sea like a necklace, through a series of stepping-stones and little pools. Goats grazed on the meagre grass that grew about it, and children played there amongst the branches of fig-trees. And there the women did washing in the sluggish water, slowly beating the linen of the European community to bits upon the stones, and dabbling it in muddy water, at so much per piece.

It was here Gonzales first saw Lola.



THERE was no mistaking it. It was unique and costly, a ring not easily come by in those parts. He seized her slender wrist and stared closely at the shining stone. "Where did you get that ring?"

A slip of a girl she was, with a figure like a golden rod and a great cloud of tawny hair. Wide golden eyes she had, that were not unlike the eyes of a tiger. Red lips and white teeth and beautiful, slim, well-cared-for hands.

Gonzales stood staring at her. He had a feeling that all the rest of the world had suddenly been cut away with a sharp knife from around them, leaving just him and her. Over the stony ground, between the gnarled branches of the fig-tree, their eyes met in a long, long look.

Nothing of the sort had ever happened to Gonzales before. He was a lazy man, and one who did not go out looking for disaster.

Now he could neither eat nor sleep. He disturbed Portenza with his moanings and groanings in the night watches, until Portenza felt enough of this was too much.

It was a simple matter to make enquiries and find out who she was. This Gonzales did with unusual energy and cunning. He was sorry to learn she was Ma Cortez's grand-daughter. For Ma Cortez was a scheming, evil, old harradan of whom no good was told. It was rumoured about back streets and dusty drinking bars that she had brought the girl over from France for a far more lucrative profession than marriage.

Gonzales never went into bars, and he heard no rumours. More than likely he would not have understood them if he had.

After that he went nightly to the washing place.

Portenza did not know where he went to, but was relieved to see him go, and to get a bit of peace. Gonzales was so simple that no one ever connected him with guile or double dealings.

Gonzales was a little surprised to find Ma Cortez had nothing against their friendship. From the start she seemed to encourage the match.

(*Continued on page* 110)

We take

RIDING slowly in an open carriage drawn by two moody nags

THE little doctor was Austrian, with a bright red sunburned face and a bald red head fringed with white hair, and large whimsical ears set high on the sides of his head, like a pixy's. Because it was a Sunday afternoon when we arrived to take the cure, he was arrayed in golf clothes when we first beheld him. He had been summoned from the links to our hotel by the determined manager, who seemed to fear that these Americans—hoorah, hooray, and likewise goody, goody—might change their minds and go away again if something drastic wasn't done. Thus we were scarcely off the train when we were in the doctor's hands. We gave his name, and presto ! there he was.

We were unpacking when he came, assisted by all sorts and sizes of hotel valets in black aprons and maids in ruffled caps, to all of whom the manager had obviously communicated his alarm, since they were all intent on hiding all our absolute necessities in various unlikely crannies where it would take days to find them. We had asked for two rooms, and received a suite of three rooms with two baths and a large balcony—all for the modest price we'd had in mind—and now the place was mad with trunks and tissue paper, scurrying figures, mutterings in Czech and German among the men and maids, and short, abortive linguistic attempts by Bob and me. Bob is my husband, and his German is absurd ; and mine is worse. Mine consists of *ein, zwei, drei, Putsch, Kamerad,* and *Guten Morgen.*

We were in Marienbad, which you pronounce with all its syllables. Marienbad is in Czechoslovakia, in case you don't know. I didn't, till I went there ; and, what's more, I wouldn't have believed that any country with a name like that could look the way that country looks. I had to keep remembering that it used to be Bohemia, to understand it. It has operatic scenery come to life. It has grown-up versions of the vivid little wooden villages you buy in sets to put around the bottom of your Christmas tree. It has picture-book forests, black with pines, where you hear wood-choppers you never see, and it has infinite fields and meadows dotted far and wide with hamlets of whitewashed clay huts, where peasants live by raising geese in silver ponds at their front doors. The whole affair was written by Hans Christian Andersen, and read to me when I was small. It was all true. It was all here.

I had begun discovering it from the train windows in the morning—along with other sensational itinerant discoveries. I was in a perfect dither of astonishment, for instance, to find that Marienbad was less than eighteen hours from Paris.

OUR hotel was a new white wedding-cake high on a wooded hill, and there were others like it on the other hills that cupped the town. We could look off for miles, and everything was green and white, and clean, and beautiful. There were no factories in Marienbad, apparently. A few thin smokestacks marked the buildings in the valley where you took the baths—the mud baths, or the steam baths, or whatever you were taking—but even those were all but lost in the ubiquitous tall pines. The rest was sun, and shining air, and singing birds.

On the way up from the station, riding slowly in an open carriage drawn by two moody nags who hated us and all our luggage, we had observed the lower town in some detail. Our driver, enthroned above us, kept pointing with his whip at things, explaining them in Czech, and grinning toothlessly over his shoulder. He wore a tasseled hat, and sat upon a folded blanket that had a crown and monogram appliquéd on one corner. He and the blanket and the carriage itself were very old, but very gay. He chattered, and we nodded as intelligently as we could, and Bob kept saying "*Ja, ja,*" and once he said "*Ja wohl,*" impressing me. "What is '*Ja wohl*' ?" I asked in a hushed voice. "It's German," Bob said with dignity.

WE looked for people taking cures, having some vague idea that we should see them being propelled about in wheelchairs, or even led about in strait-jackets. This was our first experience, needless to say. It was both comforting and faintly disappointing to perceive that everyone seemed normal, and normally engaged. The shops were closed on the main streets, since it was Sunday, but the parks and public squares were full of benches full of people, and the numerous little out-of-door cafés and terrace restaurants were bright with summer dresses under gaudy sun umbrellas.

Our own hotel had proved to have a semicircular terrace with perhaps two hundred tables under trees and sun umbrellas. There we had lunched enormously—on the doomed-ate-a-hearty-breakfast plan. We had had hot *hors-d'œuvre,* and fish with Hollandaise, and *filet mignon* with Bernaise, and cheese *soufflé,* and chocolate pastries, and champagne. . . . Within the limits of our knowledge of cures and how you took them, we had done our best to order everything that would be banned.

We had succeeded pretty well, too, evidently. Our several waiters fairly shook with the excitement of it all. There were long pauses between courses, indicating that the hotel kitchen was in turmoil over us ; and once a face in a chef's cap appeared at a small basement window and peered incredulously at our table.

We in our turn inspected everything being served at other tables round about, seeking some clue as to the fare in store

CAFÉ ZOO
Lowen

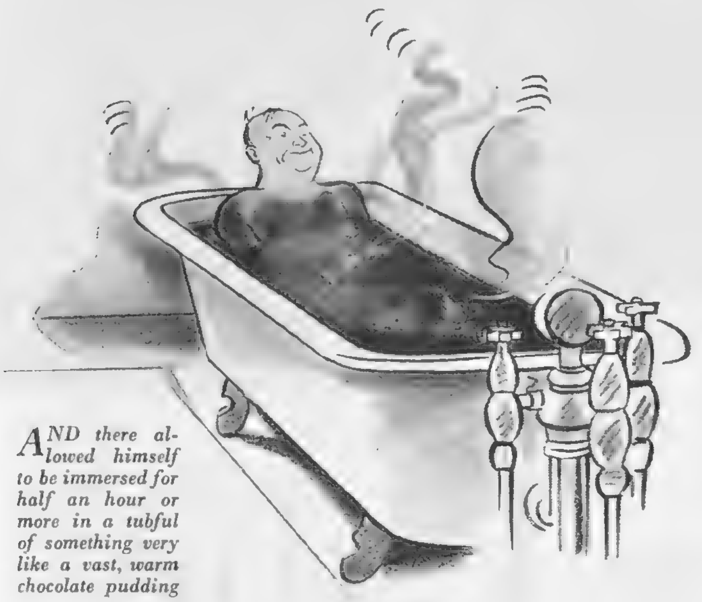
FOR the next half-hour we followed all the signs saying "Café Zoo"

the Cure

Amusing reminiscences and observations of a sojourn at a Continental Spa

By Katharine Brush

HE had to dance, as briskly as he could, at tea and dinner



AND there allowed himself to be immersed for half an hour or more in a tubful of something very like a vast, warm chocolate pudding

for us. We could make nothing of our observations, however, except that obviously the diet varied with the individual. One young woman, later identified as a Polish actress, was lunching on a piece of zwieback and a hard-boiled egg. The Belgian couple at the table nearest ours was nibbling lettuce with lemon juice and frugal parings of pink ham. One German sustained life with a banana. One ate four sardines, from which he patiently removed the skins. Nobody was drinking any water with his meal, but almost everyone had just one glass of dry Rhine wine. One man—a rogue, no doubt—had two glasses.

Dessert, if any, consisted universally of stewed fruit. Coffee was without caffeine, and usually without sugar. One by one and two by two the lunchers finished eating, and in the same formation they began a solemn trudge along a sort of gravel track that took them out of sight around the side of the hotel and duly brought them back again from the opposite direction. In all, they circled the hotel ten times apiece before they vanished. We sat counting. We began to see how this was going to be.

THE little doctor could speak English—he could speak many languages, some of them fluently, and all of them fast. He appeared for that first visit, as for all his subsequent ones, with a cheery cry composed of three "hellos" in swift succession, and at a galloping gait that got him here and there without delay. If he knew our names, he gave no sign of it, either then or later. He referred to Bob as "the big fellow," and to me—at first—as "the little leddy." That didn't last, however. I became "the bebby" presently. I suppose it was something about the way I behaved.

Coming tearing into the room that day, scattering menials like chaff from his onward path, he said, "Hello, hello, hello," and then "So, now, who is (*Continued on page* 134)

Illustrations by Lowen

UNITED we walked up and down, and back and forth, imbibing slowly

THE ex-Kaiser is naturally Exile No. 1. The distinguished-looking 78-year-old squire of Doorn is now well into his nineteenth year of exile from the Fatherland

LEON TROTSKY and his wife photographed on their arrival at Tampico. Mexico was the only country that offered him a haven of refuge when he left Norway

RAS IMRU, the last of the great Abyssinian chieftains to hold out against the Italians, has been interned on Ponza, one of the penal islands off Sicily

Strange Exile

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"TROTSKY has arrived with his wife at Tampico, looking deeply bronzed after his 20-day voyage in a tanker from his late Norwegian exile. President Cárdenas sent a car for the journey to Mexico City, where Lenin's former lieutenant will be the guest of the mural artist, Diego Rivera, until he finds a home of his own."

" Ras Imru, last of the great Abyssinian chieftains to hold out against the Italian army, has been interned on Ponza, one of the penal islands off Sicily."

" A list of 93 Germans deprived of their citizenship and permanently expelled includes Thomas Mann, his wife, and four children; and Max Braun, former leader of the Saar separatists."

" Professors Chichibabin and Ipatieff, the distinguished scientists, have been deprived of Soviet citizenship and expelled in perpetuity for refusing to return from abroad."

The above constitutes the gleaning of precisely four days, while this article was materialising.

The exile story of the times waxes ever furiouser and stranger.

Before the War there can have been but the merest sprinkling: a Duke of Orleans and Prince Victor Bonaparte, Queen Nathalie of Servia, in a convent, King Manoel and his mother, Queen Amélie, the boy Emperor Pu Yi of China, Don Carlos, lately killed by a car in Vienna, aged 87.

None save possibly the Duke of Orleans made any stir.

Look about in early 1937. The exile list grows so exhaustive and tangled as to require nothing short of treatment by category: Kings in Exile, Exiled Intellects, The Orient in Exile, Exiled Pretenders, Oddments in Exile.

Exiles are always interesting people because they've done something; or else their families have. Or else they are taboo or in the way for some reason. Why? Why was So-and-so exiled? Where has his caravan rested? How does he make out now? Spend his time? Is he content or miserable? Plotting and dangerous? Resigned and passive? What chance of the ban on him (or her) being lifted? Such questions automatically suggest themselves as we dip into the spicy salad of contemporary front-page outcasts.

Exile No. 1 is naturally the distinguished-looking 78-year-old squire of Doorn, now well into his nineteenth year of truncation from the Fatherland. Whatever may be thought of the brilliant, unstable, vulgar, charming creature of pre-War, he would be a scurvy knave who did not admit that Wilhelm has added to the dignity of exile as has none other since Napoleon. All the more meritorious in that it was in no way to have been expected. The odds seemed heavily on this Imperial actor striking record attitudes, or of his going rapidly off his head, he who recoiled at physical or any other kind of restraint. It seems that the former Kaiser has been saved by four things. Faith or Religion, heavily charged with the persisting notion of his own presence upon earth by divine right. An untiring interest in all kinds of subjects and a capacity to hold forth on them for hours. Thirdly, the comforting company of remarriage. Fourthly, a record material well-being, the estimate being that Wilhelm received in gold marks, art treasures, furniture, and equipment from Prussian Crown property, something like the equivalent of £40,000,000, though whether it is all out of Germany is not so sure.

As he nears 80, the ex-Kaiser has reduced the wood-chopping that used to absorb so much of each day and which led to the sublime piece of Freudianism: " This megalomaniac is dealing blows with his axe at imaginary foes." Majesty has an English breakfast at eight, during and after which he reads a dozen marked newspapers from the capitals of Europe, plus New York, and deals with an ever-towering postbag. He has two faithful cronies in Herrn Schulz and Ficke, and the chances

HENRY PU YI is an exile from China, where he has twice ruled as Emperor. He is now President of Manchukuo

ABDUL MEDJID, ex-Sultan of Turkey and ex-Caliph. He is now 70 years old and happily installed at Cimiez

ABBAS HILMI PASHA, the ex-Khedive of Egypt. Exiled since 1914, he spends most of his time in his splendid steam yacht "Nimet Allah"

A dip into the spicy salad of contemporary front-page outcasts

are that at any time he is apt to burst ahead with monologues on philosophy, music, religion, travel, history, Egyptology, military science, *und so weiter.* Majesty mastered Dutch greatly in order to widen the release he obtains from this passion for monologue, and ennobled neighbours are now regularly called upon of a morning instead of that chop, chop. Or there will be the rose gardens to tend. Lunch at one, and then a German siesta, after which Wilhelm mounts to his well-liked study in a small tower and there sits astride his saddle "chair" and writes: either his memoirs or personal correspondence. Comes a walk, and tea with the younger generation, children of his consort by a first marriage. And after that audiences. For these the ex-Emperor dons a grey tunic without epaulettes, and visitors are instructed by a Chamberlain how to walk; bow to the right, and low; never talk to the Kaiser, answer him; avoid a direct look.

Dinner, at seven, is the formal occasion of the day, when anecdotes and light talk, only, are conducted from the head of the table. Thereafter wads of further "discussion" over cigars, and so, at ten, to bed.

Sundays witness service à la Potsdam in miniature, with Wilhelm preaching to the whole household. Great half-hour!

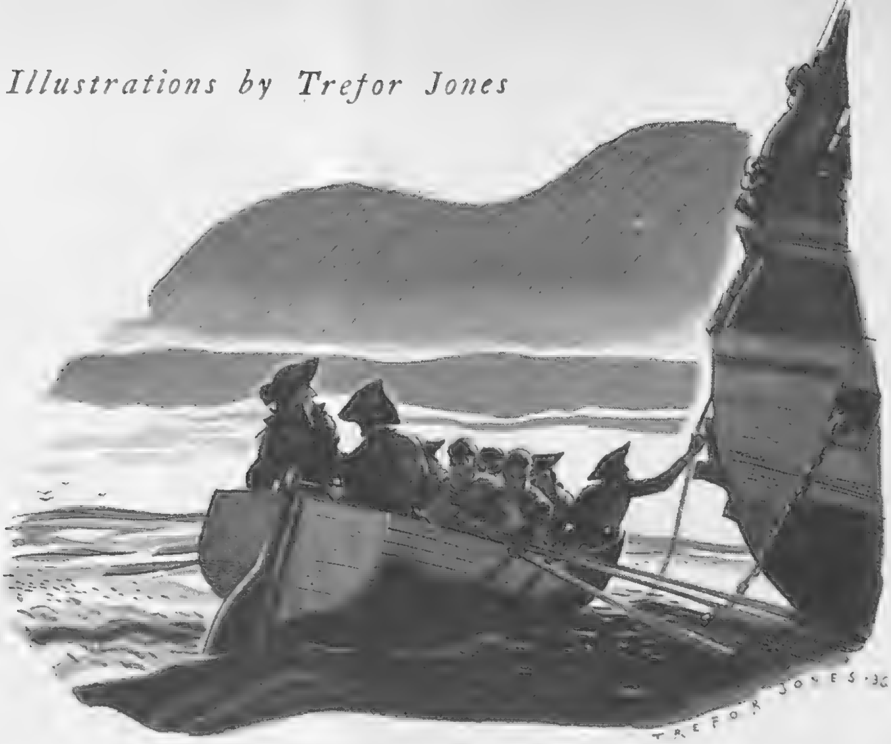
Bright weather may bring a leisurely motor run in the Utrecht country or in summer to Zaandvoord. Wilhelm by tacit understanding keeps away from the German frontier and he seldom visits big towns, or so it is averred. His wife "Hermo" acts as liaison with Germany for all his interests. Members of his family and old friends forgather on command. It isn't so bad, considering. Considering. . . .

POLES apart from Doorn tone and quiescence has panned out the exile of ex-King Alfonso, who, after figuratively spending five years gripping a suitcase, to-day inclines to draw in his travel-circle to an area comprising the Italian Lakes, Tyrol, Vienna, Hungary, Bavaria. This restless rover's only base worthy of the name (*Continued on page* 116)

THOMAS MANN, German author and Nobel Prize winner. He went into self-imposed exile in 1934

Left:
THE former Crown Princess Luise of Saxony (Madame Toselli), who now lives in a small house in a Brussels suburb

Illustrations by Trefor Jones



CONNOR, with a boat's crew of his own hands, then pulled across to the privateer, and easily gained possession of the vessel

Letters of Marque

Some Tales of the Privateers

By C. FOX SMITH

"IT is a strange thing," once wrote the great Lord Bacon, "that in Sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seene, but Sky and Sea, Men should make Diaries."

The wisest of men are liable to make mistakes once in a while; and on this occasion even the sage Lord Chancellor was decidedly wide of the mark. Whatever was lacking in the sea travel of bygone days, from the passenger's point of view, it was assuredly not excitement. There were risks of shipwreck in uncharted waters. There were chances, always present in wooden ships, of springing a leak and foundering in mid-ocean. There were possibilities of a food shortage, and of being the unlucky individual upon whom the lot fell to be served up for the next meal. There were dangers from mutineers and pirates; and last, but not least, there was the risk of falling in with one of the brisk privateers which, from the reign of Elizabeth onwards, swarmed along the trade routes in time of war, as keen on the scent of prizes as stoats on the trail of a rabbit.

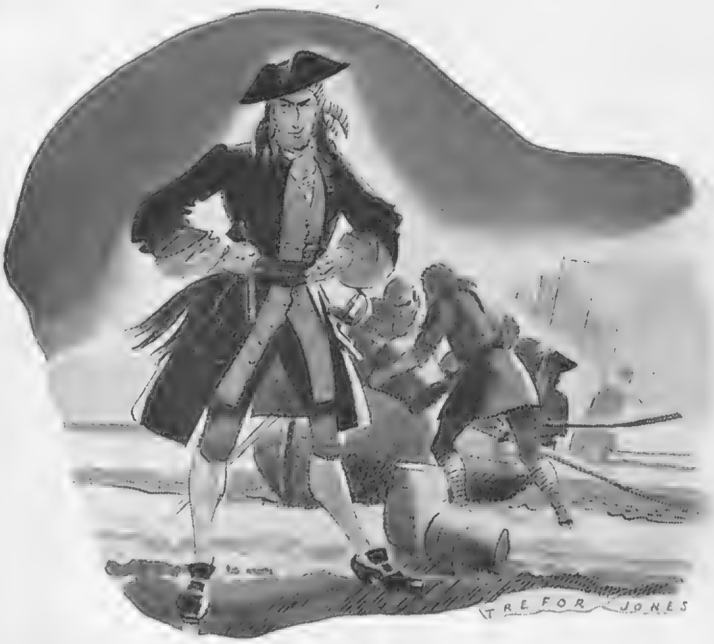
Privately owned ships of war were very generally employed in the Tudor navies and even earlier. But "Letters of Marque, Mart or Reprisal" were first granted to merchant vessels, which were thus authorised to carry guns for purposes of offence and defence without their captains and crews becoming liable to summary execution as pirates, towards the close of the seventeenth century; and from that time onwards, right through the French, Dutch and American wars of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, adventurous mariners, shipowners and shipbuilders who wanted to make money sent out and manned merchantmen fitted for the business of what would now be called commerce-raiding.

Actually, there was a technical distinction between a privateer proper and a letter-of-marque ship. The former was a vessel specially built, armed, and manned for the purpose of a commerce raider. The latter was a merchant-ship whose letter-of-marque enabled her to defend herself against enemy attack if called upon, and claim for her crew the privileges of prisoners of war if they happened to be captured. But as a matter of fact the two types overlapped each other's provinces so often that the distinction came in time to be practically obsolete, and the term "letter-of-marque"—the word "ship" being usually omitted in ordinary parlance—was employed to describe any kind of privately owned harrier of commerce authorised by her government.

UNLIKE the Royal Navy, the privateers seldom had much difficulty in getting crews. Apart from the chance of filling their pockets with prize money, the sailorman who liked a scrap saw here an opportunity of gratifying the tendency without being subjected to the intolerable conditions which prevailed on the lower deck of a man-of-war, and the smuggler very often made a privateering cruise by way of a change. A typical advertisement for a privateer crew runs as follows:—

"Six Months Cruise directly against the inveterate enemies of Great Britain. The fine frigate *Jupiter.* Commanded by Captain John Marshall. Copper sheathed and is thought to be as compleat a Privateer indisputably as ever sailed down the river Avon, with the most perfect accommodations for her men. She mounts 22 heavy 12-pounders with swivel carriages on her gun deck, and 12 light artillery of 18, 12 and 9-pounders on her quarter deck, forecastle and tops, with 160 men. Now is the time, my Boys, to board the rich Spanish galleons."

The redoubtable Jack Rattenbury, known all along the coast from Christchurch to Land's End as the "King of the Smugglers," found an outlet for his superfluous energy once in a way in cruising after prizes instead of illicit kegs of French brandy, and he describes in his autobiography what befell him when he joined a lugger fitted out with that object by his uncle at Beer. "Everybody," he writes, "was full of hope of the prizes we should take and the glory we meant to win. I thought of those who had risen from the lowest rank to the highest, from cabin boy to admiral, and my hopes rose high within me." Alas, for all these soaring visions! After cruising for six or seven weeks off the Western Islands without taking any prizes, a ship was sighted, and the lugger bore down on her, scenting possible prey. The stranger hoisted English colours, and the privateer's men saluted her with three cheers, when her English



THE redoubtable Jack Rattenbury, known all along the coast from Christchurch to Land's End colours were promptly hauled down and French ones run up in their stead, while a couple of shots were fired through the lugger's rigging. "The Frenchman mounted twenty-six guns," says Jack, "so resistance was out of the question": so the cruise which had begun with such rosy prospects, ended in the prison at Bordeaux, whence, however, he made his escape before very long.

THE experience had left him with a settled determination not to be carried into captivity again, so when he was again captured by a French privateer in the brig "Friends," which had just sailed from Bridport, he set his wits to work to give his captors the slip. He, with one small boy on his first voyage, had been left on board the brig, which was put under the charge of a prize-master and four men, who were ordered to take her into the nearest French port. Jack soon saw that the master did not know the coast, so he offered to take the helm, and the Frenchman presently went below, after giving him the course, and started to sample the "Friends'" rum to some purpose. It was foggy when he came on deck again, and the fog had evidently penetrated his own wits, for he did not notice that the course had been altered in his absence.

Presently the fog lifted and revealed land in sight. "What land is that?" inquired the prize-master. "Alderney," Jack promptly replied, though he knew it at once for Portland. Soon afterwards St. Alban's Head was sighted, which Jack with equal promptitude identified as La Hogue, and suggested that a boat should go on shore for a pilot.

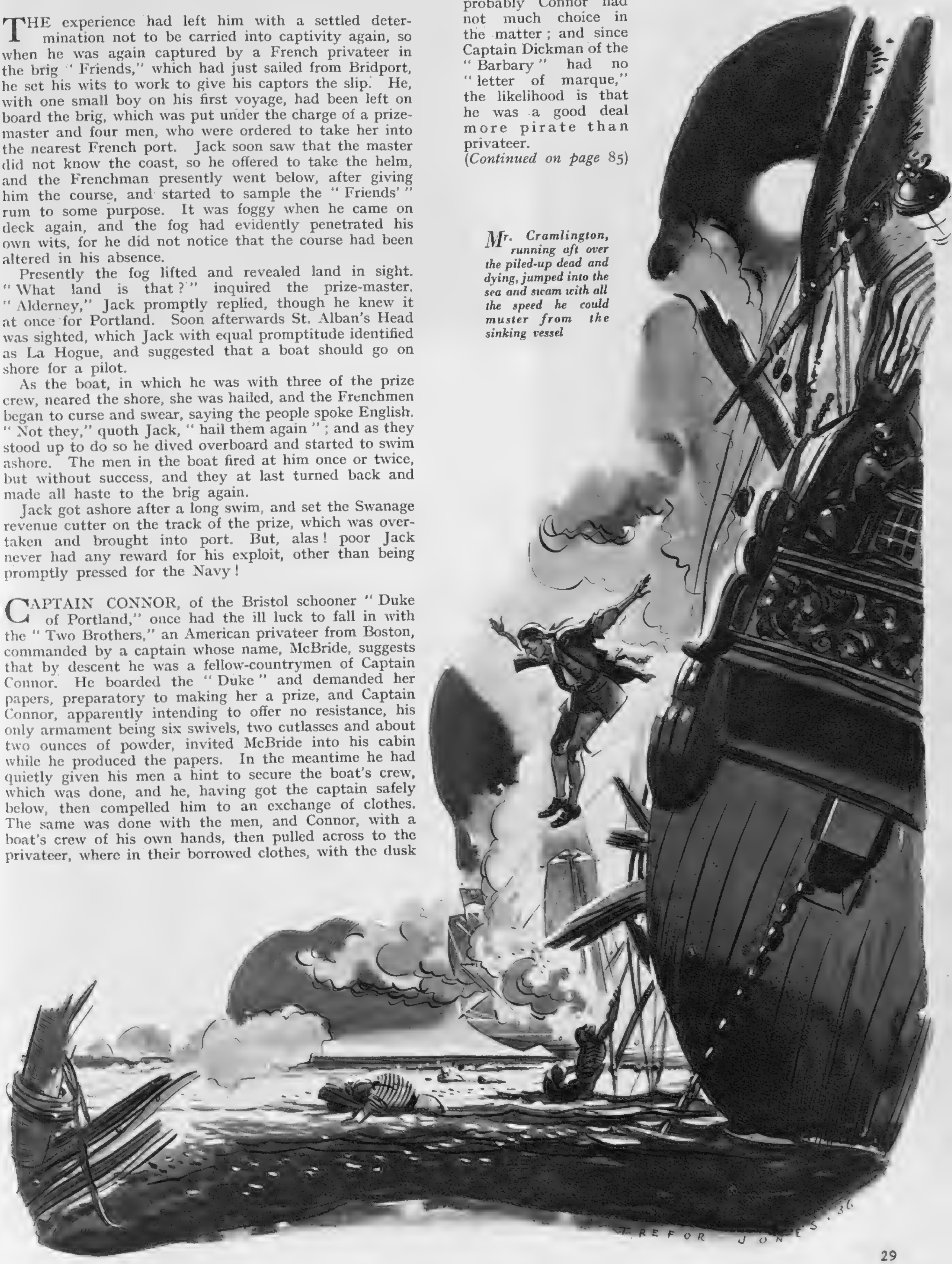
As the boat, in which he was with three of the prize crew, neared the shore, she was hailed, and the Frenchmen began to curse and swear, saying the people spoke English. "Not they," quoth Jack, "hail them again"; and as they stood up to do so he dived overboard and started to swim ashore. The men in the boat fired at him once or twice, but without success, and they at last turned back and made all haste to the brig again.

Jack got ashore after a long swim, and set the Swanage revenue cutter on the track of the prize, which was overtaken and brought into port. But, alas! poor Jack never had any reward for his exploit, other than being promptly pressed for the Navy!

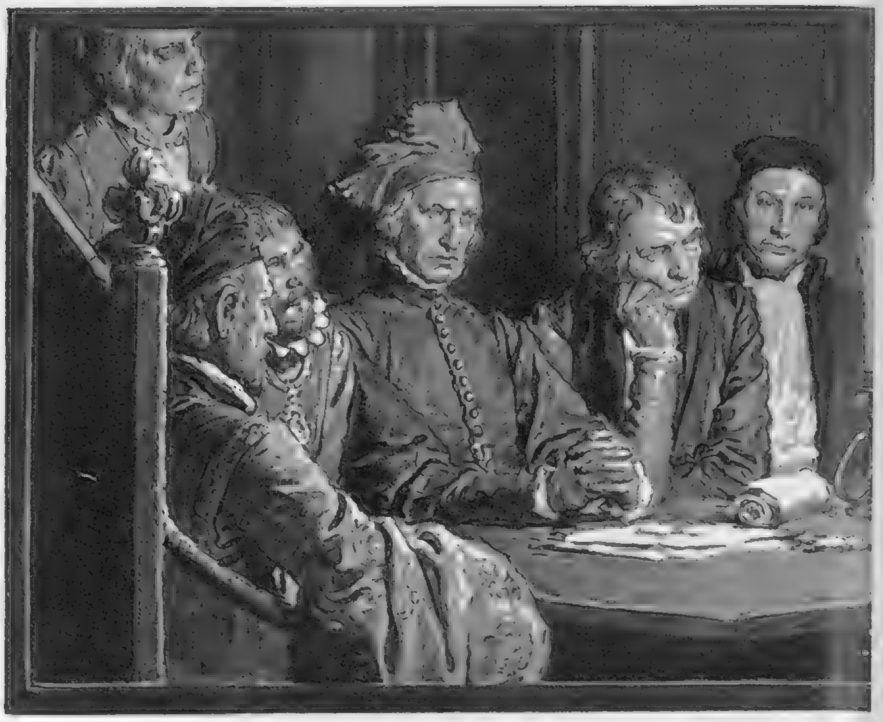
CAPTAIN CONNOR, of the Bristol schooner "Duke of Portland," once had the ill luck to fall in with the "Two Brothers," an American privateer from Boston, commanded by a captain whose name, McBride, suggests that by descent he was a fellow-countrymen of Captain Connor. He boarded the "Duke" and demanded her papers, preparatory to making her a prize, and Captain Connor, apparently intending to offer no resistance, his only armament being six swivels, two cutlasses and about two ounces of powder, invited McBride into his cabin while he produced the papers. In the meantime he had quietly given his men a hint to secure the boat's crew, which was done, and he, having got the captain safely below, then compelled him to an exchange of clothes. The same was done with the men, and Connor, with a boat's crew of his own hands, then pulled across to the privateer, where in their borrowed clothes, with the dusk coming on, they were mistaken for McBride and his crew, and easily gained possession of the vessel.

Connor then sailed for home with his prize. But "dog eat dog" was very much the rule in those days at sea, and on the way he fell in with the snow "Barbary Packet," which very kindly took charge of his prize for him. As the "Barbary Packet" had 14 guns and 8 swivels, probably Connor had not much choice in the matter; and since Captain Dickman of the "Barbary" had no "letter of marque," the likelihood is that he was a good deal more pirate than privateer.

(*Continued on page* 85)



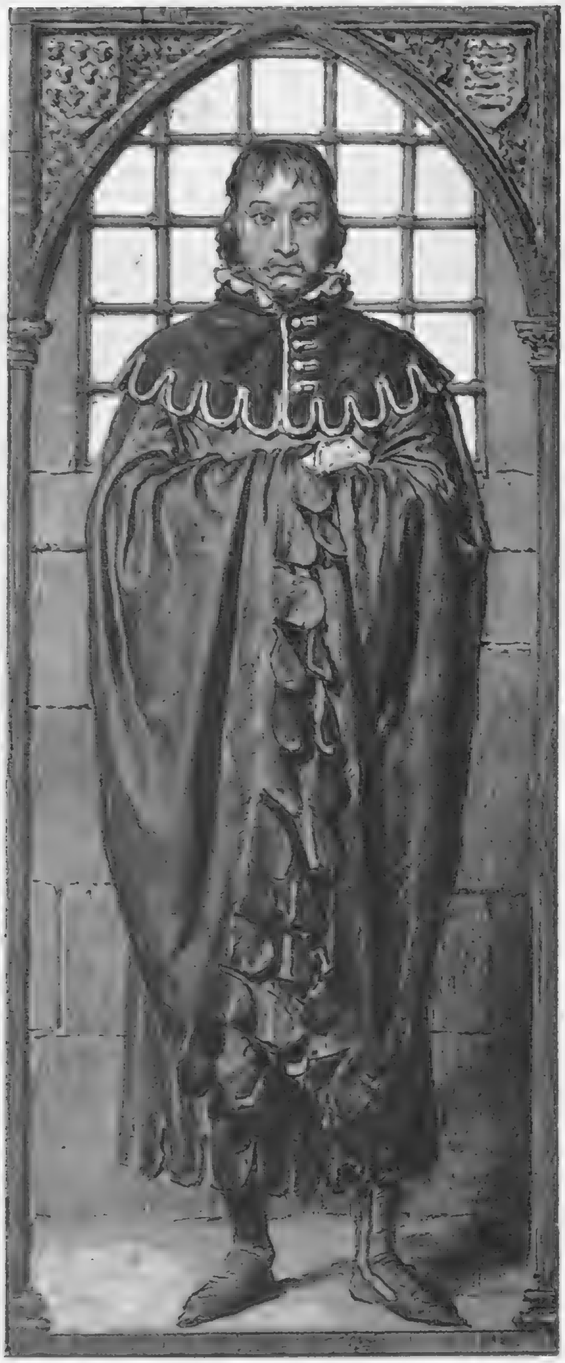
Mr. Cramlington, running aft over the piled-up dead and dying, jumped into the sea and swam with all the speed he could muster from the sinking vessel



The Conspiracy. The Abbot got up and addressed the meeting, painting

Old Tales

Crownless King and Crowned Usurper



Richard II.

WITH the serenity that is always theirs in times of crisis, the British people as a whole would have tolerated the abdication of Richard II.—that ruler whose enlightenment had faded as his power grew—if only his successor—the dominating Bolingbroke, helped into power by an oligarchical faction—had had a greater measure of justice on his side.

But the new monarch, Henry IV., the first of the Lancasters, had, but for the right of conquest, no real claim to succeed the last of the Plantagenets. He was of the blood royal, it is true, but Edward of Mortimer had a better hereditary title, and by many Henry was regarded as little more than an impudent usurper.

So affairs stood in the realm of England as the fifteenth century came to its dawning.

From the start Henry was beset with troubles. Aquitaine was in a ferment, and needed strongly garrisoning, the Scots had resumed their favourite game of harrying the borderland, while, at home, the nobility who had been faithful to Richard were smarting under the indignities that had been heaped upon them through being dispossessed of some of their titles and of the greater part of their estates.

It was the last-named, with a Churchman as their leader, who were to strike the first blow, and had they succeeded the whole pattern of English history might well have been changed.

During Christmas, 1399, the deposed Richard was lying a prisoner in the Tower of London, his child-wife, Isabella, then ten years old, was at Sunning Hill, and Bolingbroke was unconcernedly and unsuspectingly passing the time at Windsor.

MEANWHILE, the Abbot of Westminster, a man who enjoyed the respect both of the common folk and the nobility, was bringing to fruition a deep-laid plan—a result of his growing indignation at the threat to the Church's vast possessions contained in Bills that the new monarch had introduced into Parliament. The protestations of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York had proved of no avail, so the wily Abbot, who hid beneath a bland and pious exterior a daring, scheming nature, resolved on employing subterranean methods in order to gain his end.

Cautiously he tested the feelings of those noblemen most likely to bear a grudge against Henry, slowly but surely gaining their confidence and, in turn, hearing their confidences without himself being committed in any way. Then, realising the trend of public opinion and that a well-planned revolt had every chance of success, he expressed himself more boldly, in a short time becoming the acknowledged head of a dangerous conspiracy.

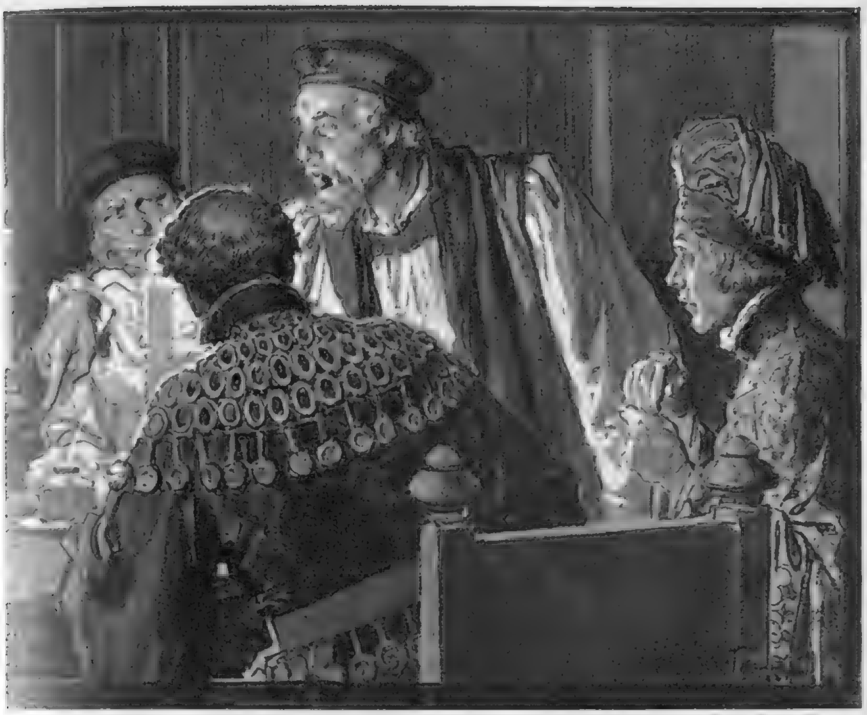
Having spoken with each man individually, the leader decided the time was ripe to bring the conspirators together; but here again he exercised that same caution which had characterised his earlier efforts.

Accordingly he prepared a banquet at his house, making the arrangements as unobtrusively as he was able and even reducing the servants to the very minimum.

On the day appointed all went well; one by one the plotters arrived, most of them men embittered by reason of their degradation in rank and ready for any desperate adventure. Among them were John Holland, Earl of Huntington (formerly Duke of Exeter); Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent (formerly Duke of Surrey); Edward Earl of Rutland (formerly Duke of Aumerle); the Earl of Somerset (formerly Marquis of Dorset); the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Thomas Blunt, and a priest by the name of Magdalen who had once served Richard and, strangely enough, bore a remarkable resemblance to that ill-starred Prince.

During the banquet not a word of what had brought them there was mentioned, but when it was over they passed into an adjoining room. As the door closed each man knew that he was virtually compromised.

Then the Abbot, putting on one side all his previous diplomacy and coming



a vivid, dramatic picture of the plight of the dispossessed nobles.

Re-told

When Richard abdicated and Bolingbroke fought to keep his Throne

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

right out into the open, got up and addressed the meeting, painting a vivid, dramatic picture of the plight of the dispossessed nobles, telling of the fraudulent infractions of the usurper, and, needless to say, praising Richard for his virtues and glossing over the faults which had so sadly marred the last years of his promising reign. He used touching words, too, when mentioning the child queen, already crushed beneath a burden of misfortune too great to be borne by an innocent human being still entitled to the untrammelled joys of infancy, and with an even greater fervour he gave an outline of the future, bringing logical argument after logical argument to bear on the situation, until he saw that the idea of suppressing Henry had become riveted in their minds as a determination. Then, and only then, he gave to Exeter the task of expounding the practical way of achieving the common object.

The Duke rose and made it clear that the assassination of the King could not with safety be left in the hands of one person as his Majesty was well guarded, counselling that the best way in which to hold a gathering of armed men without arousing suspicion would be to arrange a joust at Oxford early in January, the King to be specially invited to attend and to be surrounded and murdered when his attention was fully concentrated on the combat proceeding in the arena.

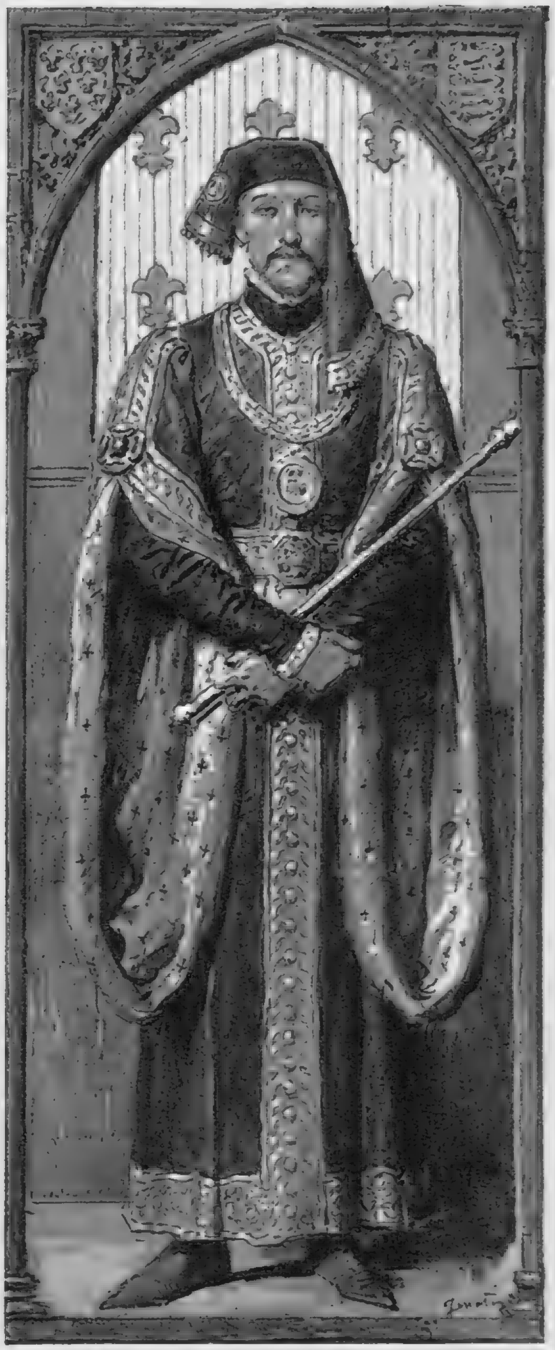
EXETER'S well-conceived plan was adopted unanimously. Each man swore loyalty to the cause of disloyalty, each signed copies of the pact and, when later in the evening they departed, each carried a copy bearing the signatures of all. Thus no one of them could retract without leaving in the hands of the others the undeniable proof of his participation in the plot.

As Exeter was brother-in-law to Bolingbroke, he was given the task of conveying to him the invitation to attend the tournament; a trust that he willingly undertook for he was a born plotter who looked upon murder as a spice to life.

The unsuspecting Henry gladly acquiesced in the suggestion, seeing in it a disposition towards conciliation on the part of the disaffected nobles whom he felt were at last beginning to realise that their sovereign was too strong for them.

It was, therefore, with every show of cordiality that the two men parted, each feeling satisfaction in the thought that he had fooled the other.

The third of January was the date fixed for the joust, and on that day the conspirators and their retinues, magnificent in their armour, banners flying, and shields glinting in the sun, converged upon historic Oxford, then a small town but, none the less, a growing educational centre.



Henry IV.

It was a red-letter day for the townsfolk, who, as the various parties arrived, cheered them to the echo.

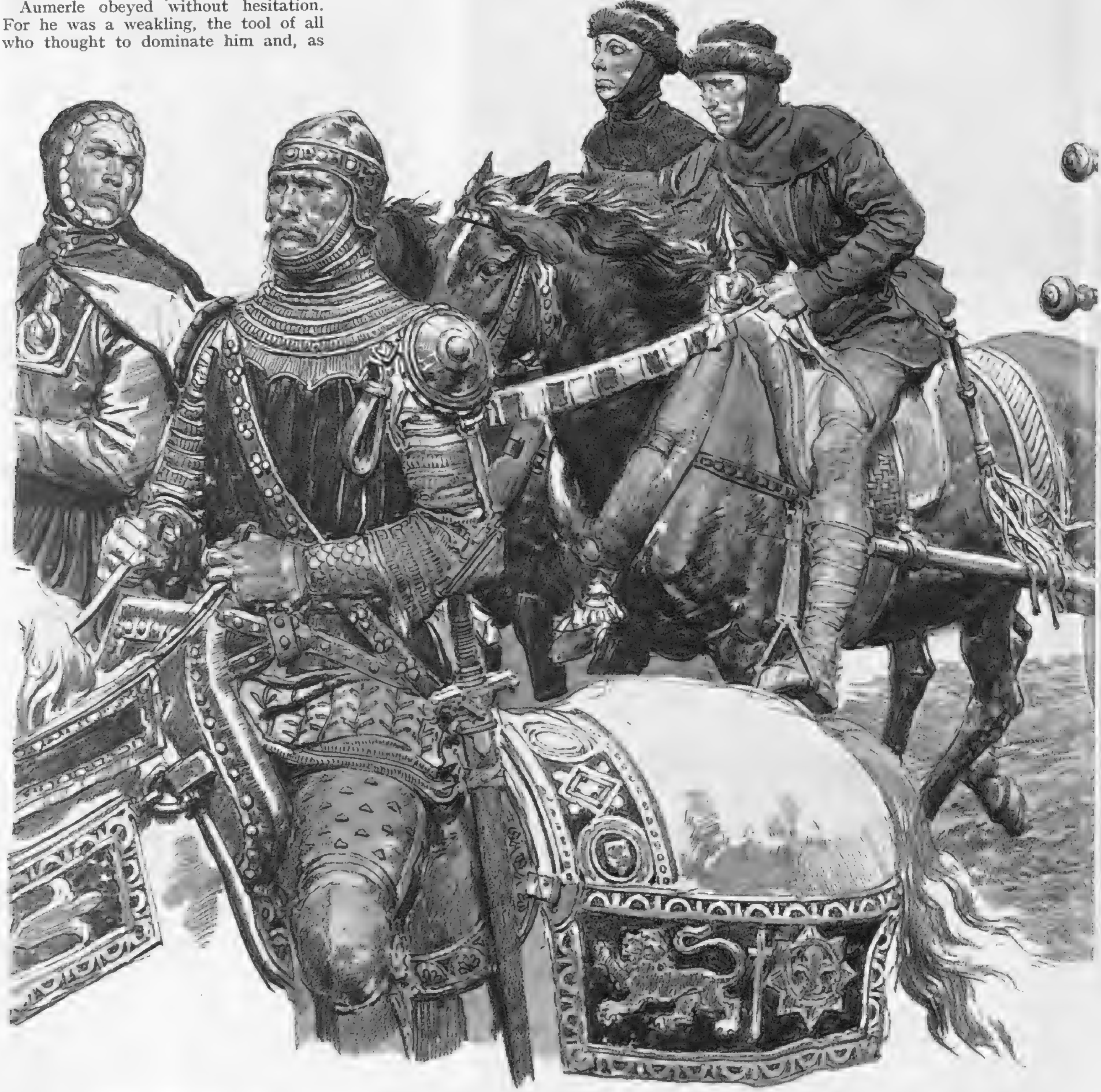
But of the seven teams six only put in an appearance at the appointed time.

There was no sign of Aumerle, and Henry, too, was not in sight. None could explain this strange delay and then, as hour succeeded hour, surprise gradually gave way to suspicion, and suspicion at length became a certainty. Someone had betrayed the oath and that someone was undoubtedly Aumerle.

NOW the scene shifts to Windsor. There, on the day previously, the Duke of Aumerle had visited his father, the Duke of York, a loyal supporter of the new régime. Aumerle had stayed to dine and, as fate would have it, a messenger arrived when they were at table, bringing an urgent letter from the conspirators. The moment could hardly have been more inopportune, and shrewd York, with his scrutinising eye, was quick to note the emotion betrayed by his son on reading the missive. He asked to be told its contents, and, on receiving a curt refusal, snatched the letter from Aumerle's unwilling hands, no doubt half guessing its contents, for the young Duke, he knew, was capable of any unprincipled act.

There was enough in the note to confirm his worst fears, but the encounter between father and son did not end until the whole deadly plot had been laid bare. York then ordered Aumerle to ride with all speed to Windsor, reveal everything to the King, and throw himself upon his mercy.

Aumerle obeyed without hesitation. For he was a weakling, the tool of all who thought to dominate him and, as such, a danger to all with whom he had dealings.



At Windsor he almost forced his way through the gate, at the same time shouting to the guards to close every entrance.

Mounting the steps three at a time he reached the Royal Chamber, falling panting and stuttering at the feet of Bolingbroke, who heard him out without interruption or question, seemingly little affected by the grim story, and at the end saying calmly enough : " If this be true, we pardon you, if it be feigned, at your extreme peril be it."

Although addressed by the King as " Cousin," Aumerle was greatly despised by Henry, for had he not betrayed Richard to him while in Ireland and now, after plotting for Richard, here he was playing the traitor to his friends with equal facility.

Henry dismissed him with a reproof, but the turncoat, so long as his own skin was safe, thought nothing of that.

IN the camp at Oxford tumult reigned when it became obvious what Aumerle had done. The false nature of the man was known to all, and they cursed themselves for trusting him. But, if the conspiracy was to succeed, there was no time for such reflections. A council of war was held, and it was decided that boldness was the only possible policy in the circumstances. Windsor must be attacked; the garrison overcome, and the King put to death before any defence could be organised.

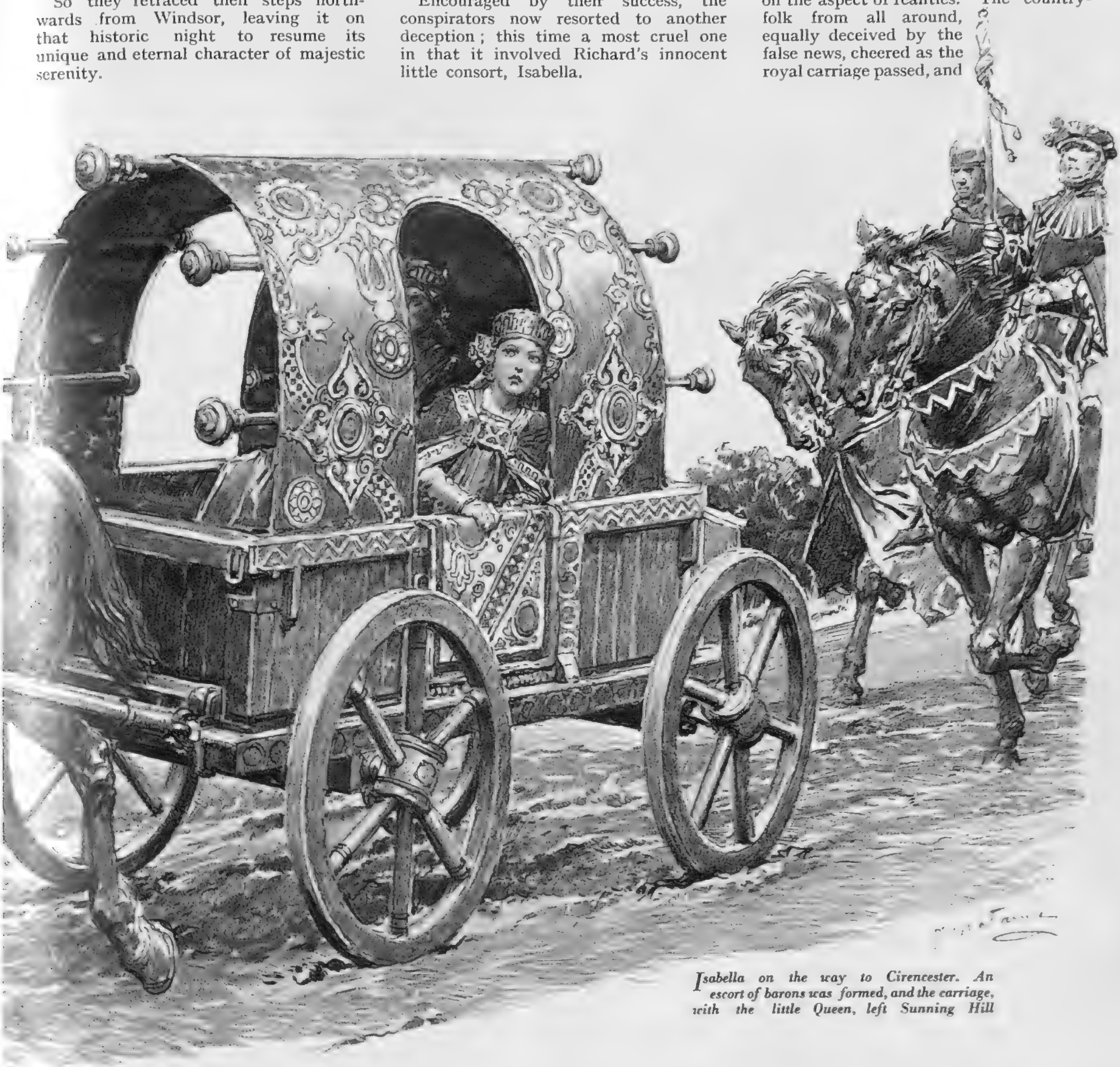
A few minutes after reaching this decision everyone was in the saddle. Away they went in a mass, occupying the entire width of the roadway, sweeping southwards like a hurricane.

At Windsor all was quiet and, strangely enough, the gates were opened to the cavalcade without question. Exeter, ever in the van, rushed into the Castle astonished that he met with no opposition. " Where is the King ? " he thundered, but none was able to answer him.

It soon became apparent that the cage was open simply because the bird had flown, for the guards disclosed that Aumerle had been there the day previously, and it needed no stretch of the imagination to guess the course events had taken.

A new council was held on the spot, the conspirators realising that now their cause was hopeless unless daring was piled on daring. They forthwith decided to raise the standard of insurrection; to go through the country seeking the support of the people, creating a formidable army capable of crushing Henry in pitched battle.

So they retraced their steps northwards from Windsor, leaving it on that historic night to resume its unique and eternal character of majestic serenity.



Isabella on the way to Cirencester. An escort of barons was formed, and the carriage, with the little Queen, left Sunning Hill

As the conspirators passed through each town and village hundreds flocked to join the rebel cause and, fit or unfit, armed or otherwise, they were recruited forthwith. The object was to swell the ranks by any means.

At every halt speeches were delivered to inflame the spirit of the hesitant, to win over the opposition, and the insurgents even asserted that Richard had been freed and was riding among them. This proved to be a master stroke, gaining any amount of new adherents, so, in order to keep the pretence going, it was decided to take advantage of the priest Magdalen's extraordinary resemblance to the former king by dressing him in royal attire and placing him at the head of the troops.

The effect was magical, the strategy proving very fruitful at least for the time being. Wherever the army went, the sad figure of the sham king produced a deep impression. A Rudolph Rassendyl was abroad in the land, playing his part to perfection.

Encouraged by their success, the conspirators now resorted to another deception; this time a most cruel one in that it involved Richard's innocent little consort, Isabella.

The Earls of Kent and Salisbury detached themselves from the main body of the rebel force, riding to Sunning Hill, and announcing to Isabella that her beloved Richard was at last free and was coming to meet her at the head of a hundred thousand men. The girl believed it; she cried and laughed by turns, she wanted to know a thousand particulars. She was overjoyed beyond all limits. Readily she placed herself at the disposal of the kind lords, signifying her willingness to go anywhere and do anything that would help her husband. So convinced was she, indeed, of the truth of their tidings, that she ordered the badge of Henry IV. to be removed from the portal of her palace and replaced by that of Richard II. Isabella was told that Cirencester was the place where she was to meet the King and his huge army. An escort of barons was formed, and the carriage, with the little Queen left Sunning Hill. It all seemed a dream to her, and in her childish mind the most fantastic hopes were already taking on the aspect of realities. The country-folk from all around, equally deceived by the false news, cheered as the royal carriage passed, and those cheers from isolated groups convinced Isabella that her past sorrows were over and that she was at last on a road destiny had strewn with flowers.

Fate, instead, had prepared for her innocent eyes a tragic holocaust.

While this inhuman deception was being perpetrated, a few men on horseback, their heads bent to the withers of their mounts, were forcing their way towards Cirencester at a speed actuated by extreme urgency. They carried an order from Henry to the Mayor of Cirencester, and the nature of that order events were soon to show. They reached their destination while Isabella was still on the road, miles away.

The Mayor, on receiving his instructions, not only prepared the garrison but assembled the citizens, arming them with slings, clubs, knives, spades, and any sort of implement that might serve as a weapon. But he so arranged matters that when Kent and Salisbury arrived with Richard's Queen, they found the town pursuing its normal, quiet way—the apparent calm giving them assurance. Suitable accommodation was found for Isabella, and afterwards they fixed their own quarters and those of their escort.

Towards midnight loud voices were heard shouting orders in the street. Momentarily they thought the van of the insurgent army had arrived, but the illusion was quickly dispelled.

Armed guards, with an angry mob in their wake, beat on the door, demanding the surrender of Kent and Salisbury.

For a second, surprise chilled the blood in their veins, then — for these were men of iron — the conspirators took up their weapons, opened the door, and, with a fury born of desperation, set about their attackers.

Gradually they forced their way into the street, hoping to make for the town gate. Heroically they hacked through the throng, but at each street corner the opposition grew stronger as more townspeople joined in the struggle.

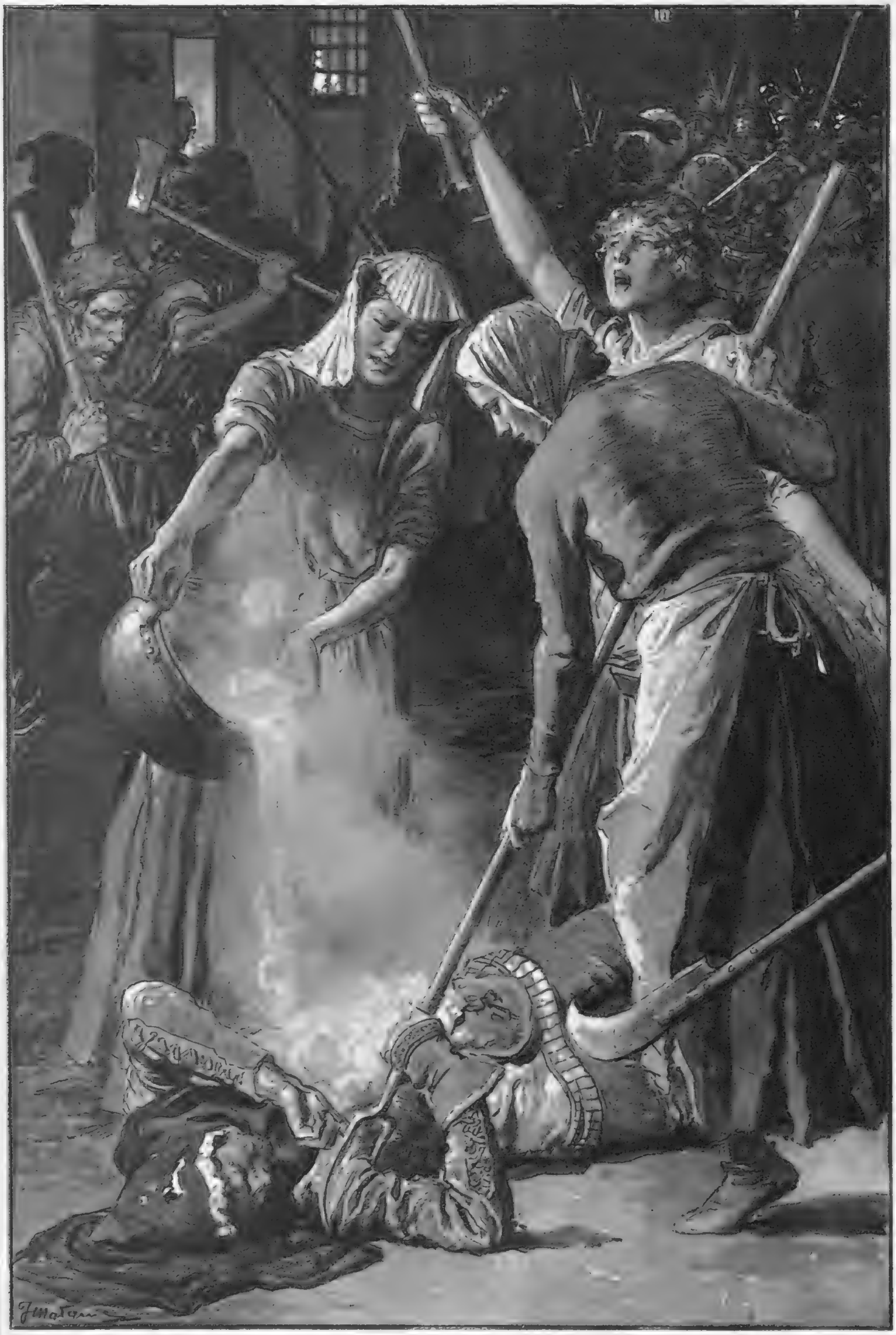
They knew surrender was the equivalent of suicide, and the knowledge gave them superhuman strength.

THE darkness of the night only added to the horror of the scene. Swords and lances thrust blindly against the throng of assailants and sometimes, above the din of battle, would echo the piercing shriek of a wounded woman participant.

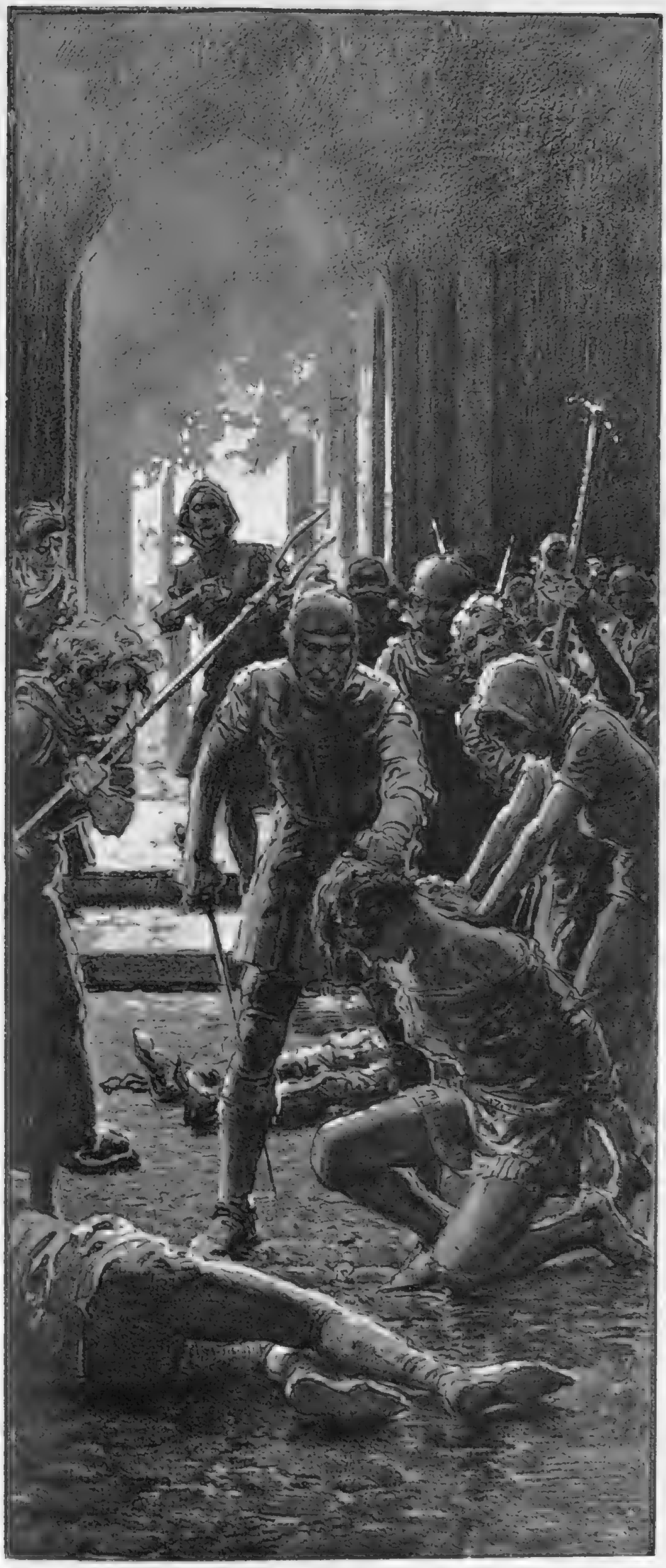
After three hours of unceasing struggle the conspirators were reduced by a half, but still they fought on, holding out till near dawn, when, realising the futility of further effort, they surrendered.

Lifted almost bodily by the angry crowd, they were taken to the Abbey. Both Kent and Salisbury had survived the carnage, and when the door of the church was finally closed on them and their few remaining confederates, they fell exhausted on the stone floor, in their minds the whirlwind of the tragedy, in their bodies scarcely the energy to breathe.

They were left there during the following day, and all through the hours they speculated as to who would be the first to arrive: Exeter and the insurgent army, or the executioners of Henry? While they were waiting, wondering, another heartbreaking scene was being enacted in the apartment of the little Queen. The night before pandemonium had woken Isabella from her dreams. She had heard an angry mob passing to and fro below her window. The town



The fight at Cirencester. At each street corner the opposition grew stronger as more townspeople, including the women, joined in the struggle



At each stroke a conspirator fell, and at each stroke a bloodthirsty roar rose from the crowd

had seemed throughout the hours of darkness to be full of frightful things, more frightful because unseen; but all the while her nurse had kept her from the window, attempting to set her mind at rest with lies as unconvincing as they were absurd.

Finally someone came from the Mayor and in a few blunt words destroyed every illusion that still survived in the mind of that tortured child.

Her Richard was not free; he still languished in London's grim Tower at the full mercy of the usurper. The army of 100,000 men was a gross exaggeration. Salisbury and Kent were under lock and key. And so the tragic explanations went on, producing a heartrending crisis of sobs.

Isabella was ordered to leave Cirencester; and when the carriage left that day it bore to Havering Palace the most unhappy little wife in England.

BUT what of Salisbury and Kent imprisoned in the church, surrounded by saintly images that could only promise them something after life? They had not been slow to act; to make one last bid for freedom. Suddenly, to the watchers outside, the stained-glass windows showed a deeper, sinister glow, too strong to be the light of candles. Then smoke appeared from another side of the building and, when a brilliant tongue of flame reached towards the ceiling, the populace were roused to new fury. The alarm was given and the cry went round: "The Abbey is on fire—the prisoners are burning our Abbey!"

The narrow streets became a sea of angry humanity which surged towards the great doors.

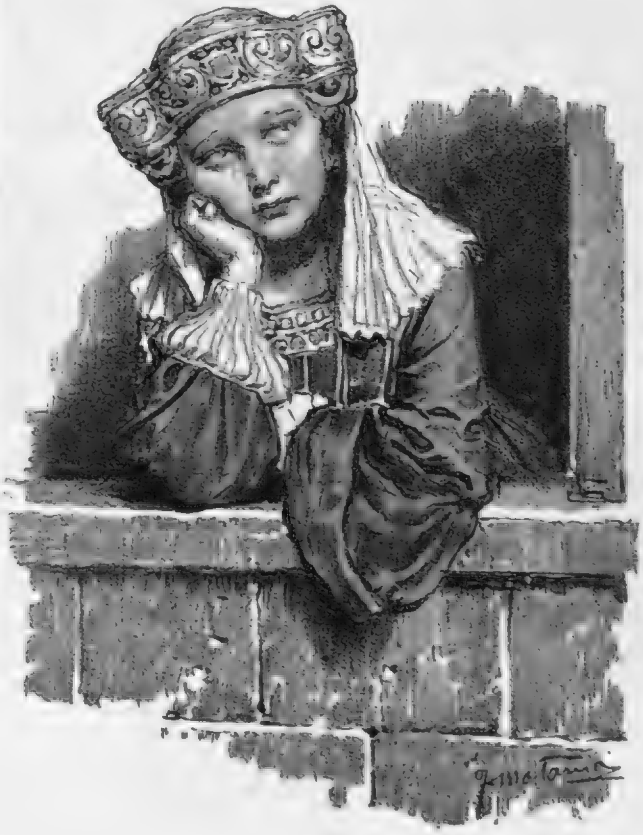
Salisbury, Exeter, and their followers were dragged forth, scores of hands grabbing at them as they emerged. A moment more and mob justice was being done.

Repeatedly a wide blade caught a flash of the red light of the burning church. At each stroke a conspirator fell, and at each stroke a bloodthirsty roar rose from the crowd. Thus, one by one, Richard's men were put beyond human reach.

Now the curtain slowly falls on this drama of English history.

The fate of the insurgent army was not long in the balance. The ringleaders were rounded up and brought to the scaffold and, Magdalen among them, they hung from Tyburn that all the world might see.

So the premature revolt went from disaster to disaster, finally leaving the last Plantagenet still in prison, the first Lancaster a little more secure on a none the less shaky throne, and a little Queen, still waiting, still hoping.



The end of the revolt found the last Plantagenet still in prison, the first Lancaster a little more secure on a none the less shaky throne, and a little Queen, still waiting, still hoping

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*

Nine Novels

Compton Mackenzie, author of "The East Wind of Love." This is the title of the first volume of a novel in four volumes, covering not a generation but a lifetime.

MIDDLE-AGED and late middle-aged readers will always, I suppose, regard Mr. Compton Mackenzie as peculiarly their own. During the second decade of the century, they were the young generation, and Mr. Mackenzie was their champion and apologist. With *Carnival*, *Sylvia Scarlett*, and the two volumes of *Sinister Street*, he did for his contemporaries what Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. Evelyn Waugh did, to a far more limited extent, later for theirs. Mr. Mackenzie has written many books since then—possibly he alone knows how many—but none of them, however good, fulfilled the same important function as those mentioned. It was not their fault, or their author's. He had explained his generation, to itself and to the other generations. No man can do that for ever, or even for long. There is a moment, and few are the novelists who seize it.

After five years of reviewing, Mr. Mackenzie is again launched upon a major work—a novel in four volumes, covering not a generation but a lifetime. The first of these volumes, *The East Wind of Love* (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.), deals with the boyhood of the hero, John Pendarves Ogilvie, born in 1883. It ends with the story still a long way short of Mr. Mackenzie's particular decade; indeed, it covers little space in time, but as it is the foundation novel of the series, it is right that the author should build securely. What is disturbing is the unevenness of the writing. Were the old books so full of purple passages? I have not turned back to see, and I don't think that I will. But there is more than one level in unevenness, and if Mr. Mackenzie is at times distressing, he is at other times delightful and sometimes moving. His memory may occasionally fail him—that means, I realise, no more than that it is out of step with my own recollections of the period—and youthful readers may perhaps be warned that the hero's upbringing was not typical of the years round 1900. But he is, as he always has been, a born story-teller, to whose voice one is only too glad to listen. He can create; his characters live in our imagination, and we wish to know them better. These are not the only qualities desirable in a novelist, no doubt, but they are the first requisites. Charles Dickens had them; Arnold Bennett had them. Where they exist, the public is even more than usually uninterested in criticism.

The Street of the Fishing Cat, by Jolanda Foldes (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), won a £4000 International Prize Competition open to sixteen nations. World-wide printing of the first editions exceeds a quarter of a million copies; world-wide film rights have been disposed of, or even snapped up. The Book Guild of America has crowned it, and now I am going to—well, what is there left for me to do? I know exactly how those little girls feel when, dressed in white and carrying flowers which someone else has bought, they are pushed forwards to greet a celebrity of whom they have never heard. The story deals with a Hungarian family in Paris, and there are Royalists and anarchists, Russians, Spaniards, Greeks, and representatives of most of the fifteen unsuccessful nations. The modernity of the tale is proved by the fact that it is written in the present tense. Further comment would seem impertinent.

No prizes, even of a purely English nature, have been awarded, as far as I know, to Miss Rose Macaulay, but her new novel is gay and bracing, none the less. *I Would Be Private* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is the story of a young policeman and his wife who are overtaken by the appalling—or, as some think, simply marvellous—gift of quintuplets. The theme has the double advantage of being at once topical and unexplored, and it is very well suited to Miss Macaulay's sharp sauce. Issued by the same house at the same price, Miss Doreen Wallace's *Old Father Antic* is a gentler story, but also a domestic one, based on the trials of a man who is deserted by his wife and left with two small daughters. The typical " nice man, with something of the rough diamond about him " of the lady novelist, the father is the weakest character in the book. The women, and the little girls, show a good deal of observation.

Mr. Jack Lindsay's *Adam of a New World* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is written round the career, doctrines and martyrdom of Giordano Bruno, a much-travelled

The Flat-racing Season

"They're Off!" *by Riff and Raff*

(Hutchinson, 5s.)

"A Guide to the Classics," *by Guy Griffith and Michael Oakeshott* (Faber & Faber, 3s. 6d.)

THESE two books both deal with flat-racing, and so are particularly topical this month. (If there are any readers who do not know why they are topical, let them read no further.) Messrs. Riff and Raff approach the subject humorously and, what is far more difficult, take their leave of it still smiling. To serious racegoers, such levity may seem ill-placed and even painful, but few racegoers are serious. It is only on rare occasions that mugs find their way to Lord's or Twickenham; one has to go to Wimbledon to find a public which contains as many ignoramuses as the average crowd on a racecourse. It goes without saying that Messrs. Riff and Raff must have raced very seriously to be able to find so much fun in their hobby.

A Guide to the Classics is, in contrast, an unusually able and closely reasoned examination of one aspect of racing only—the discovery, in advance of the contest, of the winner of the Epsom Derby. The methods and arguments of the authors will not come as novelties to the more experienced racing-man, but the lengths and the logical conclusions to which they are pushed are uncommon. Starting with the irrefutable assumption that, in every Derby field, there are a number of runners whose breeding robs them of any chance of success, the authors analyse the points to be looked for in the pedigree of a possible winner. Having eliminated half or two-thirds of the field on the score of breeding, they proceed to reduce the eligible candidates still further by a severe scrutiny of form. In this way, the number of horses worth consideration, as potential winners, is found to be no larger than two or three, or at the most, four. Strange and incredible though it may appear to the casual racegoer, the authors' contention is sound and unassailable. Indeed, if they were to be as widely believed as they deserve to be, it would be impossible to make money at Epsom. Fortunately, and it is a consoling thought, a mug is born every minute, and in time he and his like make their way to Epsom, and insist, in spite of all that is done for them, in ensuring fair odds for people like Messrs. Griffith and Oakeshott.

MISS HELEN ASHTON, whose novel "People in Cages" is an amusing and readable story. The scene of the novel is laid in the grounds of the Zoological Gardens

IGNAZIO SILONE, author of "Bread and Wine." From the social as well as from the literary point of view, this fine novel should not be overlooked

Neapolitan whose heterodox opinions led to his death at the hands of the Inquisition at Rome, in the year 1600, when Shakespeare was hard at work on *Twelfth Night* and Cervantes was busy on *Don Quixote.* The brilliant, strange period, when so much culture and so much bigotry flourished side by side, is described by Mr. Lindsay with great, but never oppressive, skill and learning. His novel is a vivid and engrossing piece of work. It makes certain demands on the goodwill of the reader, but not more than a serious historical novel is bound to make, or an educated reader should be willing to meet.

WHEN Miss Helen Ashton first thought of laying the scene of a novel in the grounds of the Zoological Gardens, the idea must have seemed a good one. In practice, the plot required so much ingenuity in bringing all the characters to Regent's Park on one afternoon as to rob *People in Cages* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) of spontaneity. It is an amusing and readable story, but it never succeeds in creating an illusion of reality, and so remains a studio piece rather than a work of art.

MISS JOLANDA FOLDES, whose novel entitled "The Street of the Fishing Cat," won a £4,000 International Prize Competition open to sixteen nations

A YEAR or two ago a very good novel called *Fontamara* was translated from the Italian, and introduced English readers to a writer of unmistakable quality, Ignazio Silone. A translation of another novel, *Bread and Wine* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), confirms the previous estimate of Signor Silone. More than any of the authors so far mentioned, he possesses a sense of beauty and of pity; it is an experience, and not a mere pastime, to read one of his books. He writes, with freedom rather than bitterness, of modern Italy, of the circumstances which, unseen by the visitor on holiday, surround the dwellers there. From the social as well as from the literary point of view, *Bread and Wine* is a fine novel which should not be overlooked.

I DON'T think it is possible to write, successfully, a sentimental thriller, and Mr. Bertrand Huber's *Murder with Gloves* (Hale, 7s. 6d.) does not shake my belief. Here is an ingenious plot (it is true that I guessed most of its secrets, but I fancy I was lucky) and an original and lovable police sergeant, but the machinery is clogged with family affection and gentlemanly lovemaking and is thereby robbed of its essential requisite, speed. Mr. Dennis Wheatley does not disdain feminine beauty (*Continued on page* 114)

Two Lives

"Ships and Women": *by Bill Adams*

(Peter Davies and Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d.)

UNTIL six years ago I had never heard of Bill Adams. Then Messrs. Harrap added a volume containing seven of his tales to their excellent little series, "Short Stories of To-day and Yesterday," and I recognised, after reading it, that there were even more gaps in my knowledge of contemporary writers than I had supposed. With the enthusiastic commendation of a kindred spirit, Alain Gerbault, the Frenchman, Mr. Adams's autobiography now makes its appearance under the title of *Ships and Women.* It is the moving story of a lonely boy who knew, early in his life, what he wanted to be, and who succeeded in being it. No one should be offended by its outspokenness, for a sense of beauty, like an exaltation, runs through every line of it, unifying and purifying the whole. Mr. Adams graduated on a sailing ship—and, in answer to those people who have often asked themselves the silent question, he suffered agonies from giddiness, never going aloft without the whole world, ship, sea and sky, rocking and reeling hideously beneath and around him. The hardships of life on a windjammer have been described times without number, likewise the joys; the descriptions never lose their ability to fascinate the reader or (one imagines) acquire the ability to cause a moment's regret to the sailors of to-day. It would be difficult to name a good writer who owes so little to other good writers as Mr. Adams. His eyes and his thoughts, like his style, are his own and nobody else's; and they have enabled him to recount the physical and spiritual adventures of a man's life directly, trenchantly, briefly yet comprehensively. Many men set out to achieve this simple-seeming task, but success like Mr. Adams's is as rare as a blue moon.

"Less Paint, More Vanity": *by A. Ll. Matthison*

(Heath Cranton, 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume, a sequel to an autobiography called *Art, Paint and Vanity* which attracted some attention on its appearance two and a half years ago, is the work of a Birmingham paint manufacturer with theatrical interests. Like the first instalment, the book pleases the reader by introducing him to a human, humorous, modest man, who has lived a full and happy life and remained perfectly, even beautifully, level-headed throughout. In a sense, Mr. Matthison might be called a typical Englishman, but such a title would be gross flattery of the majority of us. Few people possess the national virtues so fully and so unalloyed.

BILL ADAMS

WOULD YOUR

By Louisa Kay

Are you happily married? I mean happy with the contentment, the security that come of having made another person happy and done a job well.

Or are you just muddling through . . . kidding yourself, feeding your vanity with the private conviction that if only he would try a little more, everything would be fine?

It is probably a long time since you turned the X-ray on yourself. If you are game enough to do it anyway, try it now.

Take yourself into a quiet corner, stamp out, one by one, those notions of yours that, as an individual, you are just a little different. Then ask yourself: *Would my husband marry me again?*

Don't skip anything. Don't skirt the thin ice. Get hold of the woman you were before he started to support you and discovered that you were not sugar and spice, but just flesh and blood; stand her alongside the woman you are now and compare. No eye-wash, remember.

If you can do that, honestly, there is hope for you. The answer is probably "Yes." If you have the courage, the sense of humour to drag out and to recognise your own failings, he hasn't made such a bad bargain.

But, make no mistake, it isn't easy to be honest with yourself. You may stage an elaborate and quite well-intentioned game of self-analysis, and you may utterly fail to arrive at the truth.

It is pretty safe to assume that if your conclusions are all agreeable they are not entirely truthful. You have been cooking them. The truth is proverbially unpleasant.

You see, you may have been asking yourself the wrong questions—just taking the easy ones and skipping the others. A personal bias can do anything to the most laudable intentions.

It is not the slightest use asking yourself "Do I love him now as much as I did before we married?" The answer may be "Yes—a thousand times yes." Even if it is, it doesn't get you anywhere.

The proper framing for that question is this: "Is my love for him as tender, as unselfish as it was? . . . Have I allowed its qualities to be dimmed?"

That is a very different matter.

Another enquiry you may choose to put to yourself is this: "Am I as tolerant of his failings as I was when first we met?" But where does that get you? You know perfectly well that the failings which demand real patience and kindly tolerance are those many little ones which appear, unexpectedly, after marriage.

So that question should go like this: "Have I kept my sense of humour and exercised kindly tolerance as his character has unfolded to me?" That may require a different answer.

Yes, these questions must be searching, and no quarter given.

Ask yourself: "Am I as courteous, as mindful of his feelings as I was?"

That is going to be a bit of a teaser. The divorce courts are full of people who have forgotten that common courtesy is due as much to the marriage partner as to the man you meet at a dinner party.

It is such an easy matter to fall into slip-shod manners with the person you have married.

The important thing is to be able to put yourself in your husband's place. The capacity to see the other person's view is an aid to success and happiness anywhere, but in marriage it is a gilt-edged security for bliss.

For instance, looking at the matter with his eyes, ask yourself: "Am I a success as a mother?" Get the X-ray working and find out whether or not you are letting the children edge him out in the cold.

Of course, they are young and helpless, and it is gratifying to have them rushing to you first for everything; but, good heavens, your husband is helpless too, isn't he?

I am not saying he begrudges the children the love and attention you are showering on them; but, privately, he may be longing to divert a little of it in his own direction.

I give you my word, half the married men who devote their leisure and the brighter side of their personalities to the golf club are suffering from an inward conviction that they are not really needed at home. This trade union of mothers and children is a very real problem to a number of men.

But, possibly, this is not one of your failings. The X-ray will show. It will show you anything you sincerely want to know about yourself as a mother.

It may say that you are too much inclined to scorn your husband's assistance in the upbringing of the children. On the other hand, it may reveal too much dependence upon him in this matter.

It is to be hoped it will not show you up as one of these women who exhaust themselves mentally and physically for their children because they are too lazy to exercise the simple discipline which turns little hooligans into adorable human creatures.

HUSBAND MARRY YOU AGAIN?

And while you are at it, be thorough. Have a look at yourself as a hostess. Can your husband bring home his friends and add to his pleasure in entertaining them the gratifying assurance that they will like his wife, approve his home?

What sort of efforts have you used to make his home a hospitable, happy, easy-going place in which he can show you off as the *pièce de résistance*?

It is quite possible that some of his friends don't interest you. They may be too brainy or not brainy enough, or they may be of the type that seems to you not to enhance your prestige socially. But what of it? *He* likes them, and every sensible woman realises that a man must retain his individuality though he sacrifices some of his bachelor freedom.

Are you giving the polite attention to his opinions that you once did? They are much the same opinions, don't forget.

Have you maintained that artless interest in his hobbies that so endeared you to him at the first?

Do you still dress to please him, or has that subtle form of flattery lost its appeal?

Is money a dangerous topic with you, likely to lead to hysteria, or have you kept your friendship intact throughout financial storms?

Are you holding the scales equally between him, yourself and the children? No sides, no petty jealousies?

Can he entertain his friends with the reasonable assurance of your support, whatever your mood?

Can he be kept at the office occasionally without producing a written analysis of his movements? We mean, is he still a man or a pet lamb?

Does your affectionate interest, your solicitude for his welfare, take the form of common nagging?

X-RAY ON WIVES

It might be wise to turn the X-ray rather thoroughly on to the subject of yourself and your girl friends; a good deal of domestic strife arises from indiscriminate confidences, you know. Maybe you've fallen into the habit of retailing your connubial differences for the willing attention of your girl friends. If so, it's a thoroughly disloyal and mischievous form of self-indulgence.

The trickiest part of this whole marriage business is, undoubtedly, that of cultivating unselfishness and affectionate loyalty whilst avoiding any possible comparison with a doormat.

You know as well as I that these complex creatures we go to so much trouble for—men—are really solidly against anything in the nature of servility from their women, so don't be persuaded that you've got to sacrifice yourself on a wholesale scale to be a success.

Another thing. Are you still safely roped on to that pedestal he erected for you in the early days—that monument to the ideals which men secretly cherish about their womenfolk? Have you managed to hang on and still be a good friend?

Can you march with him *everywhere*, even in his intensely masculine pursuits, without threatening these ideals?

It's an important thing to be able to share your husband's pastimes without hampering his enjoyment and without that air of "doing it to oblige."

But if you've tried and utterly failed to find the smallest thing to interest you at a Rugger match—well, don't tag along and make yourself ridiculous and tiresome with fatuous attempts to be "sporty." Let him go with other men, and let him go cheerfully.

A man's hobbies are something to thank the gods for and, in the case of most hobbies, to be patiently nursed. Have you been doing this?

It's true you need the nerves of a Blondin to show enthusiasm if he practises the saxophone or picks at the guitar, but you've been brought up to believe that idle hands fall into all kinds of worse things than picking the guitar, so encourage him.

We know also that it's terribly irritating if he's fond of woodcarving and woodcarves all over the sitting-room carpet, but when you think of the alternatives to wood-carving . . .

Now, what about your personal attractiveness? Are you just as keen on sustaining it for him?

Personal attractiveness is not exactly a question of appearance, or hiding the fact that you go to bed in curling pins, although one can be too careless about that. It is a matter of exercising those little graces, those individual charms with which you were so generous before you snared him.

Are you still working them, or have you taken to producing them only for other people, as though it were no longer glorious and gratifying to please him?

Continuing with the good work, ask yourself: "Have I succeeded in being the woman he hoped he was marrying, or have I been preoccupied with my own happiness and gratification, and let all that drift?"

It is hard to admit, even to yourself, that you have not bothered much about those glorious resolves that hung like a halo about your head as you drifted out of the church on his arm.

It is easy enough to answer "Yes" when you ask yourself: "Have I been more mindful of my own happiness than his? Have I given him the freedom that any normal, self-respecting man requires? Have I sympathised with his financial difficulties and not treated them as a personal affront?"

Well, perhaps you have. If so, you are one woman in a million, and they will probably raise a monument to you for all posterity.

If you haven't, you are perhaps a normal, lovable, wayward, maddening example of the feminine species, and he would marry you again, anyway, because you are.

EYES RIGHT

Three bogies retard the better health progress of to-day: weak eyes, frayed nerves, poor teeth.

Teeth—according to the latest statistics—are improving. Owing to a wider knowledge of correct food values, the enamel surface and bone structure of many children's teeth is so strong that they may entirely escape decay. So the mouth terror is passing.

Eyes and nerves are not doing so well; the strain on both is increasing under the general strain of life to-day. Noise is the great menace to nerves, and has a bad effect on eyes, too. Alas, I cannot suggest any remedy or safeguard against noise, but I can tell you about an exercise that will go a long way towards relieving eye and nerve strain due to worry and over-work.

Briefly, this exercise affords you the quickest short cut to complete relaxation, hence to healing. As it is done through the eyes, let us first consider a few illuminating facts about sight and eyes, so that we can understand the reason for what we are doing.

Does that sound like a lesson? It is because I am so eager to tell you. You know that oculists always advise no "close work" during a period of eye-rest, and your eyes are in repose when they look over distant country. *That is because they are making no conscious effort to see.*

Sight is a passive sense, to be acted upon, not to act. As soon as we try to make it active we start to destroy it.

It is a fact that children whose sight is perfectly normal become temporarily short-sighted—observed under the retinoscope—as soon as a strange handwriting, a sentence in a foreign language, or a new problem in geometry goes up on the blackboard. They are placing their eye-muscles under a strain by *trying to see.*

Recall for a moment your own eye-fatigue when you have been walking round a museum or a picture gallery. Simply because you have been trying to be so observant.

Detail records itself through the sight on to the mind. We do not allow sufficient time for details to do this. Another thing: how often have you found yourself staring hard at an object you have been trying to find? It has been there all the time, been reflected in your eyes all the time, but your mind has been so busy *looking* for it, the will-effort has contradicted the impression received by your sight, and you have continued searching. The great idea is to have sight reacting to will, instead of being *projected* by will, when the passive sense of seeing is destroyed by the active form of application. The quickest way to obtain this harmony between sight and will is by "central fixation," a state during which eyes focus in perfect relaxation and nerves are balanced.

This is achieved by "seeing black" or palming, and here is the exercise.

Close your eyes. Calmly, without any intense effort, summon to mind some black object—shoes, hat, coat, curtain, dress. See it in your shut eye. Place a white dot on it. The dot will intensify the black around. Remove the dot. Cross your hands over your eyes and let your head sink on the table. Let the black grow quietly until it occupies the whole sheet of your vision—or non-vision. You may not be able to hold this black expanse for more than a second. Power to hold black and let it grow can only come after practice in this form of relaxation.

So, at first be content to let the black come and go. The greater the state of your eye-strain, headache, worry or excitement, the more rainbows and shooting stars will probably cross your sheet of vision.

If you experience great difficulty in seeing black, deliberately increase the rainbows, then think suddenly slackly of your black object and let black swamp your vision, always remembering to let the black grow and *never to try to make it grow.*

Open your eyes quietly after palming or "seeing black" for ten minutes. You will be amazed how much clearer and sharper your sight will be. Of course, to set the nerves in balance, thinking of any one colour would do for *centralisation*, but no colour would be nearly as restful as black to the eyes.

If only, whenever you found yourself in a rage, or gnashing your teeth and taking things hard, or forcing yourself to concentrate, you would deliberately knock off and see black, you would save yourself from so much body-poisoning and eye-strain, besides forwarding your work and conquering worry by achieving a state of balance.

Palming is a swift cure for neuralgia. If you are forced to remain some time with a grit or foreign body in the eye, *see black* while your eyes are closed; it will probably prevent inflammation.

Eyes are affected by the general condition of health more quickly than any other organ of the body, because the eye is a highly developed nerve-centre. So try to do as little eye-work as possible—or else increase the intervals of palming, during periods of fatigue or when the health is otherwise under par.

Bad teeth affect eyes and nerves. But before you have any teeth pulled out for this reason, have a swab taken of the suspected tooth and tested for poison, else you may be losing your snappers unnecessarily.

One last precaution. This is *vital.* I know you probably try to banish worry before you go to sleep. But worry may return, in which case you will be focusing under strain during sleep. Now, don't say that is nonsense and that you cannot be focusing if your eyes are closed. Your eyes will react to your mind during sleep, and in the morning you will wake with a fearful headache.

So, "see black" deliberately, compose your eyes and put your nerves in a state of balance, before you settle down to sleep.

By CHRYSIS

HOW TO CURE SPRING BLEMISHES

I meant to tell you all about wit as a sparkle-aid to beauty and leave out about lotions and creams this time. But wit calls for a clear eye and a dazzling smile to be fully effective, and most women's faces look exactly like grubby window-panes this month, full of blemishes revealed by the strong March sun.

So here we are, bent on a speedy riddance involving a few home hints and simple don'ts which will enable you to face your mirror with confidence, and the world like a spring flower.

I should like you to give your faces a week's treatment, if possible. If not a week, at least a long week-end.

For spring pimples and blotches

Don't use skin-food or any greasy foundation for make-up.

Take tablets of Stanoxyl, from two to three after each meal, three times a day. These tablets contain tin, which kills every pimple and boil germ in the blood.

Wash in warm water softened with oatmeal. Use a pine-medicated soap.

If you have to make-up, use a so-called *acne-lotion* as a foundation. There is a splendid one on the market which has a powder basis.

Don't pop out the pimples, or the infection will spread, as you will break the tiny sack Nature always builds up to hold the poison and act as an anti-germ safeguard.

After taking the Stanoxyl for ten days, take a brew of dandelion roots. Weed your lawn or a friend's. Scrub the dandelion roots, cut them off just below the plant head and place them in a saucepan. Cover them by over an inch of water and boil for twenty minutes with two cloves and no salt. Strain. Drink the brew warmed, instead of early morning tea, for three days. It acts on the liver, clears brown stains from the face, and freshens the eyeball like magic.

For very greasy skin

Keep off skin-foods and greasy creams for a while. Wash in warm water, softened by oatmeal, with a pine-medicated soap. Then dab the skin with witch-hazel and leave it air-free.

If you have to make-up, there is a good, soothing, antiseptic astringent that secures a smooth finish, but is definitely drying.

If you are suffering from blackheads, there is a heaven-sent paste that can be brushed over them, after washing, which draws them up and out so that you wipe them off with the dry paste ten minutes later.

After this, dab on the witch-hazel; or, if you have to make-up, give the face a camphor-rinse. That will stop grease and clarify your skin in a wonderful way.

For tight and drawn skin

Olive oil is the thing. Wash first in warm oatmeal-softened water. Then almost plunge the face into warm olive oil; the warmer you can bear this the better, for it will be the thinner and work in. Let it go cold on the face and keep kneading it in.

Follow it by a lump of ice wrapped in Turkish towelling, passed over the face, or use towelling wrung out in cold water. This will close the pores over the oil. Rinse the face in lukewarm water on rising next morning. This treatment should be carried out before bed for a week or two if you have the time and patience.

Use a mild antiseptic astringent lotion as a make-up basis. Remove make-up with a liquefying cream. Then take your oatmeal wash.

As olive oil is slightly sallowing if used for too long, a strawberry skin-food at night is the next step after the fortnight's treatment.

For tight and drawn skin that is greasy in nostril and chin crevices

This happens to so many women who have fine skins. They get a tight, drawn look across the cheek, and enlarged pores round the nose and in the chin.

The remedy is a combination of both preceding treatments. A wash; then blackhead paste for nose and chin. A second wash and dab witch-hazel on nose and chin; olive-oil application for forehead and cheeks.

Use the antiseptic astringent as a make-up basis.

Better still, leave the face air-free without make-up for several days.

For your scalp

Shampoos are of primary importance, and if you are skin-improving two a week should be taken for the next month. These would be too drying if ordinary shampoos were used.

I am advising you to invest in a jar of gland extract, which is massaged into the head and then fomented with hot towels. Like this: after you have worked in a fistful of extract, wring a towel out in boiling water and fold it round your head. Do this five times. Then wash in vinegar-softened water.

Leave setting, if you can, to another time—at any rate for the first two shampoos—and give your head a brisk rub dry. Next, brush away at the scalp like mad.

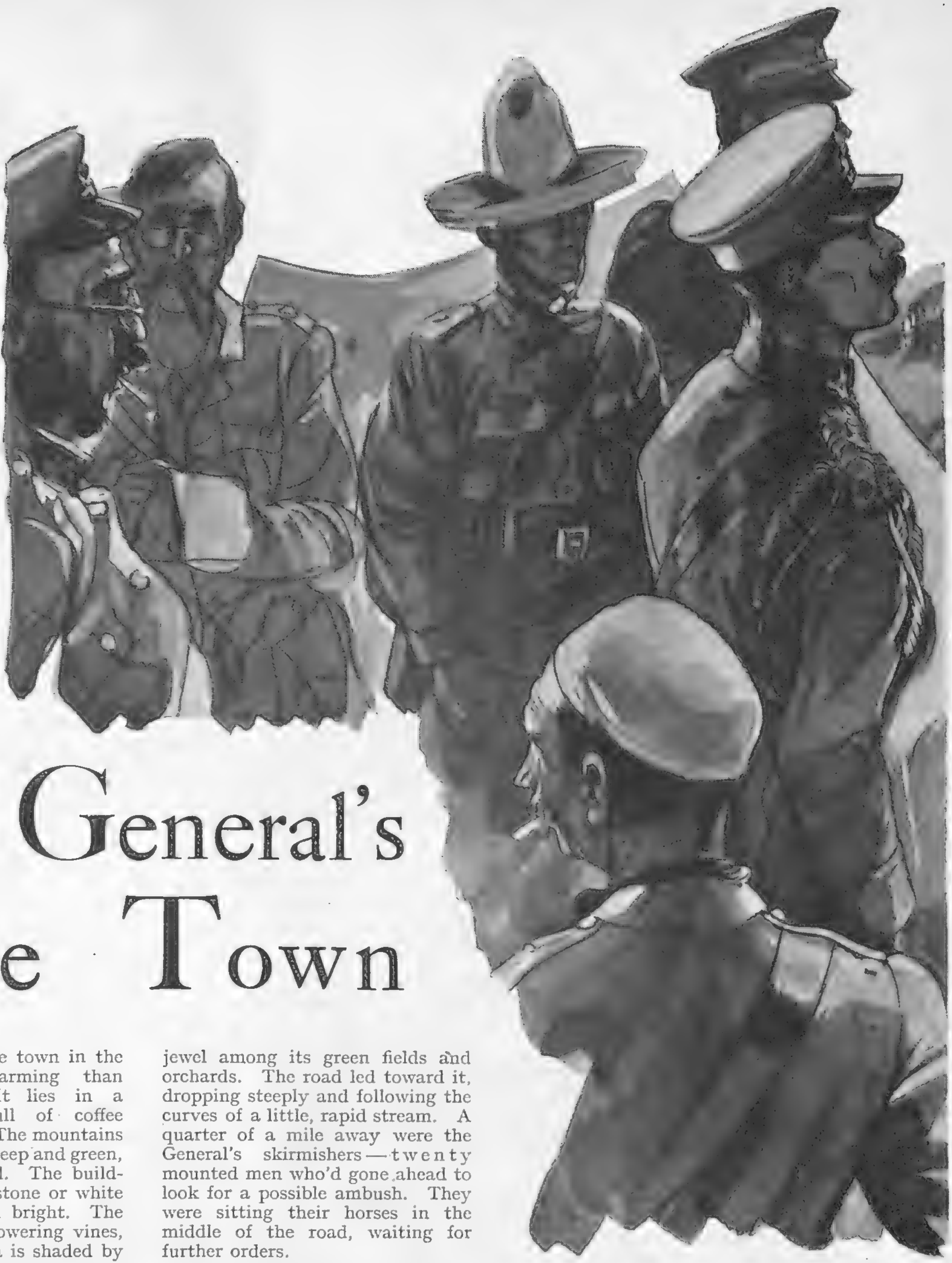
Just note what that will do towards bringing a gloss to your hair and life to your face-skin, let alone making your brain work at the double.

While you are beautifying don't forget to paint a drop of almond and castor-oil (from an equal mixture in a bottle) on your eyelash roots every morning. It will help their health enormously. Also take a pinch of Kruschen every morning if you are disposed to accumulate acids. Follow these hints earnestly, and let me know if they do not succeed, for I will then treat you individually. But they should prevail over the most obstinate case and send you out eager to meet spring.

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

How a Subtle Ruse led to the Capture of—

The General's Home Town



Illustrations

THERE'S no little town in the world more charming than Rio Delgado. It lies in a fertile valley full of coffee bushes and orange trees. The mountains sweep up toward the sky, steep and green, topped with drifting cloud. The buildings are made of pinkish stone or white stucco, all very clean and bright. The walls are covered with flowering vines, and the little central plaza is shaded by dense, glossy-green trees eternally noisy with the cries of large black birds with yellow tails. Very beautiful, very peaceful, very appealing was Rio Delgado that late afternoon when General Blas Espina came over the pass from San Jacinto. The very sight of the town seemed to plunge the General into a pool of deepest reverie.

"This is my birthplace," he said to Lieutenant Rojas. "I haven't seen it for many years, but I love it like the hope of Paradise."

"I might love it myself," said Lieutenant Rojas, "if it weren't so full of Colonel Castillo's soldiers."

The General did not answer. He ordered his car to stop in the rough mountain road. He opened the door and got out to stand for a moment in silence. A thousand feet down and three miles away lay the town, glittering like a jewel among its green fields and orchards. The road led toward it, dropping steeply and following the curves of a little, rapid stream. A quarter of a mile away were the General's skirmishers—twenty mounted men who'd gone ahead to look for a possible ambush. They were sitting their horses in the middle of the road, waiting for further orders.

"We'll camp here for the night," said the General to Lieutenant Rojas. "Give the necessary instructions and tell the American journalist that I want to talk to him."

Behind the General's car the road was jammed with miscellaneous vehicles—trucks and passenger cars. Very conspicuous on their rubber-tyred mounts were two modern field-guns. A thin swarm of horsemen pranced among the bushes beside the road, and a low, confused murmur rose into the mountain air—a murmur composed of the voices of many men, of horses' hoof-thuds and the purr of idling engines.

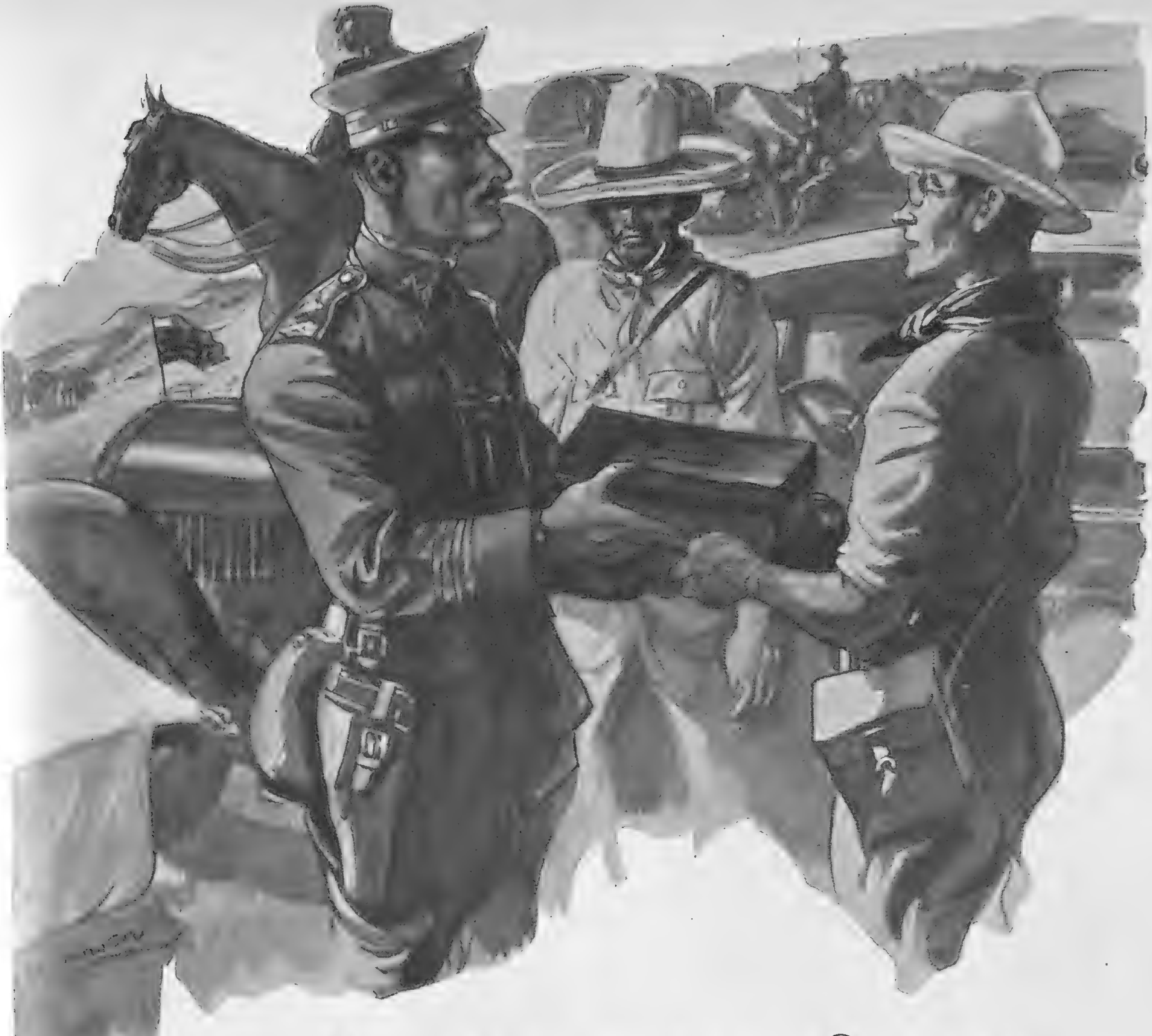
Lieutenant Rojas shouted a series of orders, repeated down the road. Men sprang to the ground and began unloading the trucks. Sentries were posted. Foraging parties scattered off to gather fuel and water. Horses were picketed in long lines. Cars and trucks drew off to the side of the road, leaving a narrow passage through the middle of the camp. It was an orderly, efficient scene.

The General watched for a moment, just long enough to see that all was going well. Then he continued his silent contemplation of Rio Delgado.

"You'd be surprised," he said to Lieutenant Rojas when that efficient officer returned, "how very reluctant I am to shell my home town."

"It's nearly sundown," said the practical Rojas. "You'll have to wait until to-morrow."

"Yes," said the General. "To-morrow. I hate to do it. I know every man in that town. They are all friends of mine.



THE General went to his car and returned with a black steel cash-box about a foot long. He handed it to Lenihan

by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

By Gregorio Somers

I know the old doctor. He brought me into the world. I know the schoolmaster. He taught me to read and write. I know the priest. I used to confess my sins to him in the days before I had any sins worth confessing. That was a long time ago."

"Colonel Castillo knows how you feel, I think," said Lieutenant Rojas. "That's why he has the courage to stay in Rio Delgado. He thinks you won't use your guns."

"He may be right," said the General. "But we shall see—to-morrow."

He looked again at the town. The twin towers of the church were very bright pink in the slanting rays of the sun, and the black shadow of a mountain was creeping rapidly down the valley.

"Here is the journalist," said Lieutenant Rojas.

The General turned quickly to greet a very brash-looking young man in riding-breeches and a panama hat. His eyes were grey and cynical. He was either a hard-boiled reporter or he had studied the part effectively. His name was Lenihan, and he described himself as "low Irish."

"Hello, General," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me," said the General in excellent English, "why the Newspaper Corporation has enough interest in my small campaign to send a special correspondent to observe it. Much more important things are happening in Europe."

"We get *all* the news, General."

"Oh, yeah?" said the General with a smile. His intonation was perfect.

"Where'd you learn to say that?"

"I lived in the United States for many years, and the ability to say 'Oh, yeah' correctly is one of my favourite accomplishments."

"You say it fine," said Lenihan. "Congratulations."

"Now tell me," said the General, "doesn't the chief stockholder of your newspaper chain own the Las Salinas mines?"

"Maybe he does," admitted the reporter, evidently taken by surprise.

"And wouldn't he like to know whether he'd better support me instead of my enemies?"

"Maybe he would."

"So he sent you down here to take my measure."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah!" said the General with an even broader smile. "Well, go ahead and observe. My army is very efficient, isn't it?"

"I got to admit it, General."

"Then you'd better go down and spend the night in Rio Delgado. You can get a look at my opponents and compare them with me. Also you'll get better meals than I can provide."

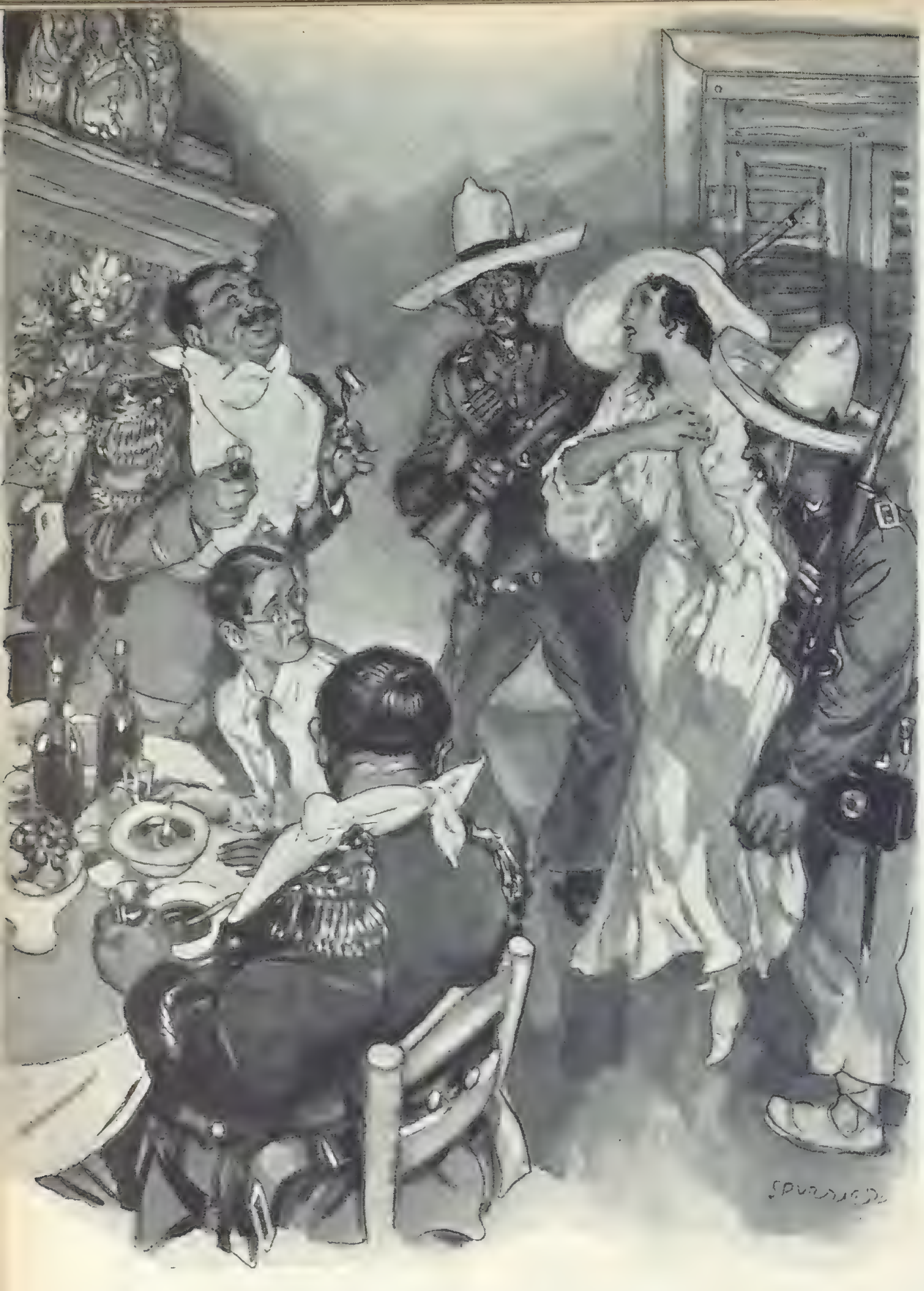
"Won't they arrest me?"

"Of course not. They know why you're here as well as I do."

"Aren't you going to shell the town?"

"Not to-night. It's too late."

"All right," said Lenihan. "I'll go. It's a good idea." He looked at the General hesitantly. "But say, General. There's one question I'd like to ask."



THE girl looked up suddenly. Her eyes were staring and terrified. "The spotted fever!" she screamed

"Why not?"

"This dame? What in hell's she doing in your army?"

"You mean the Señorita Yeves?"

"Yeah, the big brunette."

The General shrugged his shoulders.

"Why do you want to know? She's attractive, isn't she?"

"That's it, General. She'd be a liability in any army. The boys can't keep their eyes off her. And it looks to me like you've fell for her yourself."

"I haven't," said the General; "but why would it matter if I had?"

"The Big Boss is all against women. He's getting old."

The General thought for a moment. He looked at the reporter narrowly.

"In that case," he said. "I shall explain the Señorita Yeves. You're right. She is a liability. She's worse than that. She's a nuisance. Under certain conditions women do no harm in an army, but they should be mere camp-followers, mere amusements, incapable of causing serious trouble. The Señorita is different."

"She doesn't look any too moral to me," said Lenihan cynically.

"No," said the General. "I think she is an adventuress from Madrid. She thinks I'm going to win and she wants to get in on the ground floor. But I am a man of honour, and she has put herself under my protection. She says she has tied her future to mine. She joined the army three days ago after I cut loose from my base in San Jacinto. I can't spare the men to escort her back to the coast. I can't abandon her or discipline her effectively, and I've got to take care of her. She may be a spy and she may be a bad woman, but until I am certain of this, I must treat her with respect."

"You're a gentleman, General," said Lenihan. "That's another liability."

The General didn't comment. He went to his car and returned with a black steel cash-box about a foot long. He handed it to Lenihan.

"Here's a present for you," he said. "Take it with you to Rio Delgado."

Lenihan looked at the box suspiciously.

"What *is* this?" he demanded. "A bomb?"

"Not at all. It is a careful account of my policies. I prepared it for you especially. Your boss will be interested. Unfortunately the box is locked and I have lost the key, but you can have it opened by the blacksmith in Rio Delgado to-morrow."

"I think you're kidding me, General."

"Not at all. Take it along. It won't hurt you."

Lenihan shook the box. It rattled faintly as if it were half full of papers. He shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said. "So long. Don't start shelling the town before I skip out in the morning."

"I promise not to shell before nine o'clock."

Lenihan went back to get his car, a small coupé with an American flag on the radiator and "American Newspaper Corporation" painted in large white letters on the door. He twisted skilfully among the parked trucks and picketed horses, waved good-bye to the General, and disappeared in the direction of Rio Delgado.

"A clever young man," said the General to Lieutenant Rojas.

"I didn't understand the English," said the Lieutenant, "but I think you are somewhat more clever than he is."

"I told him practically nothing but the truth."

"That is often effective. But here comes the Señorita Yeves. If you tell *her* the truth, you will be very foolish."

The General looked around with unconcealed interest. Coming toward him was a compact knot of young officers walking very close to a tall brunette in a white dress and a wide, floppy straw hat. Her extraordinary beauty was apparent even from a distance. Her full lips were very red and her large black eyes flashed meaningly from one officer to another.

The General smiled for a moment. Then he put his head on one side and glared sternly at the approaching group. One by one the officers dropped away. Some bowed politely before saying farewell. Some merely turned and fled. By the time the girl reached the General she was walking quite alone. She seemed rather annoyed, but she smiled brilliantly.

"Where am I going to spend the night?" she asked in affected Castilian, the Spanish equivalent of an Oxford accent.

"You spent last night in a covered truck, Señorita," said the General, "with two sentries to guard you. That is the best I can do. There is only one tent. It is mine, and for various reasons I cannot give it up. You are too respectable, of course, to share it with me."

The Señorita Yeves blushed a little. "What am I going to have to eat?" she asked.

"We have very little besides the regular *arepas* and beans. You finished my private stock of canned chicken last night."

"Oh, dear," she wailed resignedly. "I admire you so much, General. You are a great man. But your camps are not at all elegant."

"Good soldiers don't have elegant camps," said the General. "But, Señorita"—he bowed low—"we sometimes like a little entertainment. Perhaps you would sing for me and my officers to-night. We have a guitar."

The girl looked rather shocked. "Why, General," she cried. "I'm not a singer."

"I'm sorry," apologised the General. "Perhaps you will dance for us, then."

"Dance? Dance?" cried the girl angrily. "I am not a camp-follower. I am not a *cabaretera.* I don't dance for soldiers. I am a lady."

"That is a very unfortunate condition," said the General resignedly. "Go back to your truck. I shall send you your supper, and I shall double the guard around you to-night."

The girl turned to go, still indignant, but before she had taken more than a few steps, a small, slight man carrying a medical kit walked past her toward the General. She stopped to listen.

"What is it, Doctor Perez?" asked the General.

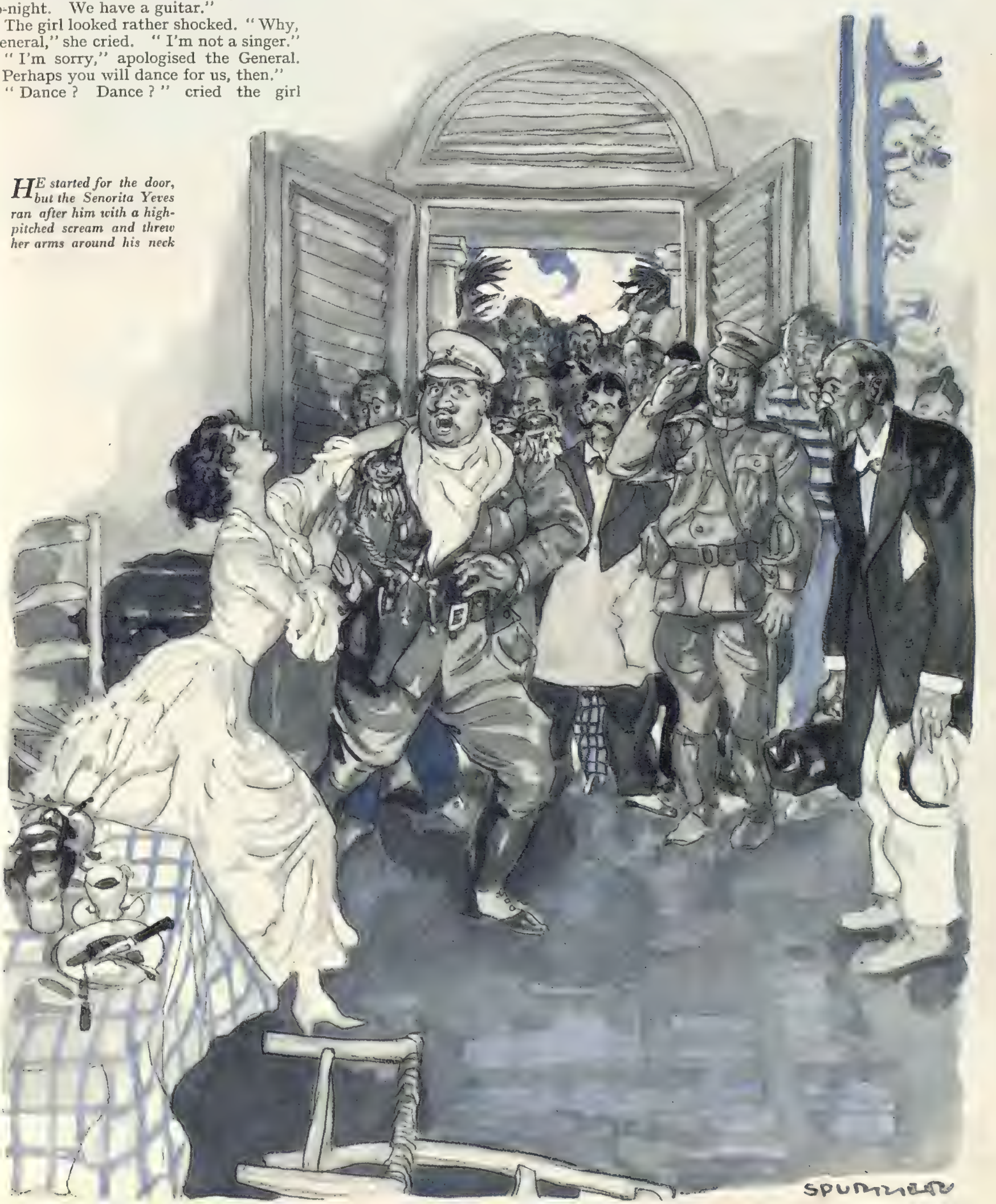
"Captain Alaya is much worse," said the doctor, a very worried look on his sensitive face. "I wish you'd come and see him."

"What's the matter with the Captain?" asked Señorita Yeves. "He was all right last night."

"I don't know," said the doctor. "He was taken sick this noon. Already he is unconscious."

"Come on," said the General. "The Señorita may consent to act as a nurse. Even a lady can nurse the sick."

The girl didn't seem a bit enthusiastic, but she followed the doctor and the General toward one of the larger trucks. On a canvas cot lay a tall, burly man with his eyes shut and his lips partly open. His face (*Continued on page* 98)



HE started for the door, but the Senorita Yeves ran after him with a high-pitched scream and threw her arms around his neck

Left
THE ass is only made use of by the lowest castes and has no special place of sanctity. Is the vehicle of the goddess of small-pox

THE sacred Brahmini bull. He wanders at will, unheeding and unheeded. No good Hindu must deny him what he desires; and so he will feed from the nearest stall, and if he chooses to sprawl across the footpath, busy shoppers must get out of his way

OF all the creatures held sacred in India the monkey takes the position of honour

DOING his turn. One of the most difficult tricks to teach an elephant. Though one of the most dangerous of animals to tame, it is one of the easiest to train

It's a Queer Place

IF it were possible to choose the nature and form of one's life on this earth, I would strongly advise a walk down an Indian thoroughfare before exercising that option. In a few moments you would meet the gentleman, much to be envied, who enjoys the greatest freedom, comfort and leisure of any living creature—the *Brahmini* bull. Set free by his owner in order to propitiate the gods, perhaps as an offering for the recovery of some member of the family, he wanders at will, unheeding and unheeded. No yoke must touch his neck, no good Hindu must deny him what he desires; and so he will feed from the nearest stall, and, having fed, he may choose to sprawl across the footpath, and busy shoppers who would get by must make the circle of his bulky form. Here, then, is typified the close association of Man and Beast in India, that is begotten of superstition and custom rather than any special affection.

You wander on. A wedding festival. Here the much-derided ass, the notorious malingerer, who is only made use of by the lowest castes and has no special place of sanctity, enjoys a moment's honour. He is the vehicle of the goddess of smallpox, and for this reason the bridegroom mounts him in order to propitiate the goddess of that dread disease. Because of this creature being regarded as smallpox-defiled, prejudice exists against the cross-breeding of horses and donkeys to produce mules.

A small gathering of eager spectators next attracts your attention. A snake-charmer is staging a cobra-mongoose fight. No snake can ever kill a mongoose, he will tell you, for that wily creature knows of a certain herbal antidote—never discovered by Man—which, immediately he is bitten, he will run off and eat. This story, believed throughout the length and breadth of India, has no foundation in fact, for a mongoose will die as soon as any other creature should it be bitten by a cobra, it being merely its extraordinary quickness which gives it an advantage over the snake. Nevertheless, these fights provide any amount of interest and thrill, for the horrors of snake-bite are ever remembered.

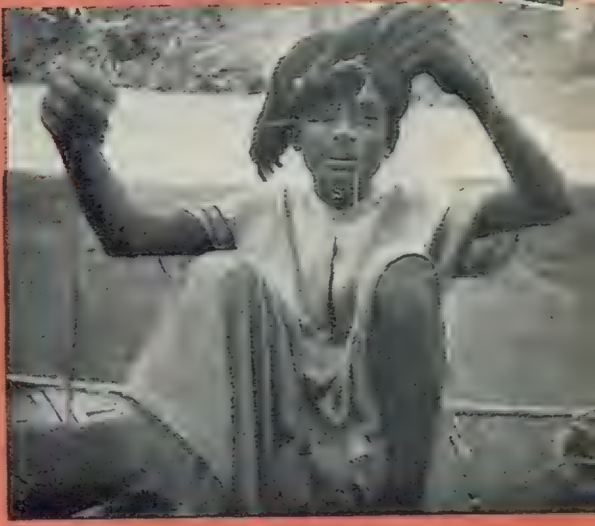
Administration reports record thousands of deaths from snake-bite each year, and the snake-charmer will not hesitate to inform his audience of this fact as he allows a cobra to bite him. He immediately applies his snake-stone to prove the efficacy of it. Sure enough, the fang marks are on his hand, yet he lives on. (Snakes do not sting with their tongues, as is frequently thought, but bite with their tubular fangs, through which the poison passes.) These people have sometimes extracted large sums of money from Rajahs for these stones. The stones are, however, worthless as poison antidotes or extractors. The secret lies in the fact that the snake-charmer has first extracted the poison glands or allowed the cobra to bite at his heavily bandaged hand so that the available supply of poison for the time being is used up. Sometimes the snake-charmer unfortunately miscalculates, and within a few minutes of being bitten dies in great agony, despite the application of his snake-stone.

Equally fictitious are the claims these men make to "charm" snakes by music. It is, of course, true no doubt that though

THE panther is not so docile as the elephant, and its training is not a pleasant thing to witness

EVEN pigeons are trained to do tricks that will earn money for their owner

ALL kinds of animals are taught to do tricks. Here is a performing goat balancing on a pedestal, while the monkey looks on approvingly



THE owner of the trained pigeons has another asset—a tame rat that walks the tight-rope

By Hugh Brinkworth

—India!

For Man and Beast do the strangest things. Nowhere are the everyday sights more surprising

snakes have no external ears, they can hear. The organ which transmits vibrations from the ear-drum to the middle ear, in the case of snakes, rests on the bone which supports the lower jaw; and it is therefore most likely that these creatures are deaf to air-borne vibrations, though they pick up sound vibrations transmitted through the ground or tree on which they might be resting.

When the charmer blows his flute his cobra may be seen swaying in time with the music, it would appear. Actually the snakes sway in time with the rhythmical motion of the charmer as he blows his flute. It is the natural habit of these creatures to rear up with inflated hoods when disturbed, and any moving object near them, whether adversary or not, will cause them to sway continually. The snake-charmer utilises this natural peculiarity to support his tale of snake-charming, even as his forefathers did, for both Pliny and David (Psalm lviii, 4, 5) refer to snake-charming.

From the days of ancient Egypt and Babylon, the serpent has been regarded by many Eastern peoples as the spirit of wisdom, a creature to be worshipped; and so it is to-day in many parts of Africa and in India, where the Hindu believes the world to be supported by the great serpent, which is also represented as the couch of Vishnu, the protector god in the Hindu triad.

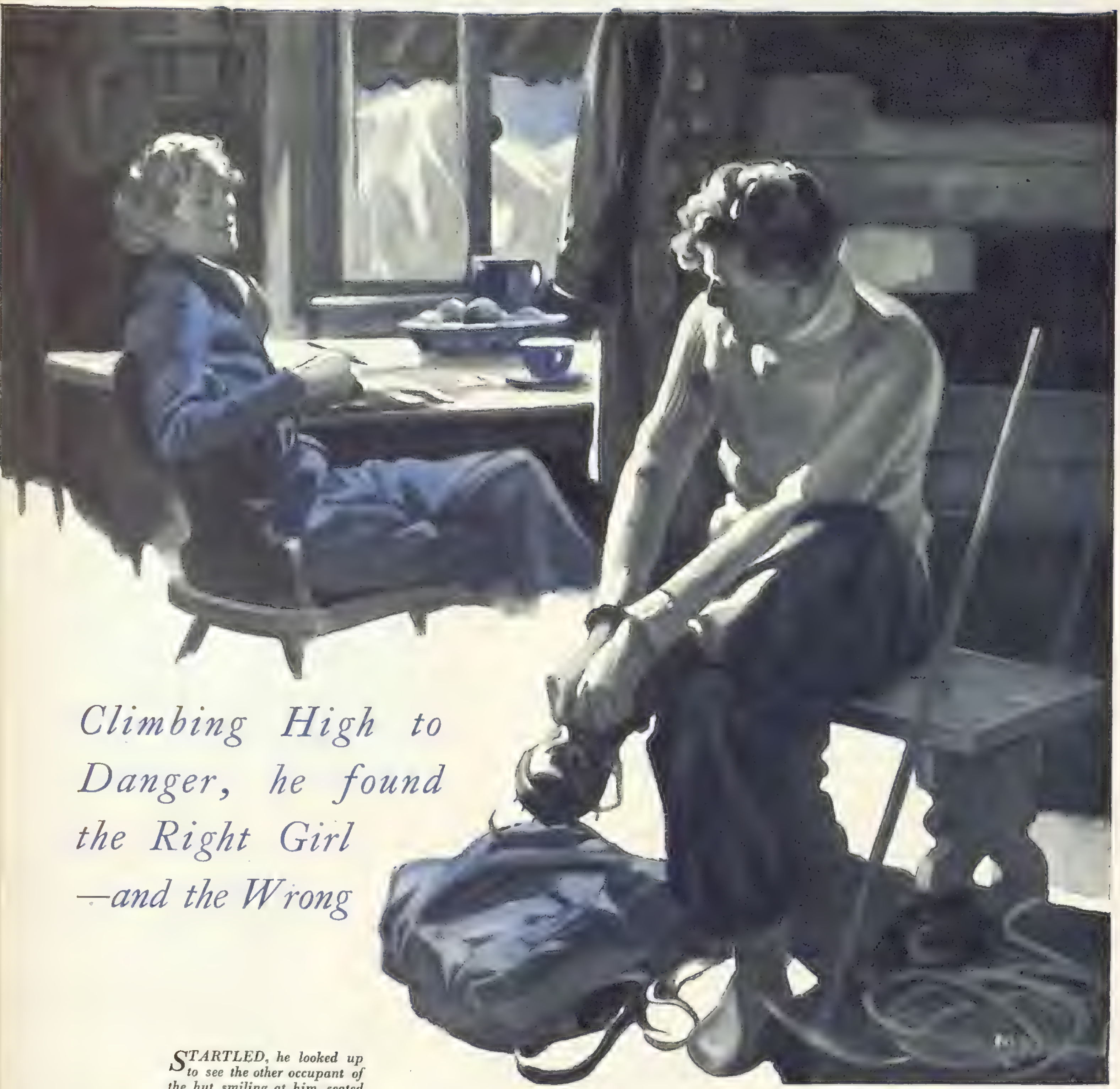
In many parts of India, particularly the south, snakes are frequently treated as members of the household; they are fed regularly and generally live in the thatched roof of the dwelling, never harming a soul. Even snakes, it would seem, appreciate kindness, inasmuch as they can take vengeance on an enemy, as the following story will reveal. A man once killed a cobra, and thinking he would play a practical joke on his wife, placed its dead body in the bathroom. Shortly after his wife went in to bathe, and, as he expected, she began to call out that a snake was in the room and screamed for help. He thought it a great joke till he eventually entered the bathroom to find his wife dead and the mate of the cobra he had killed with its hood raised, hissing and ready to strike at him.

Of all the creatures that are held sacred in India the Hanuman, *rhesus* monkey, is the one which one can most readily imagine in such a position of honour, for his deeds are so frequently full of wisdom and cunning.

A local hospital in Simla was once much troubled by these arboreal visitors, who scampered about on the iron roof, making no end of noise, and the authorities decided on immediate "military sanctions." They scattered one night a large amount of strong purgative pills treated with arsenic about the grounds of the hospital. The next morning the monkeys were as lively as ever, but there were to be seen a large number of "de-energised" crows that tottered about like drunken revellers, and here and there a monkey who had succeeded in catching a bird sat leisurely plucking it feather by feather. Blood-sport, after all, to him!

Yet another incident which might serve to prove the monkey's capacity "to progress with the times"! Some years ago Simla was one night suddenly plunged in utter darkness, by the short-circuiting, as it was learned the next day, of the overhead cables. This had been caused by a leopard jumping on to the wires from a hill-side. But the Simla monkeys know well the dangers of electric wires, for time and time again I have seen a monkey shin up an electric (*Continued on page 106*)

Mountain Interlude



Climbing High to Danger, he found the Right Girl —and the Wrong

STARTLED, he looked up to see the other occupant of the hut smiling at him, seated at the corner of the table

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

THE train slowed for its last stop at Grindelwald and Gilbert Causton stood up to button on his mackintosh. It was pouring hard and, tired after his long journey, he wondered gloomily why he had left England to see it rain again in Switzerland. He rubbed a clear patch on the steamy window and bent down to look out; there seemed to be no signs of any improvement in the weather, and it was with little enthusiasm that he picked up his ice-axe and rucksack and went out on to the observation platform at the end of the coach. From here it was possible to look across to the other side of the mountain-girt valley, but the prospect was not any more encouraging; only the tree-clad lower slopes of the Eiger, and the snout of the glacier, showed beneath the grey cloud ceiling. If it had not been for the sudden boom of an avalanche there would have been no hint of the high snow peaks unseen above, and with an exclamation of disgust he stepped down to the platform as the train stopped.

Only an occasional hotel porter had left the shelter of the station buildings to meet the train, and Gilbert had no difficulty in recognising the stocky figure of the guide Hans, standing unconcernedly amongst the rain-starred puddles.

" A good day for the mountains, is it not, Herr Causton ? " he said, with one of his rare smiles.

Pushing aside a too-eager porter, he took Gilbert's rucksack, and led the way out of the station. Slowly Gilbert followed him, thinking in what a different manner he had planned this return to the scene of his mountaineering novitiate. It was to have been a fine evening, with the high peaks of the Wetterhorn and the Eiger towering magically clear above the valley, their upper slopes rose-tinted with the after-glow; Peta and he had been going to stop at the Bear, with its pleasant gardens, facing towards the green glacier-fed waters of the river Lutchine and the glacier.

Peta—the thought still hurt, and he hunched his shoulders against the drive of the rain as he slouched past the hotel gates, determined to ignore the faint sound of its dance band, a mocking suggestion of what might have been.

He had been so very sure of Peta; how well he remembered their first meeting at a friend's house. Later in the evening they had danced together and she had been light as thistledown in his arms. In a month they were engaged, and, after that, their marriage had seemed inevitably ordained by events, from the discovery of each other's love of mountains to the offer of a house-mastership at his old school if he were to marry. He had only realised the completeness of his design for living in those few minutes before morning school, after he had opened the letter that had announced her marriage to James Brand.

By Harold Watkinson

At first he had refused to believe that the structure of his future, so carefully erected, had tumbled about his ears; later he was glad that the seclusion of the school enabled him to escape the commiseration of his friends. As soon as he could get away he had fled to Switzerland, to seek what consolation he might amongst the mountains, and found it raining. He shivered as a cold trickle of water found its way past his upturned coat collar, and, realising that the bottoms of his trousers were soaked with rain, hurried after his companion.

"The weather," said Hans thoughtfully, as they crossed the meadow to his picturesque chalet, "it is not nice, but the glass rises, and the wind is good. To-morrow we shall go up to the hut for the Shreckhorn."

As Gilbert stood by the window before going to bed, it was already clearing; an occasional star pricked the darkness, while high above a faint gleam marked the snows.

"DIE Hütte," said Hans, pausing on the corner of one of the innumerable zigzags in the rough track, and pointing upwards; it was above them on a rocky shoulder that pushed its way to the edge of the glacier, looking very small and far away under a heavy sky that gave warning of the approach of another storm. The morning had been wonderfully fine—too fine to last, they had both remarked, looking at the intense clarity of the peaks sparkling with newly fallen snow. Thin streamers of cloud had pennoned from their summits, soon to be joined by storm cumulus drifting up from the Italian plains with a warm south wind. Now dark clouds menaced the mountain tops, and rapidly they climbed the iron rungs that made possible the ascent of the steep rocks of the shoulder, to reach the entrance to the hut as the first drops of rain made round splashes on the nail-polished path.

Gilbert had hoped that they would have it to themselves, with only the guardian to keep them company, but as they entered he saw that another occupant was writing at the end of the long hut table. He sat down to change his heavy boots for the wooden-soled slippers provided by the Swiss Alpine Club. It was good to be back again in the mountains, he thought, as he sniffed appreciatively the faint smell of scrubbed boards, boot leather, and cheese, that hung about the big room. The wide sleeping bunk with the long rows of folded blankets suspended above its straw-filled depths, the hut book on its special shelf, the view of the icefall and the glacier through the window, all were as he had remembered them.

By the iron cooking stove Hans and Jacob, the old guardian of the hut, conversed in the patois of the valley as they prepared the inevitable soup; their guttural tones, and the crackling of the fire, emphasised the quiet emptiness of high places that pressed around the wooden walls. All the world, he thought with satisfaction, was six hours away down the rough track by the glacier; here, under the low roof weighted with stones against the winter storms, was only the peace of the high hills.

He had bent down to struggle with a knotted lace when a soft voice said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

Startled, he looked up to see the other occupant of the hut smiling at him, seated at the corner of the table.

He was amazed to recognise Joan, Peta's cousin, whose wisecracks, obtrusive smartness, and startling make-up had served both to annoy him and to emphasise in his eyes Peta's charm and softness.

She had delighted to call him the Schoolmaster, and affected to be in considerable awe of his disciplinary powers, prefacing her remarks with a mockingly suppliant "Please, sir," and composing her rather boyish features into an appearance of youthful guilelessness that rendered incongruous the brilliant smear of make-up on her lips.

Secretly Gilbert found her embarrassingly frank, and rather frightening. It would have been difficult to convince him that inwardly she admired him for his stability of purpose, a quality rare enough amongst her friends. He endeavoured to keep this faint shade of apprehension from his voice as he ejaculated:

"What on earth are you doing here? I did not know that you went in for this sort of thing."

She smiled at his puzzlement and beckoned the guardian from his duties at the stove. Yes, he remembered the Fräulein; the Kleiner Shreckhorn last summer with Hermann, was it not? He had been glad to see the Fräulein again; perhaps she would be doing the big Shreckhorn this season.

Hans left his precious soup to join in the conversation, looking more like a wise old goat than ever as he crossed the hut floor. He had been worried that his patron had seemed so disheartened on the way up to the hut—when you were young it was better to be gay and to laugh much; only when you were old, too old for the high mountains, might one be sad. He was of a generation that did not welcome women climbers; but as his patron seemed to know the young lady—his deeply set eyes twinkled as he scented romance.

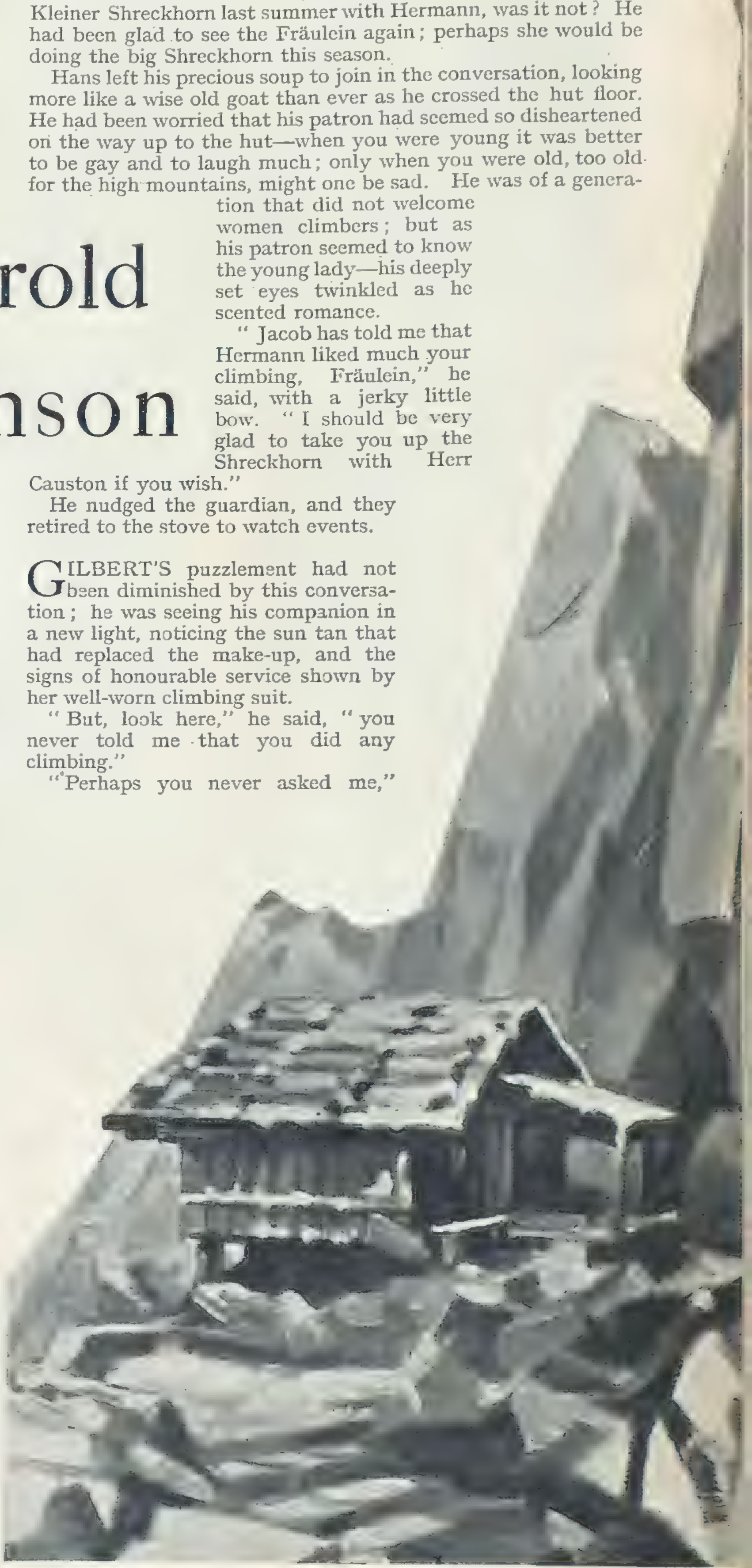
"Jacob has told me that Hermann liked much your climbing, Fräulein," he said, with a jerky little bow. "I should be very glad to take you up the Shreckhorn with Herr Causton if you wish."

He nudged the guardian, and they retired to the stove to watch events.

GILBERT'S puzzlement had not been diminished by this conversation; he was seeing his companion in a new light, noticing the sun tan that had replaced the make-up, and the signs of honourable service shown by her well-worn climbing suit.

"But, look here," he said, "you never told me that you did any climbing."

"Perhaps you never asked me,"



replied Joan, and wondered why the nicest men were always so blind, as she went over to help Jacob, who was putting provisions on the table for the evening meal.

Gilbert, still puzzled, went out on to the rock platform outside the hut.

"Damn the girl!" he thought. "Why did she want to choose this hut to stop at amongst all the others in the Alps?"

He lit his pipe, and puffed vigorously, feeling that he must get this new conception into its proper focus before he went in for the evening meal. Thoughts were crowding into his mind—Joan was the last person in the world he would have expected to meet here, yet she seemed perfectly at home. Why had he never realised that she was so enterprising?

He shuffled reflectively up and down the small platform in front of the hut, his clumsy slippers scuffling on the rocks. The storm had passed as quickly as it had broken, and the clouds had lifted reluctantly from the peaks around the Finsteraarhorn, although they still hid its sharp summit. A strange flat light shed by the overcast sky made the great ice slopes, that rose steeply above the opposite side of the glacier, look featureless in the fading light; their ice caves and crazy pinnacles had lost the sparkle and the delicate blue shadows of the full light, and were merged into a uniform expanse of dirty white. Three small black rocks, high up, caught Gilbert's attention by their contrast with the surrounding whiteness; casually he endeavoured to estimate their distance from the glacier, while behind him the smell of cheese soup issuing from the hut door added the zest of anticipation to his hunger. The meal must be ready. He felt a pleasant quickening of interest not entirely due to the thought of food; perhaps, after all, there were depths in his hut companion that he had not suspected. He turned to re-enter the hut, and as he did so it seemed as if one of the black dots changed its position on the ice slope. Automatically he marked its situation and looked again—his lounging figure tightened—it was not imagination. The lower dot had moved—it was still moving.

Horror-stricken, he realised that what he saw were human figures, not rocks, descending the most dangerous ice face in the district.

"My God! they've only got two hours of daylight left"—in his anxiety he spoke aloud, and he strode into the doorway of the hut to beckon to the guide.

He pointed across the valley.

"The poor fellows!" said the little guide as he looked, shading his eyes with a brown hand.

"Can't we do something?" said Gilbert.

"Not yet," replied Hans. "There is still time for them to reach the glacier before it is quite dark—if they can find a way." He shrugged his shoulders with the fatalism of one who lives always at close grips with danger. "In half an hour, we shall see," he added, and went into the hut, where Gilbert could hear him questioning the guardian.

ACROSS the glacier all the party were now moving slowly downwards, picking their way round obstacles that were invisible at this distance. Gilbert felt a touch on his arm—it was Joan.

"What are you looking at?" she said.

"Three climbers on the ice wall," he replied, and heard her draw her breath in sharply.

Hans came out of the hut with a battered pair of field-glasses and focused them on the party.

Gilbert saw his face darken. "So—it is Willi," he said shortly.

"Then it must be——" Joan broke off, and Gilbert felt her hand tighten sharply on his arm.

"Yes," said Hans. "It is your friends, Herr Brand and his wife—Willi should not have brought them down that way."

"Brand?" queried Gilbert. "My God! Do you mean Peta?"

"Yes," replied Joan. "I was not going to tell you. They were going to spend the night at the Strablegge hut and I thought that you and Hans would be gone before they returned. They engaged Willi as guide for a week, and I was going to borrow him to-morrow to see me over the pass."

Gilbert looked fixedly across the valley.

Peta up there with an inexperienced guide—he had appreciated the condemnation in Hans' tone. What a criminal fool that man Brand must be, he thought, to risk her life like that!

"We can't stop here doing nothing," he said, and shaking off Joan's arm dashed into the hut. Hans was putting on his boots and Gilbert kicked off his slippers and followed his example.

He thought of Peta, perhaps forced to spend the long cold hours of the night on some narrow ledge, unable to move as the cold increased and fingers and toes became numb and frozen. Such a party was lucky if the returning warmth at sunrise found its members still alive to face the risks of descending slopes made doubly difficult by their weakened condition.

Damn it all, he thought, savagely tugging at his boot-laces, if he could not stop the fellow running off with Peta, he could have something to say about his risking her life.

It would be a good job if something did happen to Brand—perhaps it might—he tried to banish the thought from his mind.

"What are we going to do?" he jerked out.

"We shall see," replied the guide. "Perhaps they may reach the glacier by dark—there is still time."

He went outside again, and Joan joined Gilbert in the task of preparation.

"Hans did not want me to come with you," she said. "But three will be safer than two for crossing the crevasses, and Jacob is too old."

"What good will you be?" said Gilbert roughly.

"The *Bergschrund* is very difficult to cross. Hans says that three may be necessary," was her curt reply.

"Sorry," said Gilbert apologetically. "I am afraid that this has got me a bit rattled."

"That's all right," she replied, and added shortly, "It's a pity that Peta persuaded them to go."

She went over to the bunk to get her rucksack and Gilbert gazed thoughtfully after her, thinking of her concluding words. Suddenly Hans returned and quickly put on his rucksack; he had that quiet introspective bearing with which Gilbert had seen him study the most difficult part of a climb.

He glanced at Gilbert and Joan and saw that they were ready.

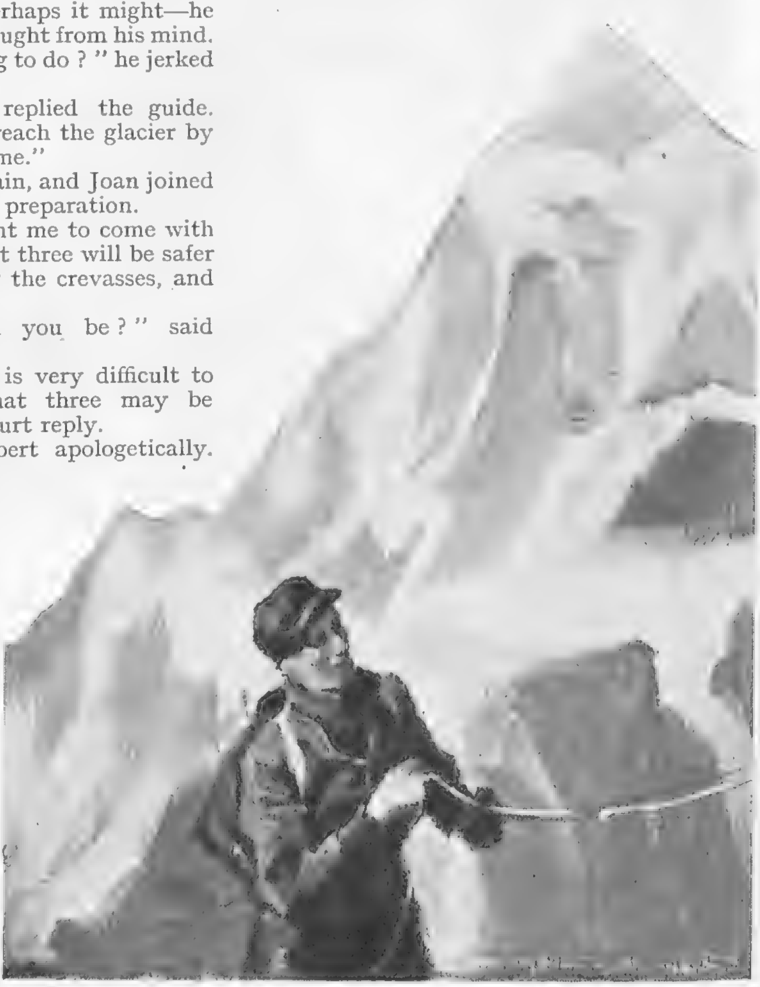
"One has fallen," he said quietly. "It is necessary that we hurry."

From the far side of the glacier they could see the party more plainly. It was the leader who had slipped. The line of his steps ran out across a steep ice wall from the two survivors, to finish ominously where he had slid helplessly down the steep ice until his rope had snapped tight.

Fortunately the two above had managed to withstand the strain of his fall; otherwise the whole party must have been dashed to death on the glacier below. The peril of their position was obvious; the steepness of the slope and the shock of his fall prevented the fallen climber from rejoining his companions, who were not sufficiently firmly placed to raise him by the rope that must be tightening round his chest and slowly strangling him.

Hans shouted up encouragingly as he sounded carefully with his ice-axe along the edge of the great *Bergschrund*, a dark cleft hundreds of feet deep that separated the upper edge of the glacier from the mountain and barred their progress. In one place only did its crossing seem at all possible, where a slender snow bridge curved gracefully over the abyss. Summer suns had weakened it until it looked far too fragile to bear their weight; yet the only possible means of reaching the climbers, far above them, was by crossing the unknown depths by means of its doubtful support.

Carefully Hans tested its stability by prodding it with the pointed end of his ice-axe; then, going back a short way

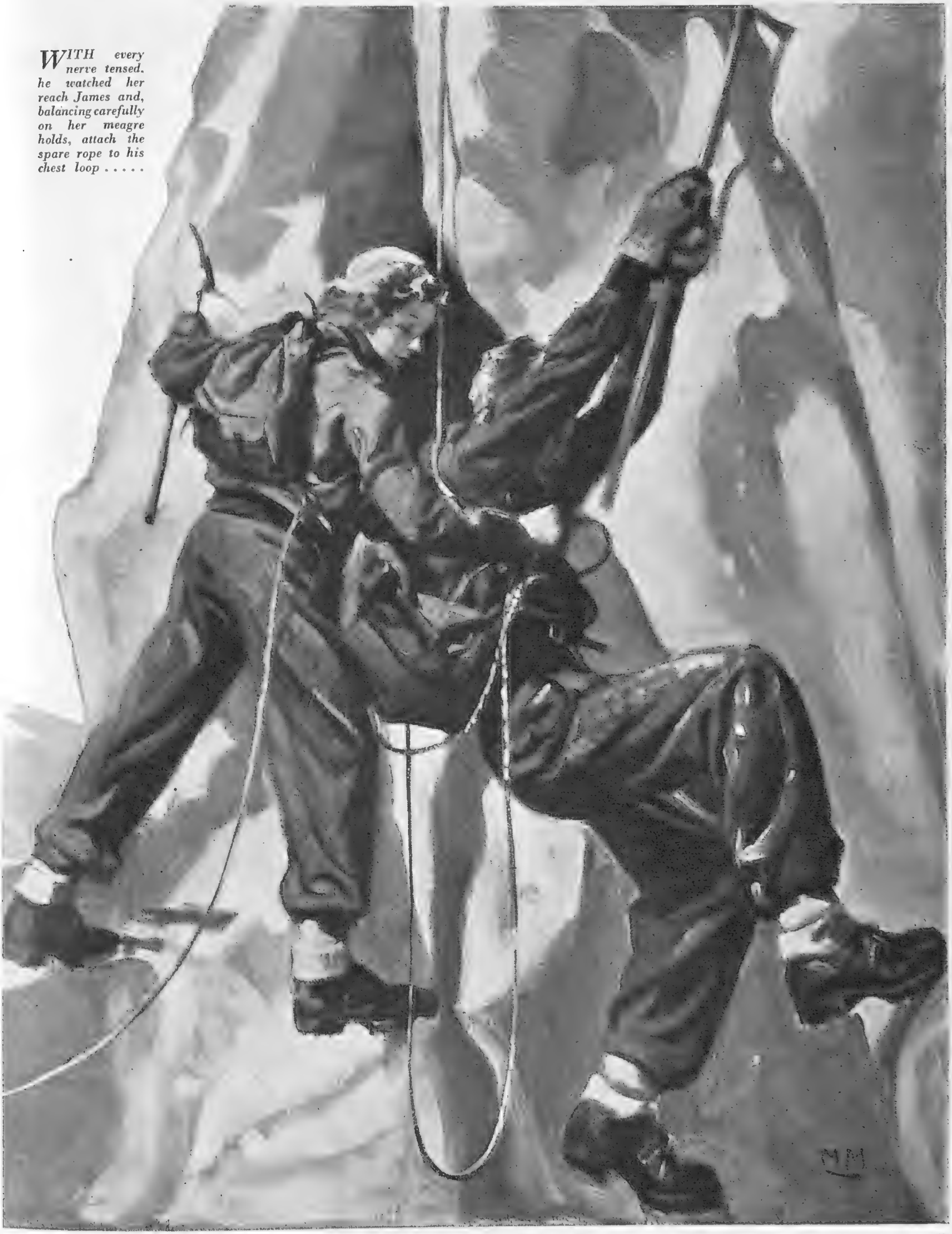


from the edge, he forced his axe deeply into the snow and looped the rope round it.

“*Vorwärts.*’ He gestured to Gilbert to proceed.

CAUTIOUSLY Gilbert advanced along the sloping crest of the bridge, delicately pressing each foot as lightly as possible into the soft snow and fearing at each step to feel his frail support sink suddenly beneath him, dropping him into the crevasse and cutting short their attempt at rescue. Below him icicles fell tinkling into the depths, but the bridge held, and with a sigh of relief he reached the other side. Like Hans, he secured the rope round his axe, and motioned Joan to cross. Carefully she followed his footsteps, and, again as he watched her Gilbert regretted his doubts about her climbing skill. She had nearly reached the other side when suddenly, without warning, the centre of the bridge gave way. As Gilbert tightened the rope, he instinctively approved her presence of mind as she spread arms and ice-axe across the gap

(Continued on page 89)



WITH every nerve tensed. he watched her reach James and, balancing carefully on her meagre holds, attach the spare rope to his chest loop . . . . .

WINDOW

(Top of the page) Developments in window and ceiling draping (Fortnum and Mason)

A window used to be a glazed hole in the wall; you pushed up the glazed sections, pushed them outwards or drew them inwards; you had to get outside to clean their outsides, always. To hang draperies (for decoration or privacy) on their insides, you had a pole or rail, or even a wire, with rings (which you sewed on, one by one) and a muddle of cords and knots running parallel or hanging in loops to draw the curtain backwards and forwards.

Moth and rust had a fine time corrupting all this. And that was that.

To-day we have standard metal windows or carefully and beautifully made wood-framed windows in modern houses.

We can decorate the best of the old style period windows that remain (sash-cords and all) with just the curtains they deserve and like; for the very excellent reason that at long last we have available, at reasonable prices, window machinery that opens up a whole number of possibilities.

To those of us who have not yet explored all the possibilities, they come as a revelation: especially as so many of the new ideas for windows solve problems presented to us by these new windows themselves.

From America, but established now in Britain, we get what is called so engagingly "drapery hardware," its science and its art.

In England the designers of famous curtain tape have perfected their own curtain rails and fitments, notably a cording system and a system of fitting both rails and drawing mechanism easily and effectively to any shaped window —multi-curtained double bays (those bugbears) among them.

This is not, as you might think, a mere matter of more efficient mechanics. It is a matter of new ideas for window curtains themselves, new arrangements in draping and attaching.

First comes the basic matter of rail and hooks. The two types I have selected for illustration are the premier American and English designs.

The best known of all Kirsch rods is a simple hollow design which carries, unseen, its slides and draw-cords. There is one single decorative rail, with a variety of standard fittings and types. From this first principle—of a single traverse rod with the works foolproof and under cover all the way and a trouble-free idea for brackets—dozens of ways of hanging curtains, and so of draping them, have developed.

The Rufflette people have perfected a curtain rail with a cording system that also keeps the working parts under cover, and leaves the rail (which is shaped like a small girder, with the plain side forward) a simple decorative strip, of which their satin nickel type is the best known.

In respect of a modern system like the Rufflette, it is vital to remember that the overlap in front (the tidy closing of your curtains) and the curve round at the outside ends are provided for in the fitment itself and do not have to be improvised.

For the housewife about to select new window furnishings there are three main types of curtains to consider . . . the net curtains attached within the window frame recess; the main curtains of more solid material; and the possible, but by no means inevitable, valance or pelmet.

The size and method of hanging of all these depend on the type of the window.

For the efficient treatment of your window there are modern rods, rails; double and triple rows of rods on special brackets to carry valance, curtain and net curtains; and hinged swinging cranes. In addition to this the increasing fashion for pelmets of a solid type has produced

(Left) Where the special tape and a suitable traverse rail (or curtain rod) are used, the head is tidy and decorative, and there is no need for the extra expenditure on a valance

By Joan

MACHINERY

(Right) A close-up of a curtain suggestion for one of the most difficult of our modern windows—the horizontal new house window (Kirsch)

(Right, above) Here is a carefully arranged model of a modern curtain mechanism for that most difficult of all circular bays (Rufflette)

(Below) The stiff silvered draped pelmets, the matt design of oak leaves on the satin curtains and the formal tapestry are given the final touch by the under-pelmet lighting, a new development in the machinery of modern windows

(Below, extreme right) An American treatment—for huge wall depth windows—of steel venetian blinds and tailored net curtains (Kirsch)

metal, wood and looking-glass pelmets, which are really delightful.

It is at this stage that you ask, not unreasonably, about the extra cost of this efficiency and variety, and whether it is not just as good to string up your curtains in the old way. Actually, the extra cost is small—for various reasons, the chief among them being that valances are no longer necessary merely to hide the raw bits at the top of the curtains.

Take an example, a modern room with steel standard windows. The curtains, of folkweave (of the heavy cotton type), are measured to about twice the actual span of the windows. About an inch and a half is allowed at every end for turnings, some four inches for lower hem, and just four inches for heading.

The lining is measured some four inches narrower and five inches shorter than the curtain, and the whole made up with some care to the final machining or hand sewing-on of Rufflette tape, with its special pockets for slip-in hooks.

If you are using what is called a "Model E" rail (see illustrations) the whole machinery for the attaching of your curtain rail and arranging draw cords in the modern manner, with a satin nickel rail, will come to just over eleven shillings for a window of six-foot span. This includes such details as the overlap arm that makes the curtains meet nicely.

The decorative rail and the efficient attachment obviate the need of a valance. (A valance, at a (*Continued on page* 116)

Woollcombe

A NEW ANGLE ON SPRING

the domestic hurricane we used to call spring cleaning

At the cry of the first swallow—or is it the cuckoo?—you and I still feel the urge to take up bucket and broom and start a cleaning campaign.

It only shows you what habit is, because there is no longer any such thing as the domestic hurricane we used to call Spring cleaning. Yet the scouring complex persists.

What with magic cleaning implements and houses so ingeniously planned that dirt would scorn to settle in them even if encouraged, there is probably no excuse for risking an estrangement from your husband for the sake of pursuing hypothetical dust behind the pictures. Still, we all do it.

But Spring cleaning is a very stimulating business, necessary or not. It gives you an excuse to change all the furniture round. Every woman loves doing this.

Then there is the added stimulus of concealing operations from your husband, who, if he is an average man, regards all aggressive cleaning campaigns as a personal affront.

So beginning the annual clean-up two and a half seconds after he has kissed you good-bye in the morning, with the injunction to "have a nice restful day," you set about it scientifically, and all traces of your crime are eliminated before he returns. In fact, he doesn't even notice the improvement.

Start upstairs. This is important, because if you do downstairs first, you simply have to convey the dirt and litter from above through the cleaned-up area. If you live in a flat, start in the bedrooms just the same.

First open the windows of the room to be cleaned and close the doors.

If it is a foggy day, call the whole thing off. Spring is really essential to Spring cleaning.

Take down the pictures and ornaments and cart all your bric-à-brac into the kitchen. Don't strew it about the floor, because it is very untidy and you are sure to put your foot in it.

Fill the sink with hot water, drop in a handful of Lux and a dash of ammonia and wash your bric-à-brac piece by piece. Vinegar will get the stains off those vases in no time.

When everything is washed and polished pile it neatly on a table, cover it up and get back to the room itself.

If it is a bedroom, take down the curtains and strip the bed. If the curtains are cretonne or something easily washable, wash them and, in the case of cretonne, steep them in hot water to which you have added a generous quantity of bran. This gets the dirt out and restores the colouring.

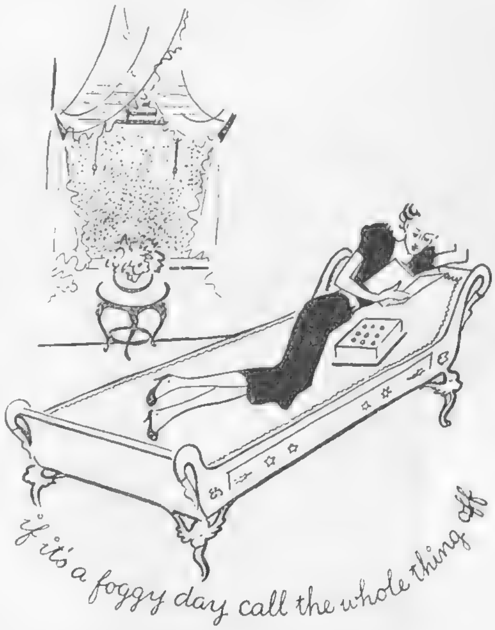
Heavier curtains should be laid flat on the floor with sheets of newspaper beneath and thoroughly trounced with the suction cleaner. If you have made a habit of this, you probably will not need to send them to the cleaners, but if you haven't, there are plenty of one-day cleaners who will join in the conspiracy for getting everything restored by night.

Move all the smaller furniture out on to the landing, throw a covering over the bed and any upholstery that's left, and get busy with the walls.

Your suction cleaner will clean these in five minutes with the attachment that has a long tube, so that you can crawl on the ceiling if you wish.

Of course you have been keeping the paintwork immaculate all the year round, cleaning and polishing it with Min cream or a similar magic potion; but just to satisfy this mania you've got take a clean, soft cloth and wring it out in hot water to which you have added a dash of turps. Wipe over the paintwork with this and, when it is dry, polish again with Min.

Now you can get busy with the carpet.



if it's a foggy day call the whole thing off

two and a half seconds after you've kissed your

If you have bought the right kind of suction cleaner, it will not be necessary to take up the carpet unless you *enjoy* taking up carpets. The best suction cleaners get the dirt from right under the carpet and almost draw the dust through from the cellar.

Under the heading "Polishing the furniture" I have a hint or two to give you. First you want to clean the wood of all accumulated grease and dust.

This you do by putting a friendly dash of vinegar into some tepid water and squeezing out a clean leather in the solution. Wipe down the furniture with this and then again with a dry cloth.

Finally get busy with Stephenson's Furniture Cream, which you probably know is the least exhausting of all furniture polishes, and in no time you will be able to see your face in the furniture, or, better still, whoever is looking over your shoulder.

One of the things that this climate does to furniture is to give it a damp,

CLEANING

By Winifred Lewis

" bloomed " appearance. This ruins the surface just like rust ruins metal. So something has to be done about it.

husband goodbye

Stephenson's " Blue-Bloom Resisting " furniture cream is an efficient method of protection from this trouble. With it you get all the brilliance of polish you require, with a definite assurance against further damage by damp.

The effect of the cream is to put a hard, damp-proof film of special waxes on the surface, which the hated " Blue Bloom " cannot penetrate.

Another discovery is Stephenson's Non-Smear Floor Polish. This polish gives you a brilliant glossy floor surface without greasiness, and it goes on with the minimum of work.

Now mirrors and windows. A little methylated on a clean mutton cloth is far better than water. It cleans and polishes with practically no effort.

If, during the campaign, you should feel tempted to scrub floor-boards, don't use hot water; use cold. Hot water softens the wood and encourages the dirt to soak in.

When you get to the piano, mix a little fine powdered French chalk with benzine and rub it on the keys with a soft flannel. It makes them dazzling white.

Remember that the long life and good behaviour of your instrument depend upon the inside being kept free of dust. It doesn't hurt a bit to run your suction cleaner over the inside. In fact, it is an excellent tonic.

Lampshades that need a bit of freshening can have it. Parchment should be rubbed down with a gum rubber which any artists' dealers will sell you for a few pence. I have known silk shades become just like new by applying soft, warm soap-suds with a tooth brush and following it up with clean, warm water.

And while we are discussing cleaning, here are some well-tried recipes for cleaning all kinds of things :

To clean linoleum, add a little kerosene to the water and the dirt will simply roll off. Kerosene is also excellent for cleaning brass that is badly stained.

For copper and pewter that are badly discoloured, nothing is better than a mixture of salt with equal quantities of flour and vinegar. Apply a paste made of these things and let it remain on for an hour or two. Wash off with warm water. Polish.

Vinegar is good for a number of things, among them for restoring brick tiles to their former beauty. Simply wash them with it.

And here is a restorative for the china and glass which slip out of your grasp while you are in the thick of all this business. Get some common alum from your chemist, melt it in an iron spoon, and use it as a cement for the broken treasures. You will find it so very strong that you can even wash the mended article without it coming apart again.

White stains on the furniture, due entirely to your own fault through leaving hot dishes about, can be removed this way. Put a little methylated spirit on a soft, clean cloth. Rub, with a circular motion, around the stain, and don't dawdle. Next rub olive oil into the place where the stain was, and don't omit this part of the cure, otherwise the methylated will remove all traces of polish. You *may* have to repeat the operation the next day, but I doubt it.

Now we come to those important little items of the Spring cleaning programme, easily overlooked if you're a person who disdains the things that don't show.

You've turned out the cupboards and probably scoured the topmost shelves, so now give the drains and waste-pipes a turn.

However careful you've been about letting things get down the kitchen waste-pipe, it's pretty sure to be well-coated grease down where you can't see it, and a simple operation to-day may save you an emergency call for the plumber next month.

One of the things you can do is to get some caustic soda from the chemist and put a generous helping of it into a pail of boiling water. Wear rubber gloves when you do this and *on no account* let the solution touch your skin, not even a drop, or you will have reason to regret your cleanliness.

Pour the boiling solution down the sink (slowly, so as not to splash your arms) and in ten minutes turn the cold tap on and let it run freely for a while.

Now go outside and scour the drain grating which leads from the sink waste-pipe. You'll find it full of leaves and other obstructive matter, for sure. Don't wear the diamond wrist-watch your husband gave you last Christmas while you are doing this, because drains simply refuse to give up their heirlooms.

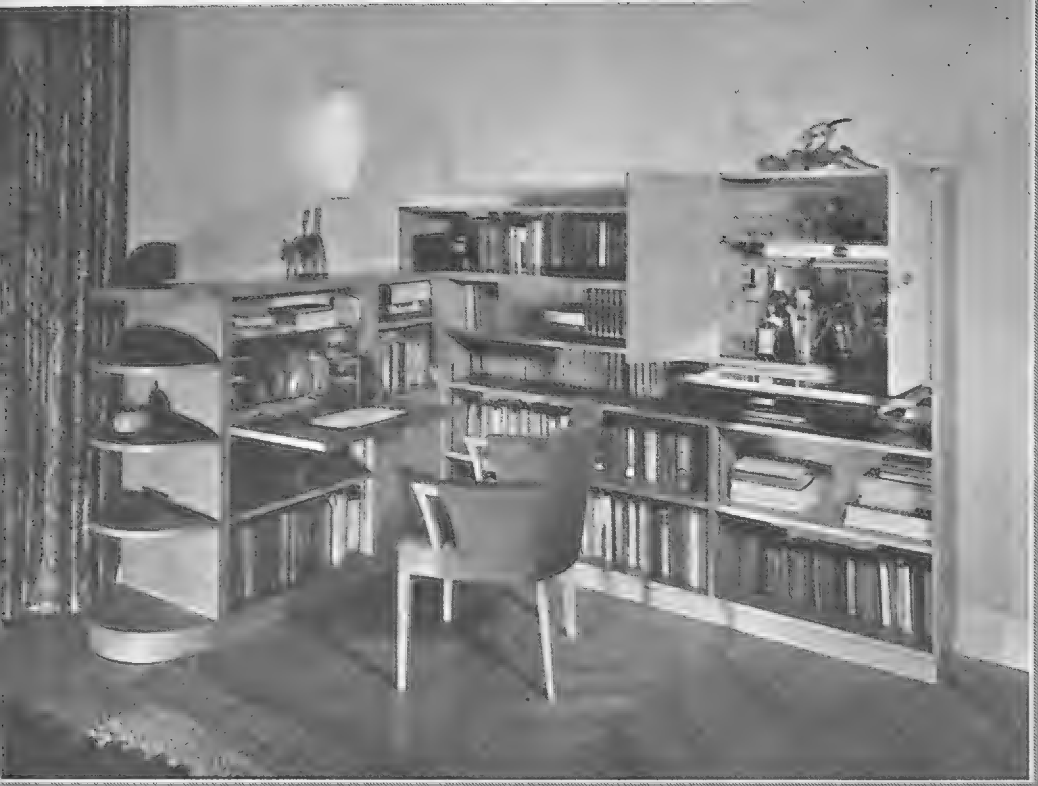
an excuse for changing all the furniture around

As for the ordinary routine of the household, keep it going while your cleaning campaign is raging. After all, there's no satisfaction in contemplating a Spring-cleaned bedroom if the breakfast things are still unwashed in the kitchen and there's no dinner for to-night.

Don't, either, in your anxiety for the campaign, neglect yourself. It's as well to prepare yourself a simple and sustaining lunch, even if you do have to sit on the step ladders to eat it. Food raises your spirits and soothes the savage breast, and, anyway, you're going to *enjoy* your Spring cleaning.

a restorative for china and glass which slips out of your hands

DECORATIVE



(Left) A group of bookshelves in weathered sycamore for the corner of a room. The fitment also includes display shelves, a bureau with drop front, three drawers, and a cocktail cabinet *(Ian Henderson)*

By Baseden Butt

It used to be the almost invariable rule for a house that contained four or more bedrooms to include also a library.

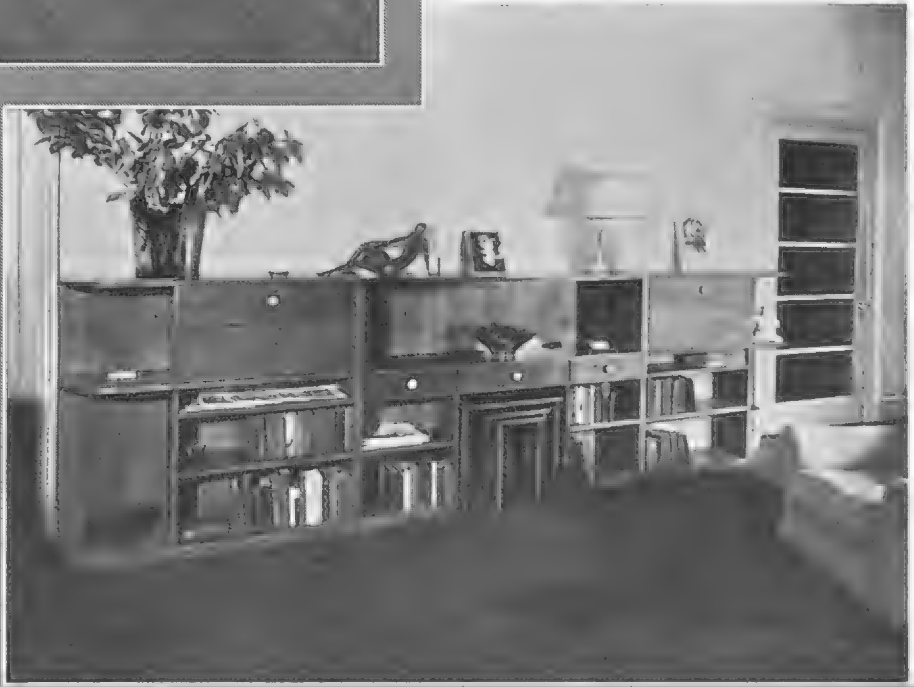
For various reasons, chief among which is the need experienced in most modern homes for the utmost economy of space, the library as a separate room is largely a thing of the past.

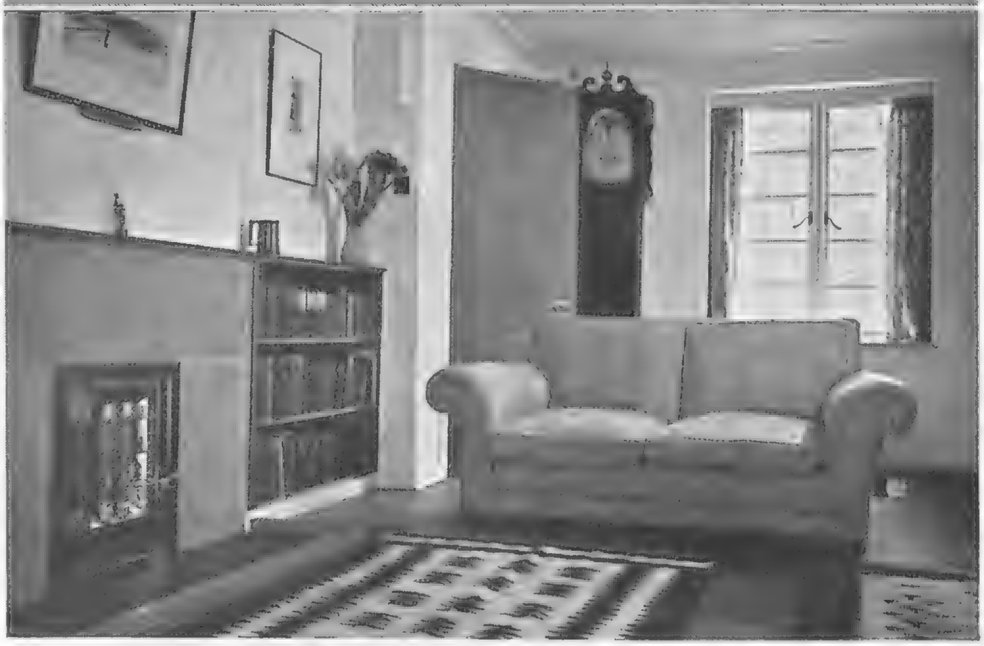
Now, instead of books being confined to one room, they are found in each and every room of the house: in living-room, dining-room, hall-lounge and bedroom there is at least some small space, and often quite considerable accommodation, for books.

Indeed, it would seem that there has never been a keener or more widespread appreciation of books than there is now. This keenness is reflected by the enormous quantity of new books produced every year, and by the general excellence of modern book-production and printing, and, above all, by the pride and pleasure taken in books as furniture.

If a story or a piece of writing possesses literary merits it not only deserves the best that the illustrators' and printers' crafts can provide, it deserves also to be handled with respect and to be housed where it will be safe yet visible, contributing to the decorative character of the home as well as to its cultural amenities.

Thus it comes about that in the ranks of modern furniture there is immense variety of book equipment. There are shelves and combined cabinet bookcases of many types. Occasional book furniture is of almost inexhaustible variety, and much of it is intended as an assurance that favourite volumes may be in easy reach without





(Centre of page) Interesting arrangement of bookshelves, cupboards and writing-table in figured walnut. Nest of tables beneath the writing-desk. *(Ian Henderson)*
(Above) Bookshelves in English walnut in a recess beside the chimney breast *(Venesta)*

VALUE OF BOOKSHELVES

rising from the fireside arm-chair or, in some cases, from bed.

There are lounge arm-chairs and settees, bed-heads and bedside tables, pedestal desks, sideboards, and even dressing tables, which include at least one or two small bookshelves.

But for the nucleus of a library there is nothing to equal modern unit bookcases, or, as an alternative, fitted shelves. The great advantage of the former is their practical utility combined with artistic fitness.

Unit bookcases of the simpler types have a way of looking right with modern furnishings of various varieties; they are as capable of re-arrangement and of novel and interesting effects as they are of extension.

Even with units in but two or three sizes an astonishing range of groupings can be made, and if a cupboard or a cabinet in similar style is used as an additional unit, the possibilities are even greater.

With fitted or built-in shelves, on the other hand, there is a greater suggestion of permanence.

Sometimes a skilfully designed fitment of shelves and cupboards, with flush doors and the irreducible minimum of ornamental mouldings, can completely transform an old-fashioned interior and provide the starting-point for a distinctive and successful scheme of modern-style decoration.

Fitments of shelves and cupboards are also one of the best means of economising space by making practical use of structural features such as alcoves and recesses, and the wall-areas beneath, around and between windows.

Both in living-rooms and bedrooms the recesses found either side of the chimneybreast are ideal sites for bookshelves.

Fitted bookshelves are preferable in many ways if the rooms to be furnished are in a house which you own. But in a rented place, unit bookcases have many advantages.

In the event of removal there can be no question about your book furniture going with you.

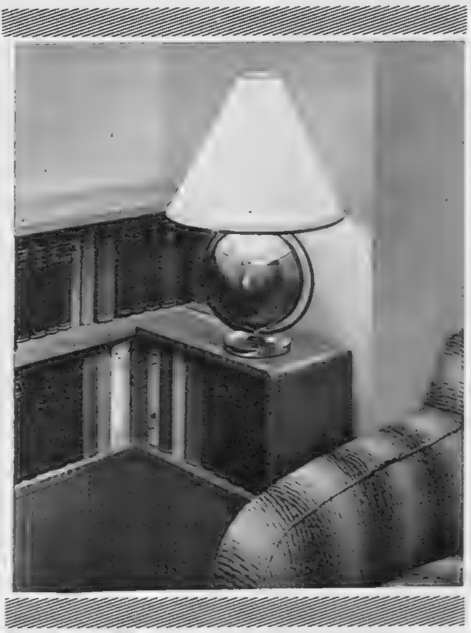
Another excellent use for unit bookcases is in the house where there is a growing family. Growing or grown-up sons and daughters like to acquire their own collection of books in their own rooms; when they marry and leave home, their unit bookcases can be added to the general library equipment of either the old home or the new one.

Whether dealing with bookcases or fixture shelves, not more than about one-third of the total wall area should be taken up by books, assuming, that is, that your library is off the modern hybrid kind and is used also as a living-room.

Either the bookshelves may be run round all the room so that they form a dado, or an irregular, asymmetrical treatment, which is picturesque with a modern scheme of decoration, may be adopted.

This will mean that some of the shelves or units will terminate at different points along the wall instead of being taken flush from side to side, and in the case of built-in shelves some kind of end-piece will, therefore, be necessary.

(Continued on page 85)



A corner arrangement of a unit bookshelf. Excellent for making the most of the available space (R. W. Symonds)

An effective combination of cabinet and bookshelves in a modern living-room (Practical Furniture)

A small bookcase, and bookshelves in the pedestal of the writing-table (Heal and Son)

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department

One of my idle day-dreams is of a life made easy for fashion-reporters by all the designers getting together and giving a grand collective show, with just a few characteristic models from each collection.

This year it came true. The Fashion Group of Great Britain sponsored a joint collection of British dress-designing houses. A grandiose show it was, too, with fifteen hundred people there to clap and cheer.

The idea wasn't to make life easy for fashion-reporters, however. It was to show the American buyers who usually come to London before going on to the Paris openings a comprehensive display of local talent. (These famous American buyers I hear so much about. If only I were an American and a buyer, I could then be an American buyer, which seems the most enviable thing to be in the world.)

Anyway, whoever they did it for, the show was a good one, and this is what we learnt from it.

Day skirts are shorter—13 to 14 inches from the ground; mostly straight and narrow, though pleats are not forbidden. Waistlines are in the place that is quaintly called normal. Shoulders are squared, but less exaggerated than last year. Suits, suits, suits are the thing for town and country. Tightish skirts and snug little jackets with wide revers.

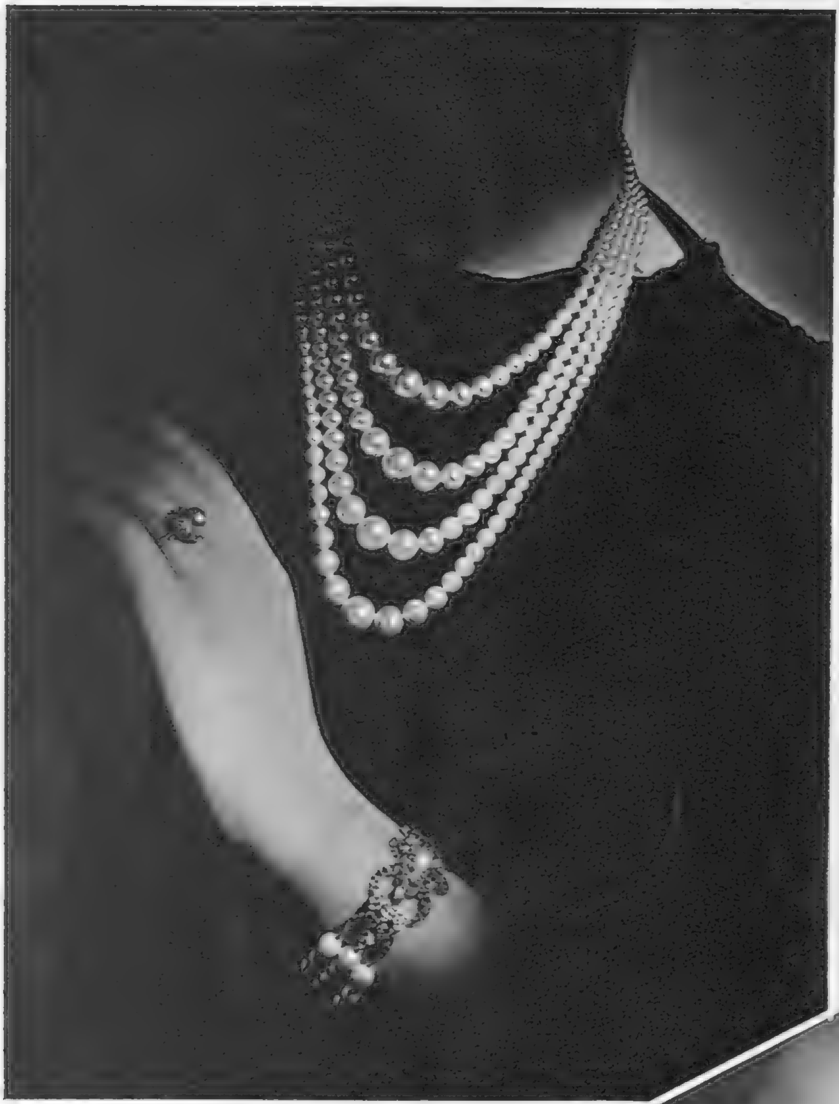
Straight, loose coats (not swaggering) are current, too; hip, seat and three-quarter length.

In all fabrics you see unusual colours and colour combinations. A lot of coral, plenty of yellow. Plaids used as trims.

Alex Lord, who put suede on the map as a fashion fabric, shows its beauty, suppleness and perfect tailoring response in a pink suede suit for Ascot (with a pink chiffon blouse); in a yellow suede dress under a slate-blue jacket.

For evenings, the waist is high, right up to the bust, emphasising its curve in the Empire manner. In the same period manner, hem lines are accented.

(*Continued on page 85*)



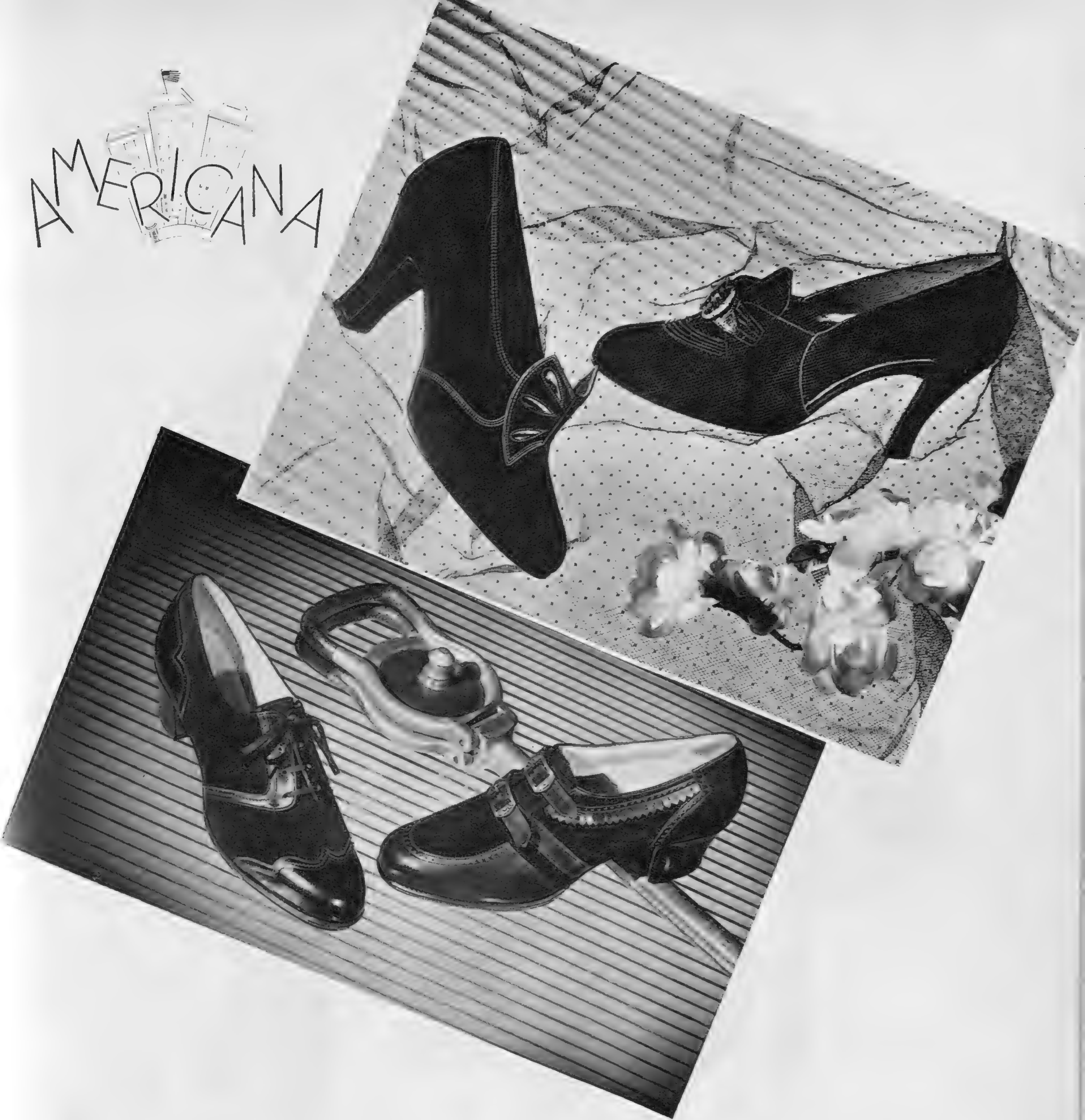
Even when pearls were temporarily out of high fashion favour, discerning women clung to theirs, knowing how pearls flattered and enhanced their looks. Now that pearls have staged a big come-back, women are buying them like mad.

Above you see pearls in their richest and most attractive lay-out, a four-row necklet of graduated stones, with a large square diamond and emerald clasp. They are Ciro Pearls, which means that you know they are next best to the real thing. Others would have to be experts to know that they are not the real thing (£6 . 0 . 0).

The three-strand pearl bracelet has a centre diamond design set in platinette and a platinette and diamond clasp (£5 . 5 . 0). The pearl ring has a diamond surround (£1 . 1 . 0).

The copper clip (right) is ablaze with light-blue stones (£1 . 10 . 0). French gilt bracelet, with four motifs representing Paris, London, Rome and New York (£2 . 2 . 0). Robert Douglas.

AMERICANA



Buying shoes, a foot-wise woman looks for two factors: style, comfort. When style is sacrificed to comfort, your feet can look terrible. When comfort is sacrificed to style, your feet can feel terrible.

That is the sort of thing we used to write about shoes. We don't need to now, since Vani-Tred shoes arrived in England, for in them you automatically get beautiful styling and utter comfort.

All we have to say about the styling is that they are made in England over lasts and designs perfected in America. (Everyone in shoe business recognises American supremacy in design. Think how good American women's feet always look.)

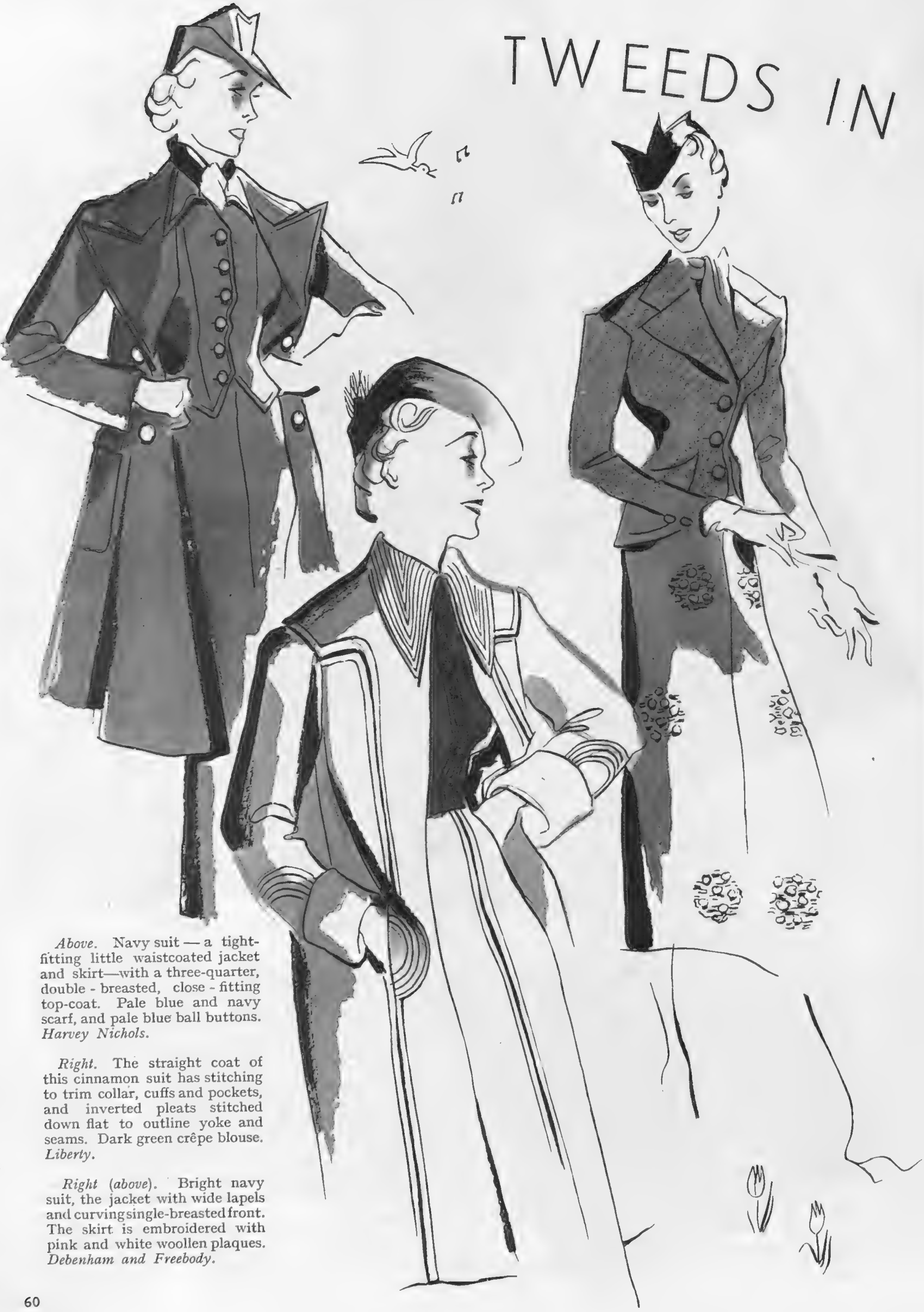
As for the comfort, they are made on the standard American fitting system, which provides for a large selection of widths to each size, involving anything up to sixty different sizes and fittings. You are not just measured toe to heel. You are measured from heel to ball of foot, from ball to toe, and across from ball to little toe.

In most high-heeled shoes, there is a gap behind the ball where shoe and foot don't meet, causing about 70 per cent. of your weight to be concentrated on to the ball. But Vani-Tred shoes give you a natural tread base. This air pocket is filled with rubber, so that the whole of your foot makes contact with the shoe, and is held in complete balance, with the weight evenly distributed from toe to heel.

Now for the shoes photographed here. At the left of the top picture is a brown suede court with a front built up to look like a flat bow and to flatter the instep. (Also in blue and black suede.) The shoe to the right is black suede with a black patent heel and back section. This also comes in brown suede with brown calf and blue suede with blue calf.

In the lower picture you see two grand sports shoes both in green suede and calf (also obtainable in aubergine, navy, brown, black), both full of interesting detail. The town shoes cost 35s. 9d.; the sports shoes 29s. 9d.

TWEEDS IN

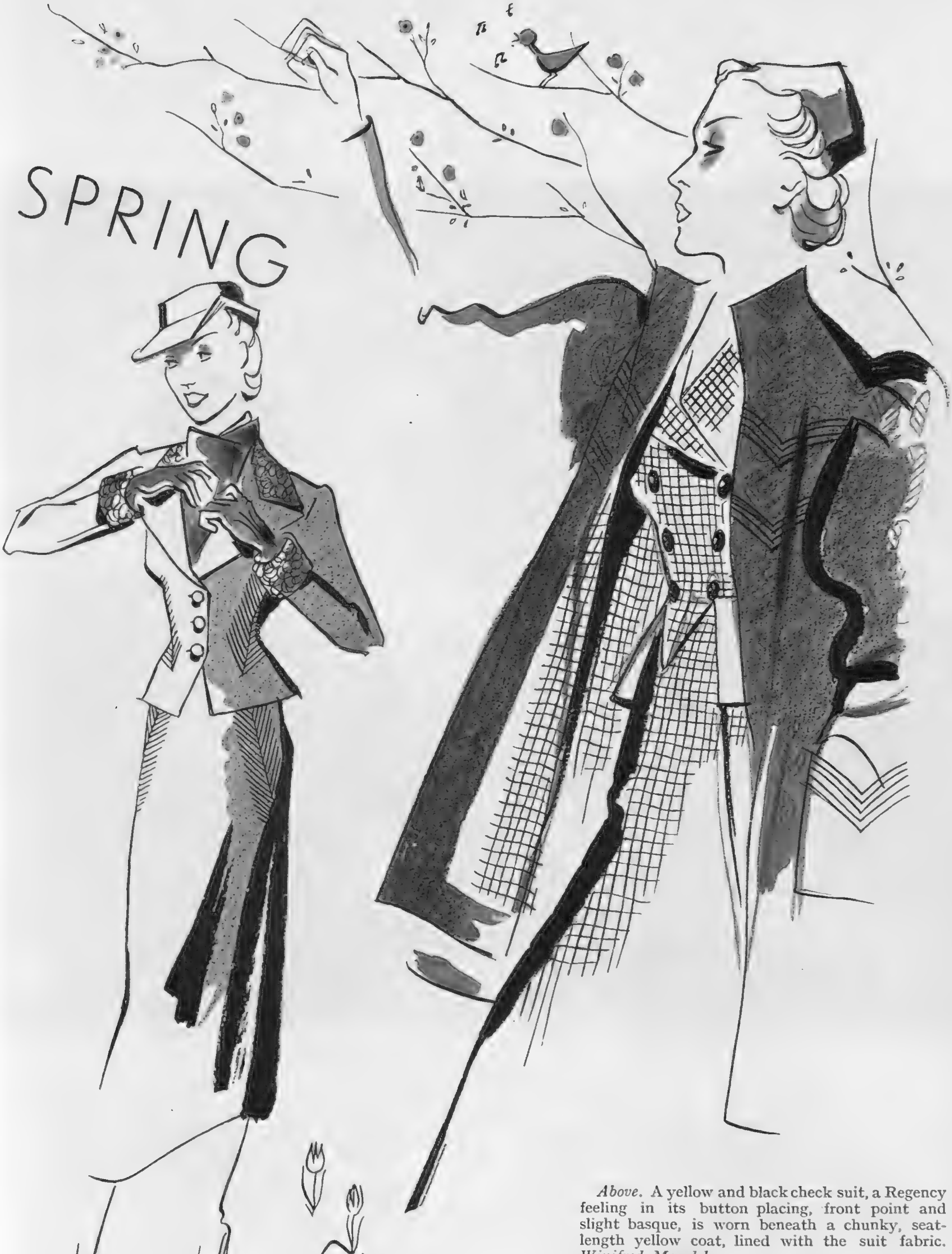


Above. Navy suit — a tight-fitting little waistcoated jacket and skirt—with a three-quarter, double - breasted, close - fitting top-coat. Pale blue and navy scarf, and pale blue ball buttons. *Harvey Nichols.*

Right. The straight coat of this cinnamon suit has stitching to trim collar, cuffs and pockets, and inverted pleats stitched down flat to outline yoke and seams. Dark green crêpe blouse. *Liberty.*

Right (*above*). Bright navy suit, the jacket with wide lapels and curving single-breasted front. The skirt is embroidered with pink and white woollen plaques. *Debenham and Freebody.*

SPRING

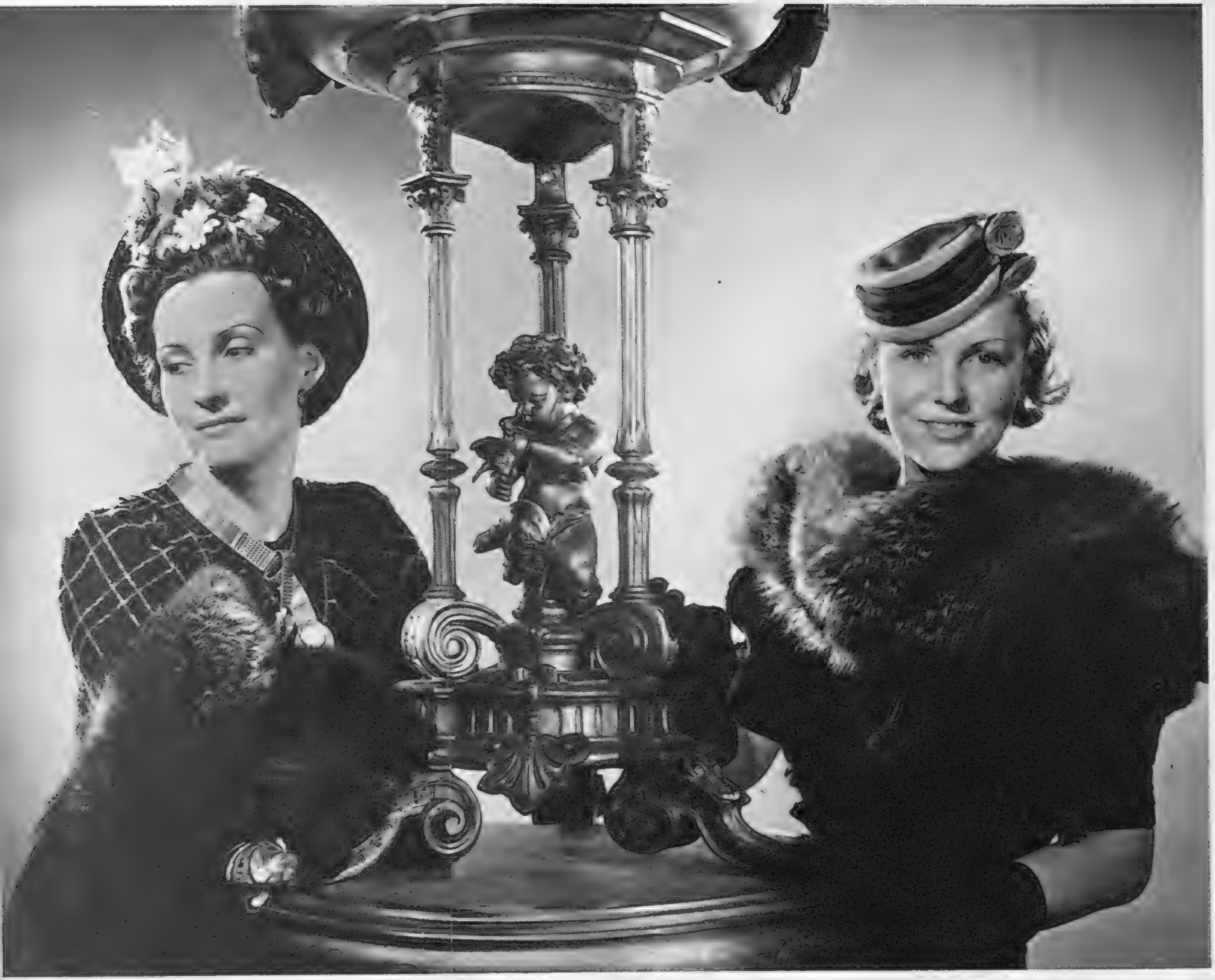


Above. A yellow and black check suit, a Regency feeling in its button placing, front point and slight basque, is worn beneath a chunky, seat-length yellow coat, lined with the suit fabric. *Winifred Mawdsley.*

Left. Parma violet suit with dyed-to-match broadtail collar and cuffs, and herring-bone stitching marking its beautiful cut. The jacket has a back vent, wide revers. The skirt is slim, straight. Petticoat, fringed scarf and gloves of Parma violet taffeta. *Peter Russell.*

BERET

PILLBOX

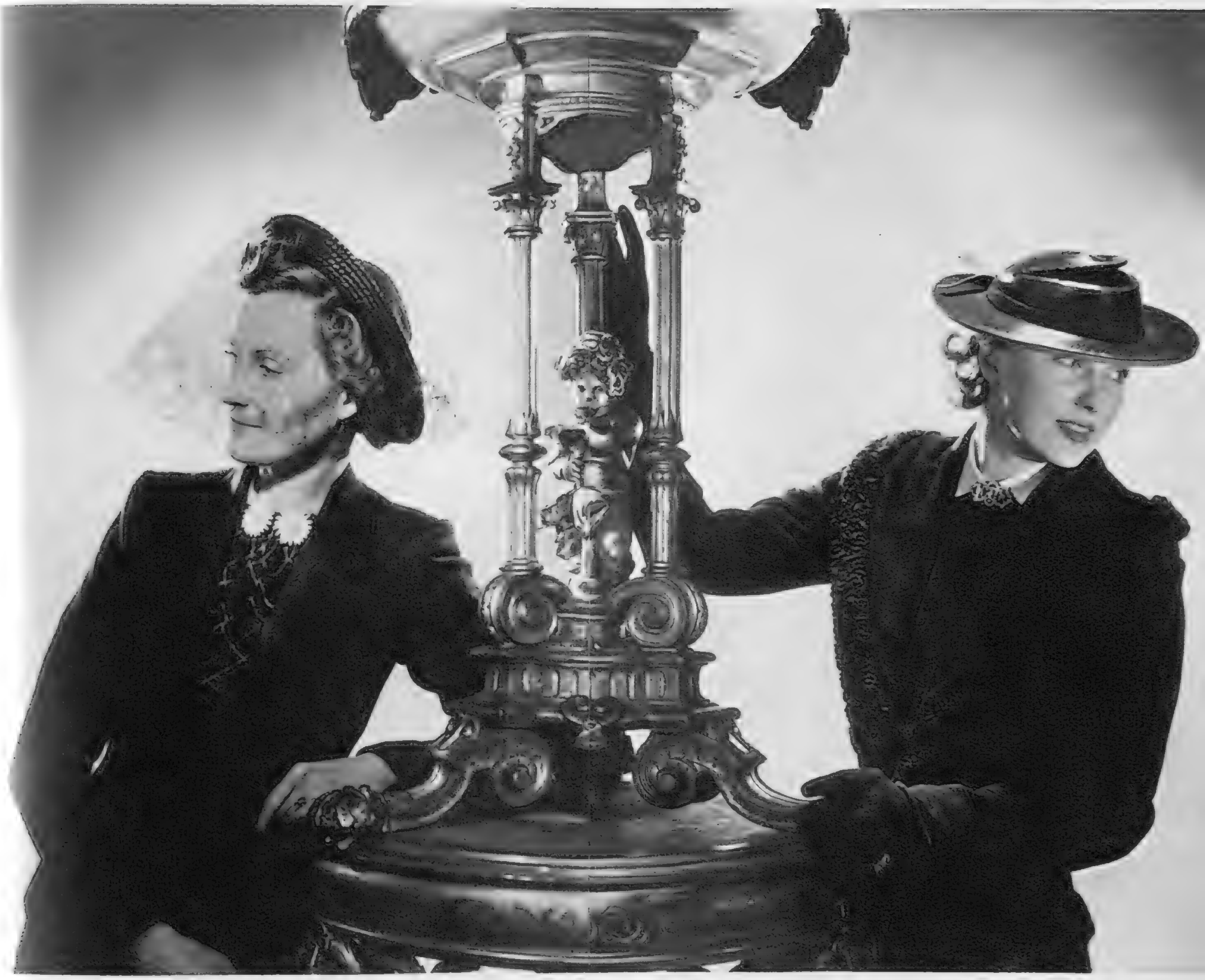


Jeff calls this a beret and we shall take his word for it. You see the angle at which it is worn, back of the head with hair brushed up to meet it. This designer wants you to wear your hair rolled back and padded. Before you say no, remember that he urged high hats for years. Ultimately we wore them

Pill box or pork pie. Whatever you call it, it is sweet, it is a dear little hat. As to its chic, there isn't a smart Frenchwoman who lets a season pass without wearing some version or other of it. This one, by Hugh Beresford, is a tangy red ottoman silk, with thick bright blue pipings and feathery pom poms

PEASANT

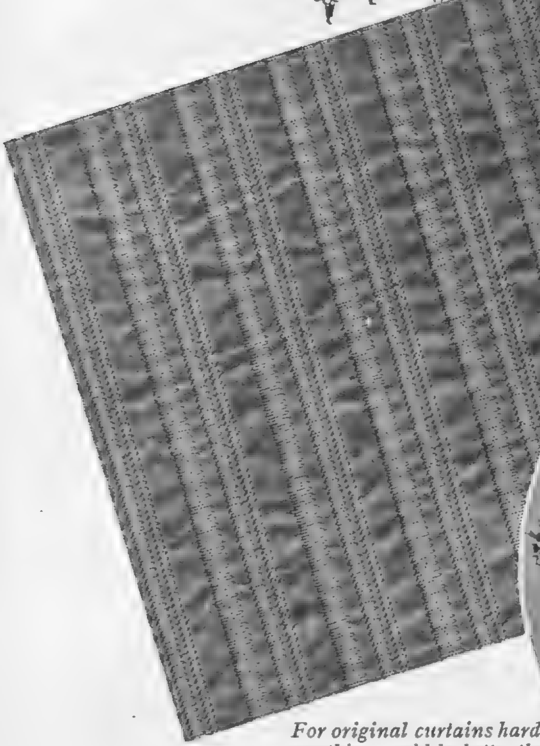
SAILOR



Another hat which you wear right back on your head to show a high curly hair-do. The coarse shiny straw is a beautiful colour, a sort of rare Italian blue. The veil, which falls softly to the chin, matches. (Blue eyes would match, too.) The crown is round, and trimmed simply with petersham ribbon. From Madelon Chaumet

This flat sailor has a double brim, which splits open at the edge to be lined with maize-coloured petersham ribbon. Aage Thaarup, whose hat it is, is featuring lots of black and maize. The straw is fine and shiny. Take notice of the crown, slightly squared at an angle in front, and round at the back, with a funny open-mouth movement on the top

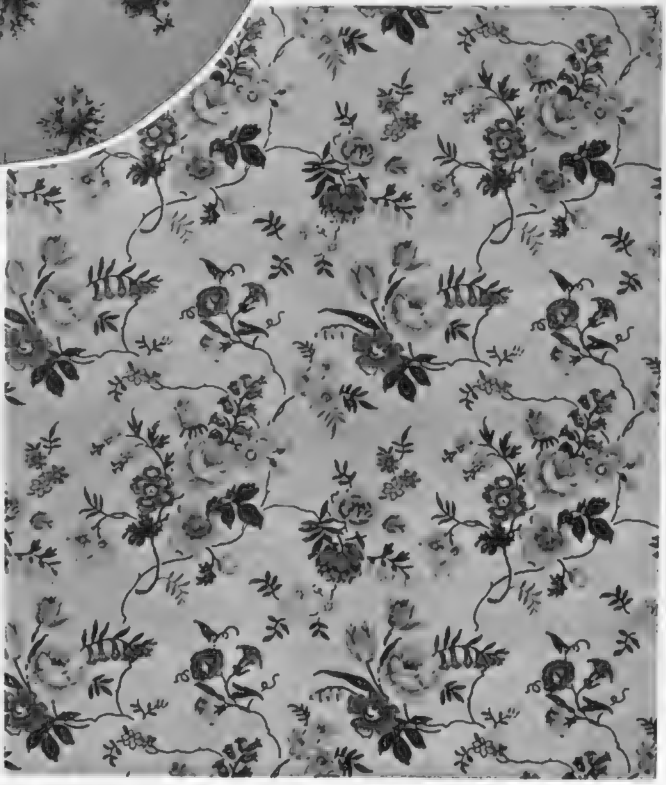
Curtains and Covers



For original curtains hardly anything could be better than Celanese ribbed taffeta. This one is in a delicious turquoise shade. 50 inches wide, price 8/11 yard

A Rosebank glazed chintz with all the freshness of the country in its design. The background is cream lightly dotted with brown and the rosebuds are in richly shaded green, rose and touches of yellow. 31 inches wide, price 3/- yard

Cream is again the background colouring of the Rosebank cretonne shown below. The design shows wild flowers in their own colouring and the price is 1/11½ yard, 31 inches wide



SPRING scheming will be pretty sure to lead you to new curtains and covers in the house. Probably one of the simplest and most effective ways of pretending that you have had a room entirely " done over " is to introduce new fabrics.

There are two ways of doing this, however. You can re-drape windows and cover chairs and the new fabrics will hang, limply, without bringing a fraction of new interest or novel colouring to their setting. On the other hand, you can do the same thing and the room takes on a new vitality, an unexpected charm which quite obliterates these shabby places which have been teasing you so long.

It is entirely a matter of selecting the right type of design for the room ; the design which stands out in colourful emphasis when colourful emphasis is required or which falls, discreetly, into soft abeyance when conditions demand that it should.

Without renewing the wall treatment or the main furnishings of a room you can completely change the colour scheme by the introduction of new fabrics. Imagine, for instance, a bedroom with cream walls and woodwork.

You have had rose-pink curtains and bedspread and a green carpet. You want a change—a complete change, but you want to achieve it at the least possible cost.

Here you are, then :

Out go the rose curtains and bedspread. They were all right at first, but you 're tired of them now and, in any case, the colour combination is commonplace. Let 's look for something more stimulating.

Take the Rosebank chintz in the centre of this page. It has a cream ground lightly spotted with brown and, over this, a prim rosebud design in shaded green, rose and light touches of crocus. It is 3/- a yard.

Make your curtains of this. If the window is small and of the cottage type, add a pleated pelmet, if it is a long window, make the curtains hang in straight, rich folds, and screen the windows with curtains of frilled furnishing ninon in palest green.

Now for the bedspread. A single bed will look charming dressed up in a cover to match the curtains, but if it is a double bed, and the room is not a large one, avoid the chintz bedspread unless you want the room to seem overcrowded with rosebuds, because even these can pall.

A cream candlewick bedspread with an eiderdown covered in the chintz is a better idea. Put cream shades on the lights and add touches of pink and green.

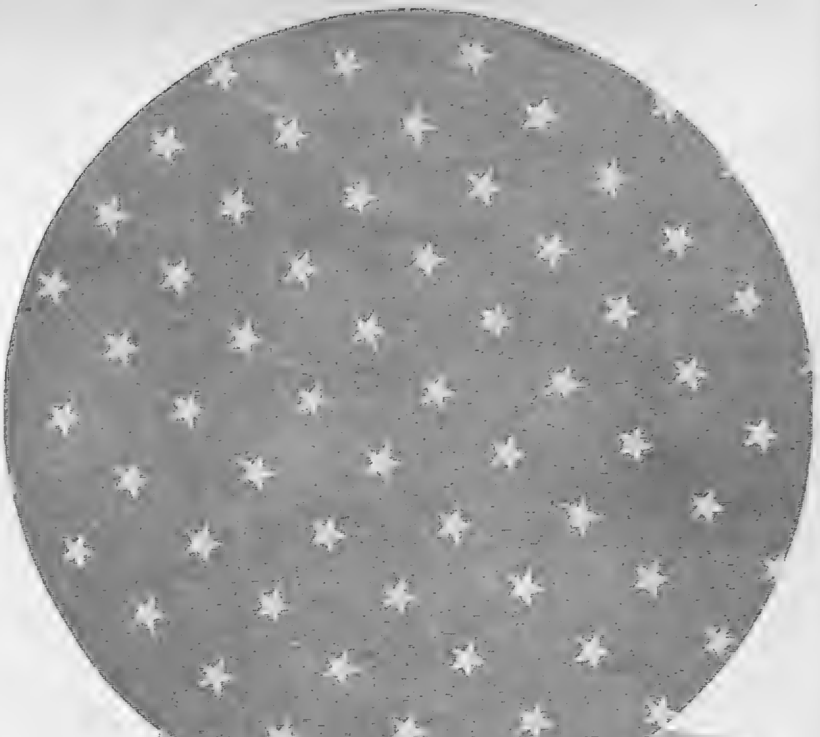
Chintz chair covers are growing more interesting and varied lately than ever before. Decorators who have grown tired of the simple straightforward slip cover are introducing new styles which serve to give greater interest to the simple lines of the modern easy chair.

One rather low tub chair shown to me recently was covered with the striped Rosebank chintz shown on this page. That is to say, the arms and the inside of the chair were covered with this material, while the back and the outside of the arms were covered with a plain chintz in the soft green colouring of the stripes.

The effect of this was to enhance the colouring of the figured chintz and to give a much greater interest throughout.

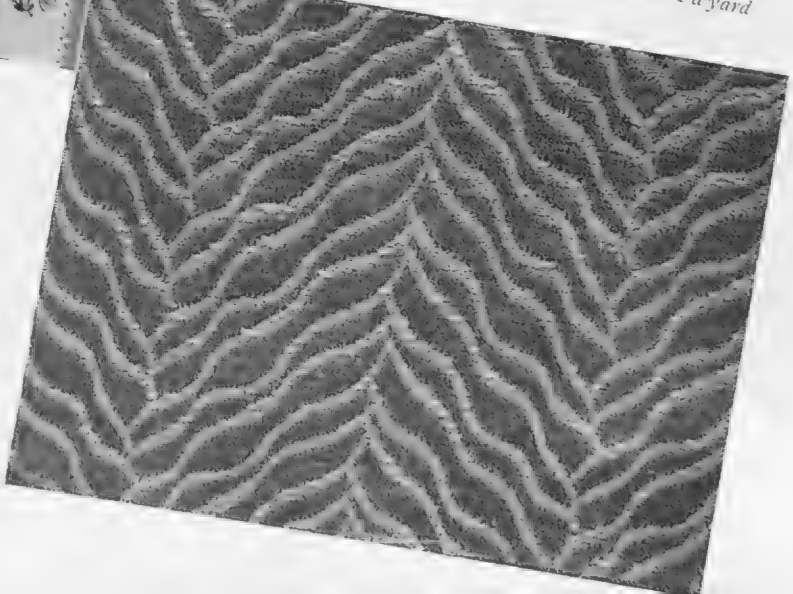
A much heavier type of easy chair, with a trimly tailored cover of the figured satin shown at the foot of this page, had a trimming of wide ruffled braid matching the lighter tone in the design. Much more effective on a severely modern chair than a plain finish.

Something quite new in furnishing fabrics is Rosebank Culbaleen. This fabric, which is thirty-one inches wide and costs 2s. 11d. a yard, has practically all the appearance of the popular glazed chintz with the advantage that the glossy surface is permanent and remains, equally bright, after the fabric is washed.



At the top you see a specially attractive glazed chintz with beige background and a white star design. 31 in. wide, 2/9 a yard. Below it is the new Rosebank Culbaleen fabric, which looks like glazed chintz, but retains its sheen to the end of its days despite repeated washing. It is 31 in. wide and 2/11 a yard

Glazed chintz again, this time with a Victorian note — ideal for present schemes. Wide stripes in green and white are peppered with conventional sprig design in green, pink, blue and yellow. 31 in. wide, price 3/3 a yard



For upholstery the Celanese figured satin on the right is a great luxury. It is also a good choice for heavier curtains at the big window. There are several shades of colouring to choose from. The width is 48 in. and the price 6/11 a yard

Patience, Richard and John Abbé wrote a delightful book, "Around the World in Eleven Years," as a result of their travel experiences

BUT ARE

Children of to-day are said to be graceless, forward, ungrateful, lacking in respect for their elders, giving no thought to their parents, full of their own importance. Worst of all, they actually grow up without ever being children; for, from their first crow, they are precocious.

That is what everyone says.

As the mother of three children, I have to admit that the way of managing babies to-day is to try to turn them into frighteningly independent automatons from the moment they are first robed.

They are dobbed down into their cradles, and there they remain between feeds whether they cry or not. They are not to be jigged, rocked, or cuddled. (Thank Heaven that they are, sometimes.)

They are weighed before and after meals. If they have gained the right amount, they are not allowed to have any more; not even if it's a cold day and they happen to be hungry. Nor are they ever allowed to have less; nor are they allowed to gain more than a certain number of ounces a week, or their feeds are reduced.

And they can yell the house down, if so inclined, between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., or 3 a.m. and 6 a.m. The grown-ups will only stuff more cotton-wool into their ears, for imagine, if they should pick the child up it would only be teaching the baby to try *that* again.

Psychologists say the first six weeks of a human being's life are the most important for nerves and character foundation. Do you wonder, then, that the child of to-day is hard-boiled? Certainly no adult would stand being treated to the routine accorded to a new-born babe.

Later on in the child's life the parents may or may not indulge in baby-talk. It is unlikely. Baby-talk is becoming as outworn as swaddling-clothes. *Let the infant kick and find its feet* is the motto to-day.

To encourage their self-expression, they sometimes attend discussions and vent their opinions on subjects they cannot possibly understand. "It's so amusing to listen to them; they're so original; not a second-hand idea. It teaches them to think for themselves," say parents.

Even in homes where this "forcing" does not take place, birth, marriage, crime, the boy-friend, girl-friend, housekeeping, finance, income tax, burglars, are freely discussed before the children. There is scarcely a subject considered unmentionable, few that are disguised for their benefit.

So the facts of life rain down hard upon them during their most impressionable years. True, they are mostly sheltered from the full force of these facts, for they are still onlookers. But this is what is presented to the window of their minds instead of old-time elves and fairies.

Small wonder again, then, that they appear so acutely worldly-wise and answer back as an adult's equal. "Hit back," an aunt says, expresses it more accurately, when she receives a reply from a small eight-year-old that leaves her winded. Why, she couldn't have thought of such a reply at twenty-eight. She was never brought up to think like that at all.

No, her mind was swathed in baby-talk, in pretty-pretty fairies and make-believe; her intelligence was overlaid from the start, prevented from growing up. But *she would have been just as sharp and advanced at eight years old* had the grown-ups of her world treated her as one of themselves; had her background vibrated to the ever-changing stimulation of radio, films, air-pageants, newspapers, motor-buses; had she heard a never-ceasing chorus in praise of youth and a call to youth to catch out the grown-ups and make them look fools.

All she was told was *to be seen and not heard.*

To-day, guidance has been sought from Solomon's "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." That is the fashionable proverb: a proverb, she thinks, that can be overdone. It can. But there is no need for alarm.

Children have not become precocious, not abnormal. It is contacts, not children, that have changed. Children would be abnormal if they had not reacted to those contacts.

Just as Patience, John and Richard Abbé—the three American children who received their education by going round the world instead of learning about it—would have been abnormal if they had not reacted knowledgeably

By Winifred Loraine

THEY PRECOCIOUS?

and "precociously" to their Heaven-sent travel experience. Only watch some of our so-called blasé precocities at a pantomime or *Peter Pan*. Surely their enjoyment is keener than ours was, even though they are less likely to be overwhelmed by any treat, because treats are commonplace.

Many formerly so-considered treats, such as theatregoing, are part of every school's curriculum. And when grandmamma sighs and says "It takes so much to amuse the modern child," she is wrong. It takes no more to amuse an intelligent child than it ever did, but to-day's child will be critical of any entertainment offered, and it will take infinitely more to astonish him. And so it should.

This is one reason why to-day's child will not cry in shops for toys. Life is so replete with marvels, they can look at toys without becoming heart-burningly covetous.

Our grandparents cried in toy-shops. As children they went to the store-cupboard and sneaked goodies. Children don't do that sort of thing to-day. For, whatever charge can be levelled against the modern parent, the best they can provide is never kept for themselves: it is always given to the child.

If the housekeeping budget will only stretch to fivepennyworth of cream, the lion's portion of that cream goes to the child. Children are swift to realise that they get the best of whatever is going. Another reason why to-day's child rarely whines.

Less sentiment is apparent in upbringing; stress is laid on facts. Results are both good and bad. Tradition has gone west with the gradual disappearance of family churchgoing, fear of father, hushed voices before mother. Mother and father are generally called by their Christian names. They are playfellows.

It is too bad when father goes one way and mother goes another, for divorce is a poor background; and because it is so frequent many youngsters grow up with little belief in love. Little belief, too, in ambition, as they have heard too much about plans that have miscarried. There is some regard for money, not over-much, for money cannot always bring happiness or health. And health, according to modern instruction, is god.

Duty plays little part in a child's projected scheme of adult life, unless he or she has been given an *example*. Home examples are rare in this famous age of indiscipline.

(*Continued on page* 90)

WOMAN'S TALK

By Jean Burnup

JEAN BURNUP

As I write, it is a wet, stocking-splashing Monday morning, and life has handed out to me a bunch of those smaller misfortunes which are often harder to bear than the really big ones. So if I sound bad-tempered, humour me. It will only be for the first paragraph.

Well . . . I hate so much that I could practically slay the following :

Band leaders who come to the mike and say : " On behalf of myself and the boys." . . . Young girls who stroke my dog (a Scottie) and say, always in the same voice and accenting the same vowels, " He's *ra*-ther sweet." . . . People who make jokes about my name and/or say : " Your work must be *so* interesting." . . . Divorced husbands and wives who declare that since they parted they are better friends than ever. . . . Hosts and hostesses who say smugly, when you admire their lovely house, " We like it too."

There. I have got rid of a few repressions.

Now let me write about someone nice. Her name is Mrs. Anthony. Because she has charm, white hair and a young skin, she is a fine saleswoman of the commodity she handles so expertly, which is beauty knowledge.

Cyclax had the clever idea of putting Mrs. Anthony in charge of special treatments at their South Molton Street salons. Three of her specials are tired eyes, headaches and double chins.

A nervous headache she can simply while away with her hands. With a little home help from you, and a little patience, she will make eye lines and double chins just a bad memory.

I wish I had room to tell you more. But you might like to consult her yourself (no charge and no obligation, as they say). But ring for an appointment first, because she is about the busiest woman in town.

Put this in your diary. . . . March 30 to April 24. Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia.

Going to the Ideal Home Exhibition has become a must. People go to it as inevitably as they buy their dog licence or have the chair covers cleaned.

This year, apart from the Coronation pageants and tableaux, one of the high lights will be the All-In Home. You will see the ultimate in built-in furniture—built-in wardrobes, dressing tables, sideboards, dining tables, bookcases, divans. . . . It seems that everything around the house can be built-in, except husbands.

With every good reason, William Hollins and Company Limited—Viyella to you—are feeling a little above themselves just now.

The good reason is they have got Schiaparelli—I seem to have heard that name before somewhere—to style their new spring range of fabrics.

Some of these are heavier than what you knew hitherto as Viyella, which makes them grand for spring and summer suits. They sell at five and eleven a yard. Ask for Viyella Thirty Six, Special New Dress Weight. All the designs and colourings are superb. My starred choice is one with a grey ground and vertical scribbly stripes of green, red and white.

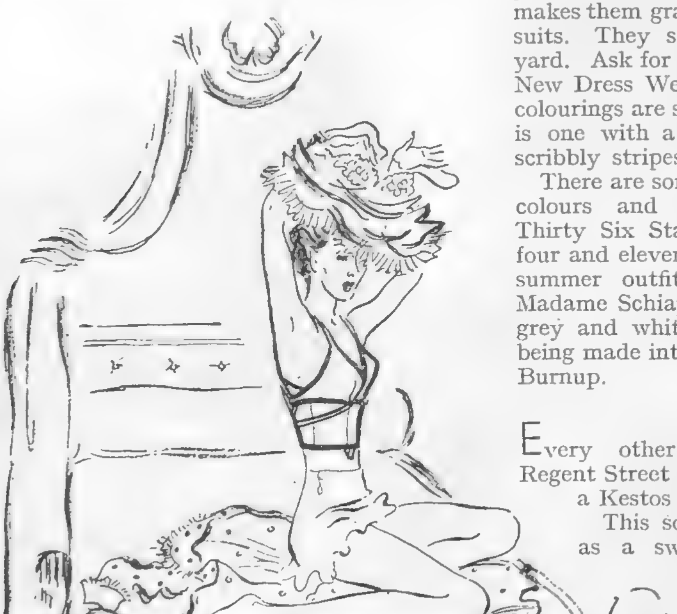
There are some brilliant, high-stepping colours and weaves in the Viyella Thirty Six Standard Weight (selling at four and eleven) for shirts and any gay summer outfits. Particular thanks to Madame Schiaparelli for the jade, plum, grey and white plaid, which is already being made into sports shirts for Madame Burnup.

Every other woman walking along Regent Street any day of the week wears a Kestos brassière.

This sounds like what is known as a sweeping statement. It is meant to be. Short of undressing them and getting arrested, you can't say I'm wrong, and I am sure I'm right. If you are an average woman, you wear a Kestos. We all do—have done for years.

Now, with their flair for producing what the writers of clichés call a long-felt want, Kestos have launched a diaphragm brassière, which you see on the girl in the drawing. It is a belt and strap attachment to the brassière and is designed primarily for the Juno-ish woman, though girls who are slim, yet still have a diaphragm roll, will say thank you for it too.

It smooths out every little piece of roll there is, and being adjustable in every possible direction, it gives unbelievable comfort and support.



Cochran's Coronation Revue dresses are lavish, beautiful, terrific.

If you like this kind of fact, you might remember to tell your grandchildren that there were 536 costumes all individual in design. That for one all-suede number they dyed 300 skins. . . . That lamé made from real silver cost Mr. C. three guineas a yard. . . .

When you go to a big spectacle show and see the name Rene Hubert on the programme as the dress designer, you can be pretty sure that you are in for something distinguished and beautiful.

Hubert is a young Frenchman who used to dress-design in Hollywood and is now in England, dressing most of Korda's films, and doing as many stage shows as are lucky enough to get him.

You probably think I have a bias because I know Rene Hubert and like him. You are dead right. I have.

Still, go and see the dresses in "Balalaika," and see if you don't agree with me. You will like the show anyway. Look at Muriel Angelus in her mediæval flowing flame velvet gown with its embroidery of gold kid, purple velvet and semi-precious stones. Make a note of that boldly plaided full-length taffeta evening coat, red and blue, tight to the waist with a flaring skirt, because that is the way evening coats are this spring.

Feeling the world is against you ? Here's a way to make it your oyster. At the corner of Great Queen Street and Kingsway there is a big truck showroom.

A notice invites you to pass your hand across the window where a light is fixed, and " start the world." You do so, and near by a great globe of the world starts to revolve. Very satisfying indeed.

THIS WAY TO COMFORT

THOSE who think of the gas fire as a friendly appliance which just "stays put" still have something to learn about comfort.

Scarcely any labour-saving appliance is more steadily improved than the modern gas fire. To a great many of us its improved shape and artistic colouring are the important differences noted, but there is more in it than that.

Technicalities are inclined to be dull, but if you value health and comfort you *should* know why the modern gas fire is a better friend to you than its older brother.

The "Beam" radiant is the result of patient and progressive development in radiant design over a period of years.

In common language this means that steady research has brought the gas fire to a point of efficiency where a much greater amount of heat is extracted from every therm of gas than was formerly thought possible.

The kitchen in Charles Laughton's London home, showing the most modern of Radiation cookers

A kitchen to touch the heart of every woman who loves efficiency. The New World Cooker has the patent Gas Match for automatic lighting.

That means economy, of course, but it means more. It means also an improvement in the *quality* of the warmth of the gas fire.

For years Radiation Limited have been investigating the factors which determine the reactions of the human body when exposed to energy emitted by radiant heaters.

The result of their experiments is the High "Beam" gas fire, which emits those short infra-red rays having the power of penetrating the skin and stimulating the blood-flow. This stimulation is definitely beneficial, and, in fact, is now regularly used in the treatment of rheumatism and neuritis.

Quite apart from its comfort and health-giving qualities, the High "Beam" fire is extremely decorative.

If you prefer your gas fire built-in so as not to project beyond the wall or surround, there is a specially designed built-in model available. The fixture of a built-in model is quite a simple matter and the fire can be fixed either at floor level or above it as preferred.

The illustration at the foot of the page shows a High "Beam" gas fire introduced into a delightful modern bedroom scheme. A marble surround, flush with the fire, gives importance, which is emphasised by a walnut panel on either side. The same wood is used for the attractive bed-head and for the dressing table, which is out of the picture.

Showing the progressiveness of Radiation gas appliances, we also reproduce pictures of two very modern kitchens in which two of the most modern types of Radiation cookers have a prominent place.

This design for a bedroom by Maurice Adams includes a High "Beam" Gas Fire

MENUS FOR A MONTH

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
Sardine Butter on Toast Roast Guinea Fowl Baked Potatoes, Green Salad Compote of Apples	Mixed Vegetable Soup Croquettes of Guinea Fowl Boiled Spaghetti Cheese and Fruit	Cream of Vegetable Soup Grilled Pork Chops Sauce Piquante Brussels Sprouts Mashed Potatoes Toasted Cheese	DINNER PARTY **Consommé in Cups** **Brill Mornay** **Chicken en Casserole with Potatoes and Mushrooms*** **Salad** **Cold Baked Pears with Cream**
Ham Omelette Vegetable Curry Rice Prune Purée	Clear Tomato Soup Mutton Cutlets Carrots and Brussels Sprouts Sautés Cheese Soufflé	Cream of Vegetable Soup Veal and Ham Pie Fruit Salad Cheese Straws	Tunny Fish and Celery Salad Roast Ribs of Beef, Horseradish Sauce Baked Potatoes, Spring Greens Creamed Rice
Poached Turbot, Hollandaise Sauce, New Potatoes Stuffed Tomatoes* Canapés Diane* Fruit	DINNER PARTY **Lobster Cocktail** **Poached Chicken with Celery, Suprême Sauce*** **Potatoes Duchesse** **Orange Salad** **Canapés Ivanhoe** 	Pilaff of Chicken Mixed Vegetable Salad Crème Caramel	Cream of Chicken Soup Roast Fillet of Veal Sauté Potatoes, Purée of Brussels Sprouts Cheese Fruit
Cold Ham Pickles, Salad Braised Cabbage* Stewed Fruit, Cream or Custard	Hard-boiled Egg Salad Roast Beef, Horseradish Sauce Baked Potatoes, Parsnip Purée Fruit Pie	Anchovy Croutes Beef Olives Endives Meunière Crème Brulée	Vegetable Soup Veal Chops Gratinées* Plain Spaghetti Green Salad Fried Apples

FRIDAY

Salade of Beef Vinaigrette*

Fish Cakes

Banana Junket

SATURDAY

Grape Fruit

Roast Fillet of Beef

Purée of Spinach

Baked Custard

SUNDAY

Clear Soup with Vermicelli

Cold Beef and Ham

Beetroot and Endive Salad

Sauté Potatoes

Jam Puffs

Leek and Potato Soup

Cold Roast Beef

Potato Cake, Beetroot Salad

Fried Apples

Cheese

DINNER PARTY

Smoked Salmon

Escalopes of Veal with Mushrooms and Cream Sauce

Sauté Potatoes

Braised Celery (Separate Course)

Pineapple Salad with Crushed Macaroons

Grape Fruit

Roast Pork, Apple Sauce

Rissolés Potatoes, Red Cabbage

Chocolate Pudding

Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms

Cold Veal, Mayonnaise Sauce

Fried Potatoes

Salad

Apple Flan

Croquettes of Turbot

Beef Tournedos, Madeira Sauce

Sauté Potatoes

Sweet Omelette

Cabbage Soup

Mixed Grill

Creamed Carrots

Lemon Pudding

GOOD FRIDAY

Cream of Vegetable Soup

Salt Cod à la Basquaise*

Potato Purée

Scotch Woodcock

Fruit

Mushroom Omelette

Braised Calf's Liver

Potato Croquettes

Creamed Rice

EASTER SUNDAY

Clear Soup

Poached Turbot, Sauce Mousseline

Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce

Baked Potatoes, Peas

Rhubarb Tart, Cream

(*Continued on page* 123)

* Starred Dishes

Chicken en Casserole

The bird is dismembered raw and cooked and served in an earthenware casserole with small potatoes, mushrooms and tiny pieces of bacon. Add a little stock and white wine for the gravy.

Salade of Beef Vinaigrette

Use the beef from the soup. Add cooked potatoes, hard-boiled egg, tomato, and dress like a plain salad.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Use what is left of the pork for the basis of the stuffing.

Canapés Diane

Chicken livers rolled in thin bacon and fried. Serve on croutons of fried bread.

Suprême Sauce

Made like a Béchamel, using the stock from the chicken instead of milk.

Braised Cabbage

Keep back enough cabbage from the soup. Cook in the oven in a covered fireproof dish, with butter, salt and pepper.

Veal Chops Gratinées

Trim the chops, fry a chopped shallot, add stock and a little white wine. Dip chops in this, sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs and cook, with the liquid, in a very slow oven till tender and nicely browned. Baste often.

Salt Cod à la Basquaise

Soak cod as usual, cut in pieces and cook with sweet peppers, tomatoes, tiny piece of garlic and water, also butter and plenty of pepper.

Soups

Always make enough for two days. For vegetable soups, serve one day with vegetables, the next with these squashed through a sieve, and bind soup at the last minute with yolk of egg diluted in a little milk.

In giving this collection of menus, one for every day of the month, I have not specified whether the meal is luncheon or dinner, as I think the menus can be easily adapted to both.

If you find the menu a little long for a luncheon or short for a dinner, it can be adjusted easily by adding a little something or removing one course, as the case may be.

Write to me at *Britannia & Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope, if you want more details of any dishes.

BY A. H. ADAIR

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

Have you a beauty problem that you will hardly acknowledge even to yourself? Lots of women have. And because they hate to admit its existence they just kid themselves it isn't there. Unfortunately, other people are not so blind.

A major problem is hair on the face. Put like that, it sounds pretty crude. Yet it is a problem that affects nine women out of ten.

Many women, I know, do nothing about it for two reasons: expense of removal and fear. Many treatments are expensive and are often disappointing in result. But there are remedies, home remedies too, which can be used safely without fear of damaging the skin.

For instance, there is an excellent little outfit that is quite inexpensive, harmless, and simple to handle, and definitely weakens growth, which is the best news of all.

Many depilatories simply have the same effect as shaving. They cut the top off the hair, leaving the longest and strongest growth below the surface. This special facial depilatory attacks the roots. That is the whole secret of its success.

When I tell you that the price is only 3s. 6d. an outfit, with illustrated chart and full directions, I am sure you will feel it is worth a trial.

I am not yet one of those fussy old ladies who trot up and down railway platforms all of a twitter because they can't find a non-smoker. Neither do I wave a frail hand or cough deprecatingly if a whiff of cigar smoke gets into my lungs. In fact, I am something of a gift to manufacturers of cigarettes. But, like most women smokers, I do hate a smoky hangover in rooms in which I have to live.

The discovery, then, of an innocent-looking little lamp, not much bigger than a large scent bottle, that disperses smoke like magic (cooking smells, too, if any) and perfumes the air with the fresh fragrance of eau de Cologne, was a red-letter day in my domestic calendar.

The lamp stands about six inches high, and can be had in a variety of designs and prices. The special spirit which it burns is available in different perfumes as well as eau de Cologne. I am told too, though I haven't tried it for the purpose, that the lamp gives relief to asthma, catarrh and bronchial troubles.

Can you make perfect puff pastry? Neither can I. At least, I didn't think I could until someone introduced me to a new kind of rolling-pin that practically makes your pastry for you.

Aeration, it seems, is what dough has been looking for all its life—and seldom gets. Which seems a pity, for aeration puts the puff into pastry. With this new rolling-pin, the aeration process is automatic.

It is the spare-time invention of a chef. And the secret lies in the narrow grooves with which this pin is cut.

The chef's uncle, a woodcarver, made the first model, and when the chef tried it he found that the roller not only aerated and kneaded the dough at one and the same time, but that he used about half the amount of pastry required with an ordinary wooden roller. Also that his pastry rose like a bird without the aid of self-raising additions.

The roller is made of white porcelain with handles in gay colours.

Skirts, as you may have noticed on proud young women giving their new spring suits an airing, are shorter. Before the season is over, they may be shorter still. So it looks as if legs are going to be news once more.

If you feel your legs and ankles aren't up to sample, I should advise a course of reducing treatments at a salon I have discovered. I am most impressed by the method here. All the treatments are given under medical supervision.

The beauty course for legs and ankles (course of six) includes electrical treatment as well as massage by hand. The thoroughness of the treatment can be judged by the fact that ankles and legs once reduced stay as they are for a very long time, and do not need continuous attention.

Silk and textile firms use, for finishing purposes, a very special kind of soap that contains a high percentage of olive oil. It *has* to be a special soap if the gossamer-fine fabrics of which we make our lingerie and party frocks are to reach us unimpaired.

Now it is possible to buy the same soap in small quantities. It comes in petals. It really is grand for washing superfine stockings and anything special in the lingerie or lace line.

These soap petals are as good for washing the hair as they are for laundry work. They lather beautifully, leaving the hair supple and lustrous. They cost 11d. for a large-size bag.

Talking about hair, isn't March the darndest month for the scalp? I suppose it's something to do with spring; or perhaps reaction after months of sitting about in warm rooms, but the fact remains that in March most scalps need a treatment that is a contradiction in terms—something that is sedative as well as being stimulating.

I have lately been trying out a pomade made from the essential oils of plants, and I find it not only soothing but extraordinarily penetrative and invigorating—in fact, just what the doctor ordered for mad March hair like mine.

The pomade can be used as an auxiliary to a hair tonic made from bark or, if you really object to putting grease of any kind on your head (I always suspect this objection to be founded on laziness, for pomades cannot be rubbed into the scalp properly in a hurry), there is a special lotion entirely free from grease which acts in exactly the same way as the pomade.

Both of these preparations have had a long career and have their virtues endorsed by royalty.

By MARY YOUNG

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

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Barbara Gould
Hand Lotion
ESSENTIALS FOR THE NAILS

Barbara Gould's manicure set, comprising cream nail polish, polish remover, cuticle remover, nail white pencil, orange stick, cotton wool and emery boards in a chic white box outlined with red. Price 7/6. Her Hand Lotion and Cream are 6/6 each

"Dramatise Your Hands" is Barbara Gould's very sound advice to her clients, and with her range of manicure preparations to choose from, there is no reason why everyone should not have hands worthy of dramatisation. She has thought of everything that will beautify hands and nails, and in her six exclusive shades of cream nail polish you will find one to suit every gown and every occasion.

Call on her personally if you can; you will then be able to see the complete range of her preparations, and for 3s. 6d. you will have a perfect manicure in the luxurious and restful atmosphere of her Bond Street salon.

If your hands are inclined to chap and roughen, you will find Barbara Gould Hand Lotion the perfect emollient. It is a non-greasy lotion which is instantly absorbed. Perhaps you prefer a cream, in which case Barbara Gould Hand Cream will preserve the beauty of your hands.

Some women know just what they want when they set out on a shopping expedition; others find it more difficult to make up their minds. To these I would recommend a visit to the showrooms of Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, for here special individual attention and reliable and helpful advice is a service on which Madame Lilla prides herself.

A wide variety of new spring models is now ready, and the stock covers afternoon and evening gowns, excellent tailor-mades, tweed coats, coats and costumes of super-suede and cardigan suits in non-stretch knitwear, so that whether you are shopping for town or country activities you will experience no difficulty in finding just the right clothes.

Wedding dresses and gowns for the Courts can be chosen and executed from the newest designs, and as an exceptionally busy season is anticipated, orders should be placed as soon as possible.

Lilla makes a speciality of maternity wear, in which she has many very clever designs. Her famous smocks are obtainable, in a variety of styles and materials, from 15s. 11d.

Tailoring to measure, remodelling, the making up of customers' own materials, reworking and repairing of furs, are other services which Lilla offers her customers.

Victims of the recent 'flu epidemic have found that lost vitality, which is the outcome of high temperatures and low diet, has been responsible in a number of cases for subsequent depression, nerves and sleeplessness.

To combat these symptoms, extra nourishment is needed to restore energy and build up resistance, and a food that has proved invaluable and has the keenest support of the medical profession is Horlick's Malted Milk.

A glass in the middle of the morning is a great restorative, while a nightcap on retiring helps to induce sound, natural, unbroken sleep. Horlick's is obtainable everywhere, price from 2s. a bottle, either plain or chocolate flavoured.

One of the golden rules of health is to start the day with something light, nourishing and digestible. Bearing these qualifications in mind, Shredded Wheat must be given full marks as a breakfast food.

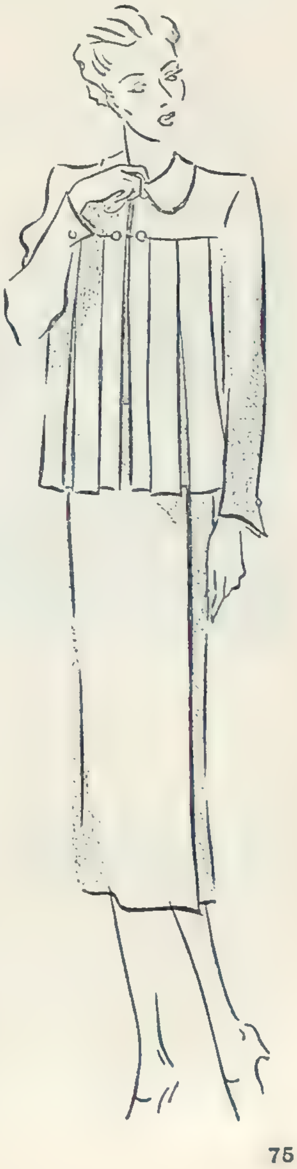
It is highly nutritious and complete in every way, being rich in body-building proteins, energising carbohydrates and bone-forming mineral salts.

Its whole story begins and ends with cleanliness. When the wheat arrives at the factory, which is situated in Welwyn Garden City, unpolluted by smoke and grime, it is subjected to nine different cleaning processes in order to ensure absolute purity, and during the whole process of manufacture Shredded Wheat is never once touched by hand. Even the girls who pack the biscuits into the cartons wear rubber finger-stalls.

There are numerous ways of serving Shredded Wheat at any meal. For breakfast, after frying sausages or bacon, take these out of the pan and place one or two Shredded Wheat biscuits into the remaining fat. Fry until they are nice and hot. They make an appetising addition to the breakfast dish. And here is a recipe for a delicious nursery pudding.

Ingredients: Two Shredded Wheat biscuits; two eggs; one pint of milk; two oz. sugar; raspberry jam.

Method: Spread a layer of jam in the bottom of a well-greased pie-dish; break up two Shredded Wheat biscuits and sprinkle in the dish; add sugar; beat eggs well, add milk; pour this mixture over the dish and bake in a moderate oven for about ½ hour. Serve hot.



A white-flecked wool maternity two-piece from Lilla has a deep wrap-over skirt set on a white washing silk top. The jacket has a double box pleat at the back. Price £4 14 6 and is obtainable in many colours

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TRULY, this is a labour-saving age. Nowadays even a puncture costs only a trifle in time and exertion, if the car is fitted with Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks. You just sit in the driving seat and work a little handle. In less than a minute the car is completely off the ground, and the wheel can be changed without any fuss or bother.

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CRICKLEWOOD LONDON, N.W.2

Ill-Equipped Cars *are* being Scrapped

By The Earl of Cardigan

SOME of the regulations which have lately come into force, or which are due to come into force in the near future, must be focusing a lot of attention on matters of car equipment. In future, it will not merely be obligatory for cars to be maintained in reasonably good order; it will also be necessary for them to be equipped in an up-to-date manner with certain safety devices which are of proved usefulness.

Only a few months ago, owners of old cars were faced with the necessity for fitting safety glass to windscreens, in place of the ordinary glass which was considered adequate a few years ago. Before long, dipping head-lamps will be compulsory, and many an old wiring system will have to be redesigned. Other regulations of the same sort are in store.

What it comes to is that the "luxury" equipment of yesterday has become the needful equipment of to-day. We need not hesitate to draw the obvious conclusion—that items of equipment which to-day may be deemed luxurious will to-morrow be considered essential either for safety or for ordinary convenience.

IN seeing to the equipment of a car, it does not do to underrate convenience, even if one's own tastes happen to be Spartan. A well-equipped car is a saleable car, whereas an ill-equipped car is difficult to dispose of. I do not say that, if an extra £10 is spent on equipment, a car is permanently worth £10 more in the open market. My point is rather that, in a few years' time, it will stand out as a car which is a little above the average. It will not be obviously "dated" by its lack of desirable accessories. It will more readily commend itself to a second purchaser.

As an example of this, I feel very confident that a time will come when some form of easy jacking will be regarded as quite essential. The idea of having to grovel underneath a car in order to fix a jack into position will seem positively barbaric. Indeed, it may be argued that this is already the case, and that cars in which the jacking problem has not been dealt with are even now to be considered antiquated.

(Incidentally, how extraordinary it is that that comparatively rare event—a puncture—invariably takes place when one is wearing one's best suit of clothes! The damage to the cuffs and the trouser knees is always the most distressing memory of such an occurrence.)

THERE are now, of course, several jacking systems available, and in general use by manufacturers, which are permanently fitted to the chassis and may be brought into action without any delay or mess or difficulty. Perhaps the best known is the "Jackall," which works on the hydraulic principle. It is standard equipment on many of the new cars, and can also be obtained, to bring any old car up to date, from Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the makers of all kinds of accessories.

Many unique attractions may be claimed for the "Jackall." First of all, it is very light to operate. To raise a heavy car by this hydraulic means would not overtax the strength of a child, and to lower it again is simply a matter of turning the release knob. The jacks then are returned by internal springs into their housings, where they detract little or nothing from the normal ground clearance.

Another special point is that, as ordinarily fitted, the "Jackall" may be operated from inside the car. One lifts a corner of the floor mat and discovers the control box. A handle—which may be kept under the seat or anywhere near by—is fitted into place, and it is then merely a matter of keeping up a gentle to-and-fro movement until either two or four wheels have been lifted. Only after this does one have to get out to change the wheel or do whatever it may be.

THE hydraulic action of the jacks is, of course, singularly smooth and frictionless, while the degree of reliability is extremely high. Modern hydraulic mechanism is *not* liable to "spring a leak," but may be trusted to do its job with perfect regularity. In any case, the "Jackall" has been known and tested for a good many years—while the reputation of S. Smith and Sons has stood at an enviably high level for longer than most motorists can remember.

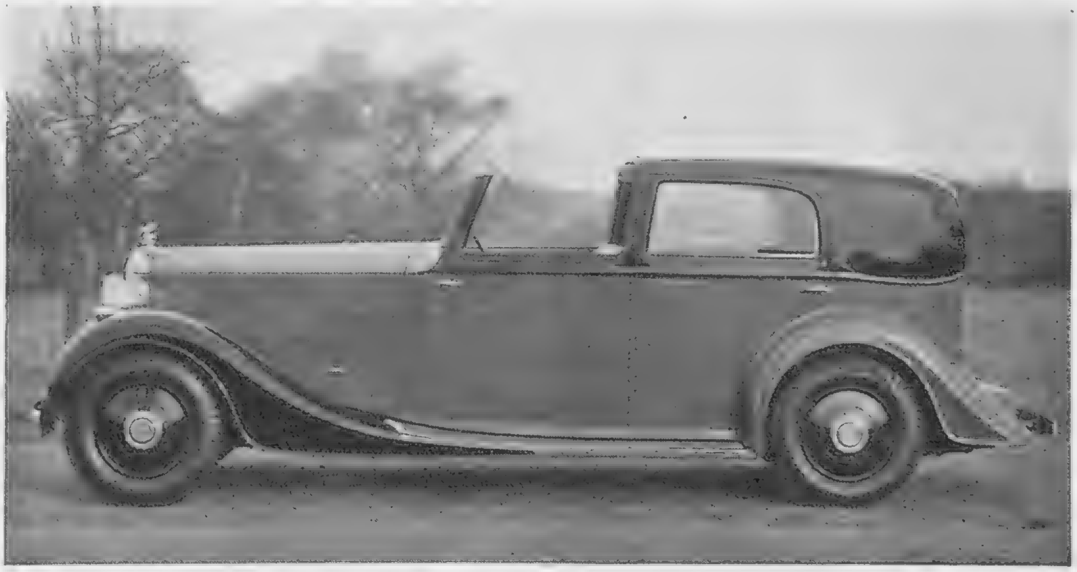
I had intended to mention other items of equipment also; but probably I should not have found a better example than this of an accessory which is fast becoming indispensable. It may never become compulsory: old-fashioned jacks are irritating rather than dangerous. At the same time, one can easily foresee that the car without permanent jacking is destined to seem antiquated in the comparatively near future, and to depreciate in value as a direct result of its incompleteness of equipment.

The New Studebaker: A Correction

APPARENTLY, when I drove one of the latest Studebakers—described in the January issue—I deprived myself needlessly of what would have been a pleasant and unusual experience. The roads were wet, and I "funked" using the over-drive, being under the impression that I should have to free-wheel while running in this extra-high gear.

This, I now learn, was a complete misapprehension. I should have had to use the free-wheel in the first instance—against which I have no prejudice at moderate speeds—but the transmission would have become "fixed" as soon as the over-drive began to operate. Thus I could have enjoyed more speed at lower "revs" without any lessening of security.

Evidently I ought to have had more faith in the Studebaker designer—also in Henlys, Ltd., the distributors.



PHANTOM III Rolls-Royce Sedanca de Ville, supplied by The Car Mart, Ltd., to Captain the Rt. Hon. Euan Wallace, P.C.

MISS EDITH PARNELL examines the engine of the Hillman Sixteen "Hawk" which she drove in the Monte Carlo Rally. One of the features of this car was its special central heating which cut out the need for overcoats and mufflers. Miss Parnell was accompanied by Miss Joan Cotton, started from John o' Groat's and succeeded in obtaining fifth place in the Ladies' Cup

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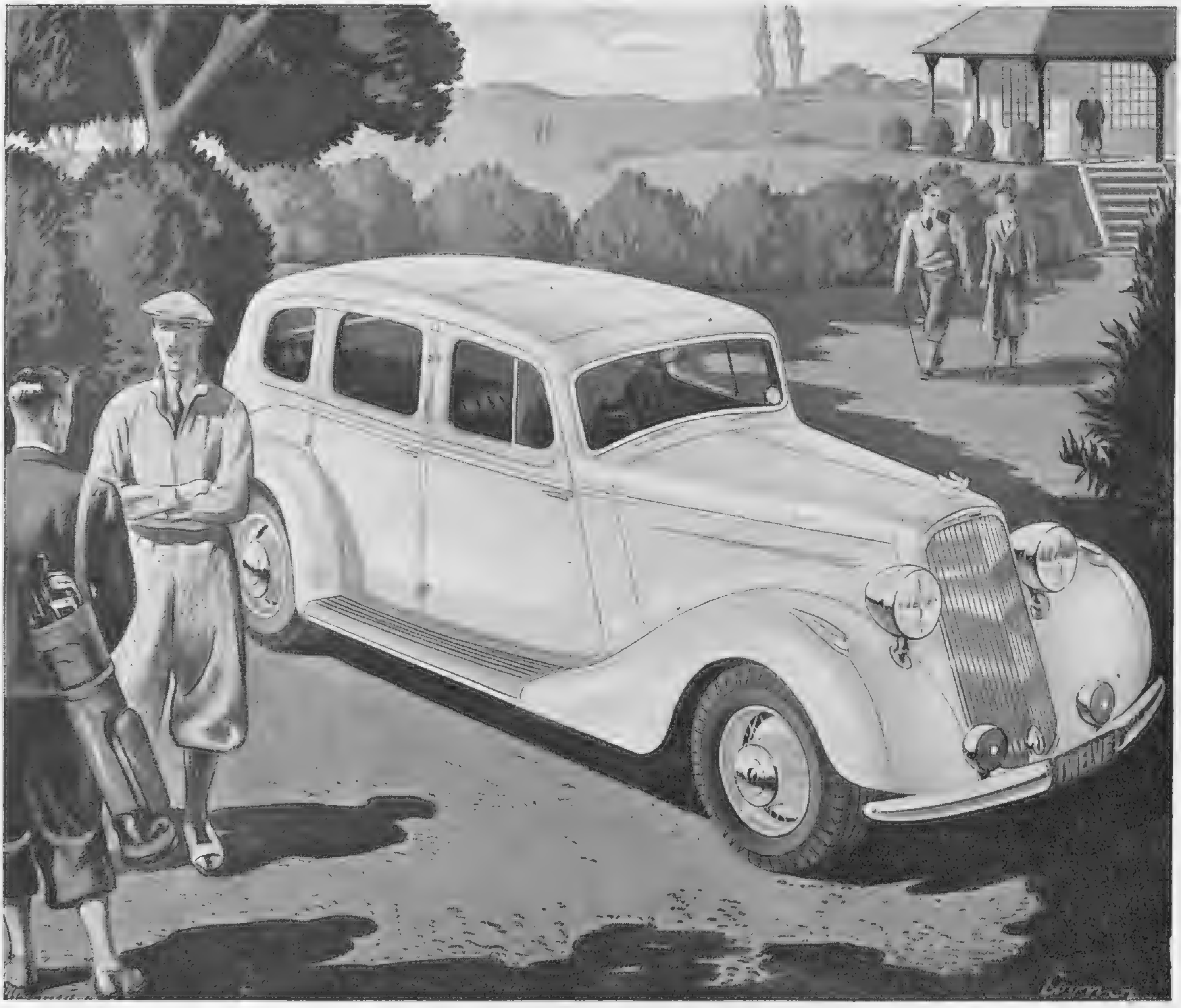

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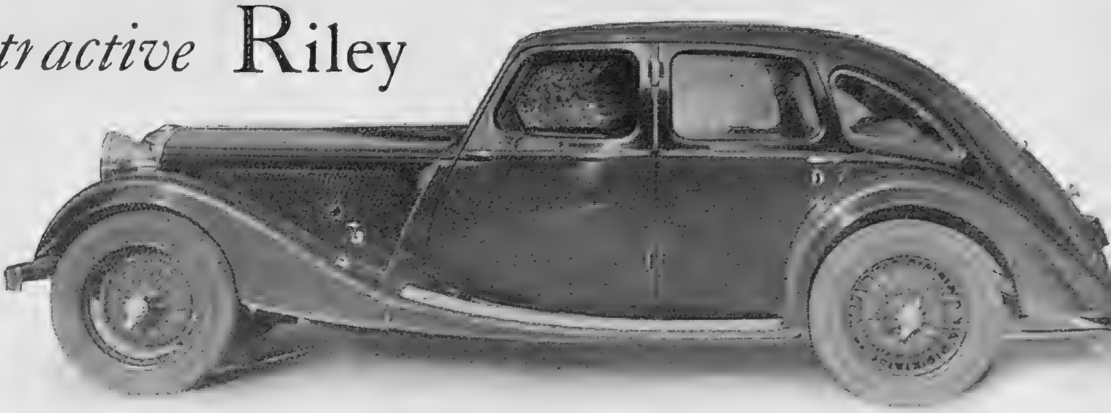
A Very *Attractive* Riley

The 1½ Litre "Kestrel Sprite"

By The Earl of Cardigan



As is the case with every Riley, the "Kestrel Sprite" model on the 1½ litre chassis is immediately attractive to the eye. The stream-line effect is combined with beautiful proportions

WHAT a lot of good words are overworked, or even misused, when vendors of motor cars set out to write their pamphlets and their catalogues! Adjectives such as "unique" or "individual." One might think that every car on the market was uniquely individualistic.

To be sure, English cars as a whole have a good deal of individuality, especially by comparison with the cars of other nations. At the same time—if we are to be brutally honest—there are a great many vehicles on the road of which it could more truthfully be said that they are just "good plain cars." For practical purposes, they are none the worse for that. They do their job—and do it very competently.

Let no one despise the orthodox, unpretentious motor car, whether or not it admits to that description. It provides sound and reliable motoring for a great many people who would not have it otherwise.

The Riley, however, must be catalogued differently. It really *is* distinctive. To look at, you would never mistake it for anything else. It has "lines" which are as much its own as the name inscribed on the radiator. The interior of the coachwork is a "Riley-ish" interior. The engine could not be taken for anything except a Riley engine.

The space in the stream-lined tail is not wasted, for there is a luggage boot of generous size which will hold a number of suitcases

This quality—which is genuine individuality—is certainly to be found in the new "Kestrel Sprite" model on the 1½ litre chassis. There is nothing freakish in its appearance; but the outline of it is new and different, with a lower roof and a longer curve to the back panelling than in any previous Riley.

The engine is highly efficient, with overhead valves driven by twin camshafts. It is capable of very high "revs," and thinks nothing of turning over at 5,000 r.p.m.

I am not quite clear as to how the overall height has been thus diminished. What is certain is that no body space has been "stolen." The amount of head-room is perfectly adequate, and the deep foot-wells provide for plenty of leg-room also. However much thought has been given to "line," the claims of comfort have assuredly not been overlooked. The driving position is well planned, and a good point—a rare one also—is that both front wings are clearly visible.

Not a moment need be wasted in gear-changing, for the gearbox is of the pre-selective type, and a bad change is an impossibility. A further asset is that the clutch operates automatically

The engine, rated at 12 h.p., is a four-cylinder unit, although it is smooth enough to be easily taken for a "six." It has twin camshafts to operate its overhead valves, and its efficiency, which was always high, has lately been increased by certain modifications.

The instrument panel carries a revolutions indicator, from which one may see that the Riley engineers are certainly not afraid of high "revs." This little engine can run up to 5,000 r.p.m., which is frankly almost an alarming rate to one who, like myself, is accustomed to sit behind a vastly bigger and slower aero engine turning over at a beggarly 1,500 r.p.m. The difference is tremendous; but I must honestly admit that the Riley at 4,000 or 5,000 r.p.m. does not seem to be exerting itself unreasonably. On the contrary, it appears to run almost more smoothly and happily as these high figures are recorded!

At 5,000 r.p.m. the very high speed of 60 m.p.h. is reached in third gear, while in top gear, at a slightly

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Riley "Kestrel Sprite" in Brief

Engine: 1½ litre (12 h.p.); four cylinders with overhead valves.

Transmission: Four-speed pre-selective gearbox, with automatic friction clutch.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 75 m.p.h. or more.

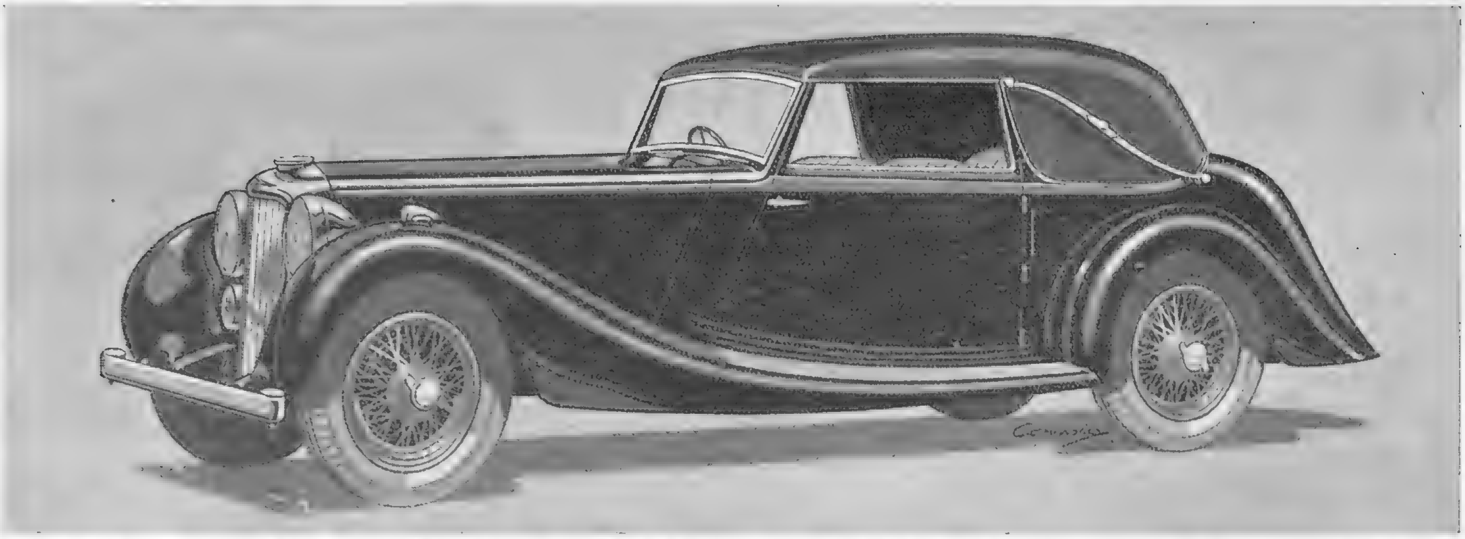
Springing: Firm semi-elliptic; excellent road-holding.

Brakes: Good mechanical.

Steering: Excellent.

Coachwork: Very attractive and adequately roomy.

Price: "Kestrel Sprite" Saloon, £398.



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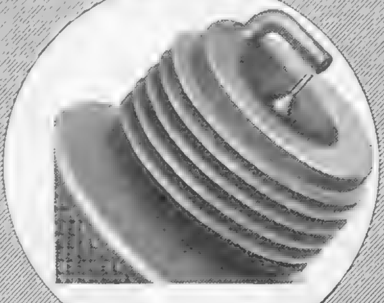

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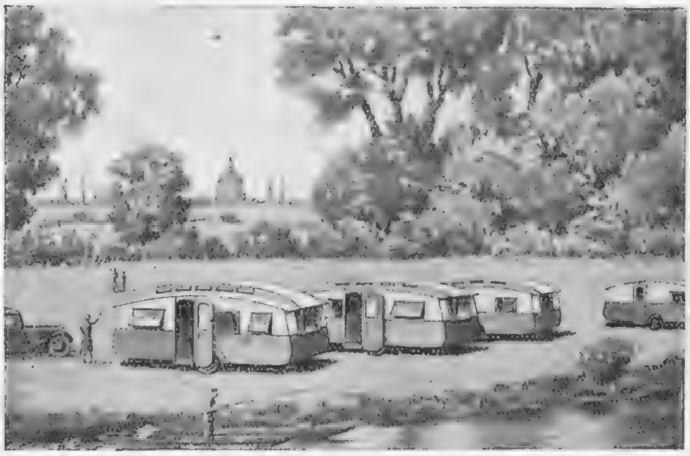

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THE *Chevrolet is a really big car in which five or even six people can easily be carried. Its engine power is ample, giving it an excellent performance on the road*

A Big Car *at a* Modest Price

The Canadian Chevrolet

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is no mere expression of politeness to say that the 1937 Chevrolet is a car that deserves to be much better known in this country than it is at present. On the contrary, one might fairly describe it as astonishing that any Chevrolet model should not be completely familiar to the English motorist.

To be sure, the "Chev."—as it is sometimes familiarly called—is very far from being unknown to us. At the same time, its name is hardly a household word on this side of the Atlantic.

This is odd, because we are generally prepared to take it that the American public knows a good automobile when it sees one. In the States the Chevrolet has an enormous sale. I am not in a position to give figures; but I can state that over a million have been sold.

Moreover, its good qualities are very evident, even on brief acquaintance. It is a large and comfortable car, with abundant power under the bonnet. The six-cylinder, overhead-valve engine is rated at 29·4 h.p., and is noted for its acceleration. It is entirely free from vibration, and remains silent even when driven at its maximum rate of revolutions.

To a large extent, we may attribute this smoothness, silence and general ease of running to the fact that the Chevrolet is a high-geared car. The top gear ratio is 3·7 to 1—as against the 5 to 1 of many English cars. The result is that the engine is enabled to do its work quietly at, I suppose, 2,000 or 3,000 r.p.m., instead of having to be pushed up to 4,000 or even 5,000 r.p.m., as would be necessary with the lower gearing.

THE *engine specialises in doing its work with extreme silence and smoothness. It is geared high—for the rear axle ratio is 3·7 to 1*

THE *driving position is most comfortable, and the wide front seat covers the full width of the car. The conveniently placed gear lever controls a synchro-mesh gearbox*

Incidentally, let no one suppose that, being high geared, the Chevrolet lacks anything in flexibility. It will do as much of its work in top gear as any other car that one can find. Even from a walking pace, it is quite ready to accelerate without the necessity for gear changing, and to make a smooth and rapid get-away.

There is, of course, no difficulty involved on those few occasions when a gear change becomes necessary Both second and top gears are synchro-mesh and can be engaged by merely pushing the gear lever quietly into the desired slot. It follows that the change "up" from first to second is a fool-proof one, whereas the change "down" from second to first, although technically more difficult, is so very rarely required that there is no need to worry about it.

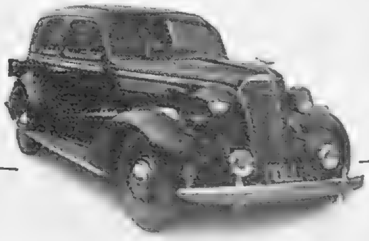
There is plenty of speed available—and all of it can be used, as I have indicated, without any risk of the engine being over-stressed. In second gear 50 m.p.h. can certainly be exceeded. (I did a good 50 m.p.h. on an up-slope.) In top gear 75 m.p.h. can be reached quite comfortably.

The steering is very light in action; but—to vary this recital of virtues—it is geared, in my opinion, rather too low. On the other hand, it self-centres nicely, so that, although one has to turn the wheel many times to get to the full lock, it spins back through one's fingers to the straight-ahead position without any trouble at all.

The springing is extremely comfortable, and on the de luxe models each front wheel is sprung independently, making the car almost impervious to the effect of pot-holes. Although the suspension generally is on the "soft" side, this Chevrolet holds the road very competently, and is not unduly prone to side-sway.

The brakes are hydraulic, and do their work with great efficiency. It is hardly necessary to add that they are also commendably smooth—for this is a well-known hydraulic characteristic. Being also automatically compensated, such brakes can be used at all times with a very high degree of confidence.

The coachwork is extremely spacious and the seating position, both in front and at the back, is most comfortable. Five people can be carried with ease, and—since there is a single, wide front seat—a sixth (*Continued on page* 83)



The Canadian Chevrolet in Brief

Engine: *Six cylinders with overhead valves, 29.4 h.p.*

Transmission: *Three-speed gearbox, top and second gears synchro-mesh.*

Performance: *Second gear 50 m.p.h. or more; top gear 75/80 m.p.h.*

Steering: *Light, low geared, but self-centres well.*

Brakes: *Excellent, hydraulic.*

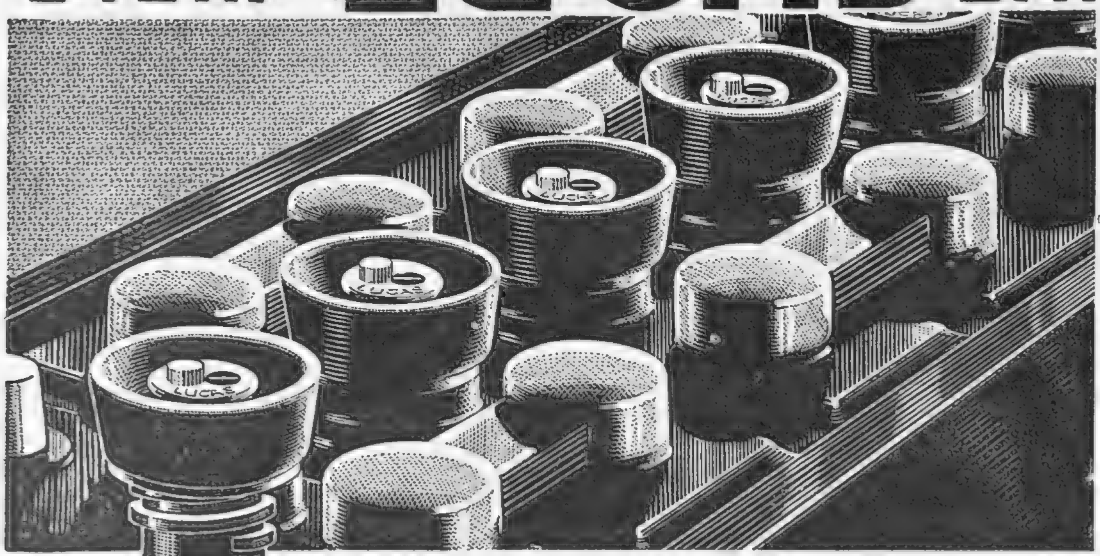
Petrol Consumption: *A definite 20 m.p.g.*

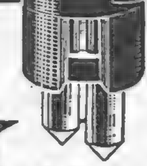
Springing: *Semi-elliptic in rear, independent "knee action" in front.*

Coachwork: *Very roomy, can seat six.*

Price: *Master de Luxe Sports Sedan, £338.*

EVERY LUCAS BATTERY HAS 2 YEARS INSURED LIFE!





Write or interesting booklet
" A Walk through a Modern
Battery Works."

You get **TWO YEARS' INSURED LIFE,** including six months' guarantee period, with all Lucas Batteries. At any time within two years of purchase your battery will be exchanged for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service.

SIX MONTHS' FREE SERVICE is available with every new Lucas Battery at any of our 500 Official Battery Service Agents. When you take delivery of a new car get in touch with our nearest agent and register for this service.

EXCLUSIVE NEW FEATURES include patented reinforced cell partitions; anti-corrosive connectors of special alloy; ★ patented combined acid-level indicator; vent plug and filler cup (extra to battery: 6-volt, 2/-; 12-volt, 4/-. Separately to fit existing Lucas Batteries: 3 vents, 4/-; 6 vents, 7/6).

Ask your local Agent for full details, or write for full list of Agents and Battery literature.

★ **LUCAS COMBINED FILLER CUP & ACID LEVEL INDICATOR**

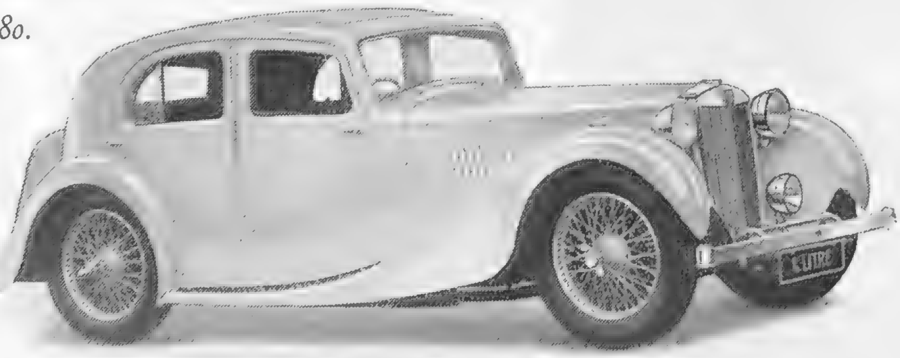
LUCAS C.A.V. ROTAX
BATTERY SERVICE

JOSEPH LUCAS LIMITED BIRMINGHAM 19

SAFETY MG FAST!

THE NEW M.G. 1½ LITRE. *Perhaps the first question which will come into your mind about the M.G. 1½ Litre is—where does it differ from the Two Litre? Frankly, apart from being a four cylinder instead of a six, as little as possible. But being less to buy, being a lower horse-power with less tax, having smaller running costs—it obviously cannot be quite as fast and as spacious. Actually it is the Two Litre in a slightly smaller edition—carrying that famous car's excellence and character—but showing you an appreciable saving. Saloon £325. Open Tourer £280.*

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom



Dunlops Triplex

SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD, ENGLAND

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE

•IL—3

The Canadian Chevrolet

can be fitted in next to the driver without any real inconvenience.

From the driving seat, it is perhaps a pity that the front wings are not visible. (I am thinking now of how a beginner may feel about it.) Minor virtues, however, are numerous. The direction indicators are so designed that they cancel themselves automatically after about ten seconds, so that the forgetful driver has no bother with them. Passengers are certain to appreciate the ventilation system, whereby fresh air can enter the car without causing any direct draught.

The price, for the "Master de Luxe" chassis with Sedan coachwork, is only £338. And there is the "Master" model (without independent front-wheel springing) which is available in saloon form as low as £268. This again, I think, justifies my contention that the latest Chevrolet deserves to be seriously considered by an increasing number of English motorists.

An Attractive Riley

(*Continued from page 79*)

lower rate of revolutions, the maximum is well in excess of 75 m.p.h. This represents a very fine performance for an engine paying only a £9 tax, especially since the rate of acceleration is good throughout the entire speed range.

Good road-holding has always been a Riley characteristic, and is perhaps even more evident than usual in the "Kestrel Sprite" model. On one occasion at least I pulled the car very brusquely round a corner (I was trying to get a fast run at a test hill), and there was literally no side-sway at all. The springing is naturally a little on the hard side, although very comfortable over the average road surface.

The brakes are thoroughly efficient, and the steering is just what one would wish it to be in a car that is likely to be driven at fairly high speeds. Another factor which makes for a good average is that gear changing is very nearly an instantaneous process, owing to the gearbox being of the pre-selective variety. There is no need to hesitate in dropping down to third or second gear—and there is no possibility of a "crash" change being made.

A useful feature for traffic purposes is that the clutch, although of friction type, works automatically. It is thus only necessary to accelerate the engine, and the car moves off smoothly of its own accord. When stopping one need only apply the brake, and there is no possibility of the engine being "stalled."

Apart from the fact that it does not make very generous provision for the driver's left foot, the Riley is thus very difficult to criticise other than favourably. It does its work, as I have shown, in a style of its own; and the result is calculated to make a strong appeal to the motorist who can appreciate a car which is a little out of the ordinary. To such a person, £398 will represent a very reasonable price.

Caravanning for Holidays and Pastime

WHO likes a holiday that is different! Well, caravanning is a holiday that is unlike any other. The secret lies in the fact that it never becomes monotonous. Every time the caravan is hitched to the car a new experience begins: new places to explore, new sights to see, and often new people with similar tastes to meet.

Do not imagine that a caravan is of use only during the annual summer holiday—and perhaps an odd week-end or so—many owners, particularly those of independent means, or whose business activities permit them to roam far afield, live in their caravans all the year round. Not everybody can be so carefree; yet there is a wide field of activity between the annual holiday caravanner and the all-the-year-rounder.

Many people think that "one takes the house work with one" when caravanning. But this is not the case, as Eccles caravans have been specially designed to dispense with all unnecessary labours, yet provide all the accommodation essential to the ordinary family.

Leading distributors all over the country have now practically standardised Eccles caravans for their hire fleets—because they know that those caravans will give complete satisfaction to their clients.

Eccles, Stirchley, Birmingham, are makers of a wide range of standard models of caravans—in fact, they are the only manufacturers producing them in large numbers—but they can, of course, build to a customer's special requirements, and frequently do so, although the standard models are considerably cheaper in price and are more readily disposed of secondhand.

As regards towing, the size of the car must to some extent control the size of the caravan towed, but Eccles or any of their distributors throughout the country will advise you which models are suitable for the car you possess. A special towing bracket must be fixed to the car, but this can be fitted at small cost, and within a few hours, either at Eccles works at Birmingham, or by any of their authorised distributors.

Eccles caravans are priced as low as £145 for the 1937 "55," to £435 for the 1937 "Senator," which is the most luxurious of the Eccles range of standard models, with sleeping accommodation for four persons. These caravans go to all parts of the world, and orders have recently been executed for India, the Argentine and Holland.

It is advisable for all caravanners to join the Caravan Club, an organisation which looks after their interests and provides numerous social amenities. The address of their headquarters is 12, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

So don't hitch your waggon to a star, but hitch a caravan to your car and enjoy a holiday that is different.

FAR from the madding crowd. An Eccles caravan in a delightful setting

Look *after your* **NERVES** *and your nerves will look after* **YOU...**

Treacherous weather! You must take extra care of yourself. Precautions such as wrapping up and keeping yourself dry are not sufficient. Go right down to the root of the matter—your *nerves*. Your nervous system is your own police force which keeps your whole body in order from within. It must be replenished sufficiently to give it the strength and vitality to resist illness and to keep you well. Phosferine is the finest of all elements for the nerves. It stimulates the vitamin activities so necessary and beneficial to the whole body. The result is you begin to feel the benefit of Phosferine almost as soon as you have taken it. Start protecting yourself with it to-day.

Build up your nerve resistance on

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for
DEPRESSION
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BRAIN-FAG

for
NEURALGIA
SLEEPLESSNESS
INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM

for
SCIATICA
ANAEMIA
DEBILITY
NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists,
TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

DAD!

SMITH MINOR'S GOT A RILEY!

Well, you know what I mean —his old man's bought one and the cheeky blighter goes swanking all round the school, that is, Smithy does. Lots of fellows hang round his neck so they can scrounge a ride next time old Smith turns up. 'Course I shouldn't mind a lift myself, but just because Riley's won the T.T. once or twice doesn't mean to say Smithy could win it, does it? . . . Oh, well, dad, I know our old iron goes all right. I was just sort of telling you. Er—Mother says you thought a new car . . . well, no, she didn't exactly tell me to say anything to you . . . well, not about Smith's Riley . . . I just thought . . . Oh, Dad, will you REALLY!

Models:
9 *h.p.* (*Tax* £6 15 0)
from £275
12 *h.p.* (*Tax* £9 0 0)
from £315
15 *h.p.* (*Tax* £11 5 0)
from £380

Every Riley has Pre-selectagear for easy gear change, an automatic clutch, the Lever-free front, inter-axle seating, Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass all round. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

RILEY CARS

Decorative Value of Bookshelves

(Continued from page 57)

Either the shelves may be given box ends or they may be terminated by a short upright or bracket which is the practical equivalent of a built-in book-end.

One advantage with the latter is that greater freedom of treatment is possible, and each and every shelf may be ended at a point which seems artistically right, without affecting the shelves above or beneath it.

Remember that for octavo volumes, such as the usual seven-and-sixpenny novel, bookshelves should have a depth from back to front of 8 inches, and between each shelf there should be a clear 10 inches. Shelves with these dimensions are suitable for volumes in a considerable range of sizes, but if your library is at all extensive, one or two wider and deeper shelves will almost certainly be necessary, and smaller, shallower ones desirable. The bigger shelves should occupy the base of a fitment and the smaller ones should be at the top.

A point on which decision is by no means easy concerns the respective merits of open shelves and bookcases with glazed doors. On the whole, it is often an advantage if both these types are included in the home.

The glazed bookcase should be used for first editions, limited editions, and works which, being exceptionally well printed and illustrated, need protecting from dust. The open shelves or open bookcases, on the other hand, should be used for volumes of a more ordinary kind, books which appeal to everyone, are in frequent use, and which should therefore be as accessible as possible.

When choosing a glazed bookcase, however, be sure to select one of a practical modern type. The best and most serviceable are designed specially to enable the title of every book on the shelves to be read without opening the doors.

END

Fashions

(Continued from page 58)

There are boleros. Classic, flowing lines with back fulness. Full-skirted chiffons and nets; stiffened gauze, sequin trimming, satin in odd shades like chestnut, begonia, mistletoe-green.

Coats, to a garment, are floor-length, sweeping, important, and made in taffeta, heavy satin, faille, brocade; plain, embroidered, printed. Victor Stiebel does one in white doeskin, with oak-leaves and acorns embroidered in gold wire. Glenny has a coat of bronze sequins with brown fox stole fronts. Worth, a cream satin coat with the widest hem in the world, lined with taffeta.

Hats are amusing and perchy, but no longer silly. There are no more high hats, far more brims, usually deeper at the front. There are wide, sweeping brims for Ascot, worn on the side to show a high hair-do. Crowns are low, square, moulded. There are fine straws, stiffened tulles, cellophane straws, novelty straws with much flower trimming. Black and fuchsia flowers on a bright yellow straw. Red camellias on black felt. Snowdrops alone, or with violets. A pair of La France roses.

Reports to date tell the good news that the American buyers bought.

Letters of Marque

(Continued from page 29)

ON the Massachusetts and Maine seaboard the seafaring population were privateers almost to a man in the days of the Revolution, and they carried their operations with incredible daring as far as the English Channel itself. At the same time whaleboats armed with a swivel in the bow lurked about the coast and made bold dashes on becalmed ships or vessels in harbours. In successive American wars many fortunes were made and lost in commerce-raiding, and in the fast Baltimore schooners evolved for the requirements of the time New England shipbuilders produced a type of vessel which was later to find its highest perfection in the famous clippers of the eighteen-forties and onward.

The piping times of peace, while they brought to most added opportunities for developing trade, were not equally welcomed by all. Men of the dyed-in-the-wool privateer type turned sometimes to slaving, sometimes to actual piracy, and a good many ended their careers on the gibbet. Their ships, too, passed into other trades, some good, some bad, and one, the *Polly*, was still afloat so recently as 1910. She was built in Massachusetts in 1806, and took a lively part in the war of 1812, carrying an armament of two Long Toms, one forward, one aft, together with a picked crew of twenty, armed to the teeth. During the war she was captured and retaken, and finished up with a score of prizes to her account.

The Quaker families of New Bedford and some other Massachusetts ports frowned, openly at any rate, on the privateering business. But many of the great shipowning concerns, such as the Derbys, the Crowninshields and the Winships, founded their prosperity largely on it, and one vessel alone—the famous *America*—took twenty-six prizes valued at a million dollars.

DURING the Napoleonic wars most merchantmen were provided with "letters of marque," and the ships of the East India Company's fleet were able to put up a good fight and even sometimes to win it against out-and-out men-of-war, as in the case of the engagement with Admiral Linois's squadron, for which Commodore Dance was knighted in 1804, while most of his captains received testimonials and swords of honour.

Not only the dignified frigate-built Indiaman, however, but all sorts and conditions of merchant ships were fighters upon occasion, and even the slow and odoriferous "blubber-boiler" carried on a brisk trade cruising against enemy shipping. Possibly the privateering business commended itself rather especially to the whaleman's taste. For one thing, he risked his life so often in the pursuit of Moby Dick's relations that other forms of danger held no terror for him; the system of shares, too, was one to which he was accustomed, and from his point of view there was a good deal to be said, particularly if he had had a poor cruise and was rolling home with his barrels only partly filled, for making up the balance by taking a fat prize or two.

One of these fighting whalemen was Captain Foster, of the sperm whaler *Policy*. In 1804 he engaged and took, after a brisk exchange of gunfire, the well-known Dutch privateer *Swift*, which after sailing for some time under French colours in company with two other privateers, *La Mouche* and *La Brave*, and taking a great number of prizes, had been sold to the Dutch and sent to cruise against the sperm whalers in the Moluccas. She had reckoned without her host in Captain Foster, however, who, though all but ten of his men were down with fever, made her strike, and, having renamed her *Sophia*, sent her to Sydney in charge of a prize crew, after which he returned to his whale-fishing.

A little later he spoke the whaler *Iris*, Captain Clarke, and the two skippers, according to "spouter" custom, had a "gam," or interchange of visits and deep-sea gossip. Of course Captain Clarke heard all about the

(Continued on page 87)

DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

Use Tangee every day—see it change to the one shade most becoming to you. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to glowing blush-rose. *Only* Tangee has this magic Colour Change Principle. Tangee *isn't paint*, so can't give you a "painted look." Paris says, "*Look natural.*" Use Tangee.

Use Tangee Rouge, too. Also contains Colour Change Principle — to bring natural *youthful* colour to your cheeks.

Just Before Bed, use Tangee—feel it smooth and soften your lips. No more faded "morning look." Doesn't come off on bed linens . . . Do not confuse Tangee Natural Lipstick—whose special cream base *soothes* lips—with cosmetics you must remove at night.

Try Tangee. In two sizes, 1/9 and 4/6.

Painted
Tangee

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

From all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

There is only one Tangee. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

LUFT-TANGEE LTD., 88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

WIDE VISION MEANS SAFETY!

"With no other closed car within my experience is it possible to see the scenery so well or the vista ahead"

says 'Owner-Driver' in the 'Motor'

An enthusiastic contributor to the "Motor," of January 12th, writing under the pen-name of 'Owner-driver' says: 'If I were a two-car man I think I would make sure that one of them was an Austin Eighteen saloon. I had a day trip in one of them during the week-end, and came to the conclusion that with no other closed car within my experience is it possible to see the scenery so well or the vista ahead. The big, wide windows and screen may seem to some motorists out of accord with current design, but, personally, I could not find the slightest suggestion of the démodé about the car as a whole. It reminded me of a modernised version of the stately homes of England, with its quiet dignity, comfort and sedate appearace. Nor is there anything old-fashioned about its performance. My own tastes run towards the smaller types of semi-sports saloons, and as I can only afford one car I concentrate on that type at present. But the great advantage of a roomy "observation car" like the Austin Eighteen must be manifest for a holiday tour, where the covering of distance is less important than appreciation of the beauties of the countryside—especially in hilly countrysides like the Lake District.'

NOTABLE FEATURES: Spacious comfort for seven people. Two folding auxiliary seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Adjustable steering column. Zinc interleaved springing. Pytchley sliding roof. Triplex toughened glass.

PRICES *(at works):* YORK SALOON - - - - - £328
CHALFONT SALOON - £335 HERTFORD SALOON - £298

Have you read the Austin Magazine for March?

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham encounter with the *Swift*, and Captain Foster then mentioned that a rich Dutch ship was shortly sailing from Batavia, and suggested the Ombay Passage as a likely place to fall in with the vessel, if Captain Clarke thought of having a shot at making a prize of her.

Captain Clarke accordingly set a course for Ombay; but his crew, who had also been "gamming" with the *Policy's* men, had heard that the intended prize was very superior to the *Iris* alike in size and armament, and went aft to mention the fact to their commander.

But Captain Clarke was one of the Drake stamp, blubber-boiler though he was.

"What of that?" he exclaimed. "We're Englishmen, aren't we, and they are nothing but d——d Dutchmen!"

The crew received this sentiment with a cheer, and were thenceforward as keen to fight as their skipper. When the Dutchman was sighted, however, it was soon evident that her metal was much too heavy for the *Iris's* guns to compete with hers, so Captain Clarke, nothing daunted, determined to run on board her. Ordering his men to stand by with their cutlasses and pistols, he himself took the helm and steered straight towards his opponent, regardless of the shots which fell round him like hail from the enemy's musketry.

"Captain, captain," shouted the mate, "you'll be hit! They'll pick you off, sure as death."

"Never mind me," replied the intrepid skipper; "stand by to board——" and fell, pierced by half a dozen musket shots.

The death of the captain took the heart out of his crew, and the *Iris*, abandoning the unequal combat, drew off, while the Dutchman, having evidently had enough of this aggressive whaler, continued on her way after a few more shots.

THE French privateers were numerous, fast sailers, and well armed, and at the close of the eighteenth century many of them had their base at the Ile de France, otherwise Mauritius, whence they sallied forth to prey upon the East India fleets.

In December, 1799, the East Indiaman *Pearl* sailed from Bushire, and three days later sighted a strange vessel, which had been hidden from view by the Great Tomb and by the hazy atmosphere. Captain Fowler, of the *Pearl*, hailed her, and received the reply in excellent English that she was the *Swift*, company's cruiser, from Bombay. Almost immediately afterwards a broadside, together with a volley of musketry, was discharged into the *Pearl* at close quarters. Captain Fowler fired a few shots, but, realising that he stood no chance in a fight, hauled his wind and tried to show the privateer a clean pair of heels. While tacking, however, he was struck down at the helm by an eight-pound shot, and the maintopsail tye being shot away, the ship was taken aback. Mr. Cramlington, the chief officer, upon whom the command now fell, had no alternative but to surrender, which he did, after throwing overboard three packets of papers for the Government which had been given into Captain Fowler's charge.

The pseudo *Swift*, which turned out to be the privateer *Iphigénie*, of twenty-two guns, from the Ile de France, commanded by Captain Malroux, now proceeded to appropriate the *Pearl's* treasure, and, having transferred Mr. Cramlington and some of his men from the prize, decided to return to her base. On the 10th, however, she fell in with the British sloop *Trincomalee* and the *Comet*, cruising in company, and after having been kept from coming to close action for two days by light airs, the *Trincomalee* and *Iphigénie* were at grips during the night of the 12th. The privateer had rigged out her stunsail booms with grappling irons fixed to them, and, locked thus, her crew were just swarming into the chains when the *Trincomalee* suddenly blew up. Every soul but two of the English ship's crew was lost, and the *Iphigénie's* side was stove in by the explosion, while the main and mizen masts were blown clean out of the ship. Mr. Cramlington was at the time on the orlop deck, which was crowded with wounded. The hatchway leading on deck was choked with fallen timbers, but a ray of moonlight, shining through the gap in the side, showed a hole, through which he climbed. There still remained the upper deck to negotiate, but a similar opening in that enabled him to make his escape, together with five or six others.

The *Iphigénie* was still moving forward, and Mr. Cramlington, running aft over the piled-up dead and dying, jumped into the sea and swam with all the speed he could muster away from the sinking vessel. She went down, as nearly as he could judge, within four minutes after the *Trincomalee* blew up.

Mr. Cramlington succeeded in catching hold of a piece of floating wreckage, upon which he kept above water for about two and a half hours, together with thirty of his late enemies and companions in present misfortune. All this time the *Pearl* and *Comet* were hammering away at each other so vigorously that they could not lower their boats to pick up the survivors of the sunken ships, and it was not until the *Comet* at last relinquished the fight that the *Pearl* was free to rescue them.

So far as the European Powers were concerned, privateering was finally abolished by agreement in the eighteen-fifties. The United States, however, was unwilling to relinquish the right to issue letters of marque altogether. Towards the close of the Civil War the Confederates declared their intention of fitting out a number of privateers to cruise against Northern shipping, and the North on their part were prepared to take strong counter-measures if the scheme matured. The end of hostilities, however, prevented matters from going any further, so what might have proved one of the most exciting chapters of the war's story never came to be written.

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Mother has put SHORTHEADS in the bathroom

She's introduced the Tek Shorthead toothbrush to the family—one for each member. She knows that the Tek is *cut to measure* and *cut to clean*—that it fits right inside the arch at the back of the teeth and cleans the crevices ordinary toothbrushes miss.

The Tek was approved *in writing* by 96% of dentists to whom it was sent. You can't get a substitute for Tek. Tek is registered—legally protected from imitation. To clean your teeth *from behind* as well as in front, you must get Tek, the original shorthead toothbrush.

BETTER TAKE TO A

Tek

SHORTHEAD TOOTHBRUSH 2/-

IT FITS THE ARCH

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

Tek is sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours; hard, extra hard and medium bristles.

MADE ONLY AT SLOUGH. Guaranteed Product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN 1/3
made to fit the arch of their little teeth

MORRIS

TEN-FOUR SERIES II (*Tax £7.10*)

SALOON (*Fixed Head*) complete with 4-speed gearbox	£172.10
SALOON (*Sliding Head*) " " " "	£182.10
COUPE - - - " " " "	£215
TWELVE-FOUR ENGINE - - -	£5 extra (*Tax £9*)
Additional for Jackall System on all the above models - -	£5

All prices ex works

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY
A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

(Sole Exporters : Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.145

Mountain Interlude (*Continued from page* 51)

to check her fall. There was an anxious moment as Gilbert and the guide held the rope tightly, but the rest of the snow bridge held, leaving her imbedded to her waist, her feet hanging above the cold depths of the *Schrund*.

"Don't struggle," said Gilbert, fearing that this might complete the ruin of the bridge, and inch by inch he pulled her towards him until she reached the lip of the *Bergschrund* and safety. He thought of what might have happened had Hans and himself been alone.

"Three are better than two for crevasses," he said apologetically, and tried to smile as he reached for the handle of her outstretched ice-axe and pulled her over the edge of the snow bridge.

Joan was safe, but Hans had still to get across. Could they swing him over on the rope without dashing him against the icy walls? It seemed impossible. There was only one chance remaining, and, harnessing himself sledgelike to the rope, the guide laid himself lengthwise on the snow at the beginning of the bridge, and called to them to pull him gently over in that fashion.

"Would the Fräulein like to wait here for our return? We could leave her a light that she might direct us on the descent," said Hans, imperturbably brushing the snow off his clothes. He might have added: "Perhaps after crossing the snow bridge you would rather not go higher." Joan understood the implication and, with a mannish gesture, tightened the belt of her windproof coat. Echoing the guide, she said "*Vorwärts*," and smiled at Gilbert as Hans went ahead to cut the first few steps in the steep ice.

Soon they were tensely preoccupied with the conquest of the great ice wall, Hans and Gilbert taking the lead in turns to cut steps in the hard ice, while Joan enlarged them ready for the passage of the party on its return.

The slope seemed endless, but at last Gilbert saw the guide, who was leading, quicken the tempo of his axe-strokes. They had lost sight of the other party as soon as they had started to climb; and for what had seemed hours only the fantastic skyline of fretted ice pinnacles and *séracs* had hung above then, outlined against a darkening sky, menacing them with the fear of an avalanche that would sweep them from their meagre holds. Now it seemed that the guide saw a temporary end to their difficulties; he shouted cheerfully, and apparently attached by some strange power to the ice, that was so steep that handholds as well as footholds must be cut, he sent down a steady stream of ice chips from his axe. Carefully Gilbert saw that his rope ran freely as he watched him disappear over the crest.

In a minute he felt the tug at the rope that was the signal to proceed, and anxiously made his way up the steep ladder of letter-box-like steps in the ice. At the top the ice wall was broken by a wide ledge, and the guide, seeing him safely over its edge, had moved round a corner from where he apparently had a view of some of the beleaguered party. Gilbert could hear his voice shouting instructions, but, ignoring the fortunes of the others, he gave all his attention to Joan, and signalled to her to follow him up to the ledge. He ran the rope over his shoulder, ready to hold fast should she slip, and felt its faint tremor as she moved from her standing place on to the first step. On a difficult climb the rope is more than a material link between two climbers; as Gilbert drew in the thin strands over his shoulders he thought how magnificently she had tackled the long ascent. Ahead of them were difficulties that might be beyond their power to overcome, yet not once had she faltered; occasionally he had glanced down at her to see her seriously intent on his progress, while she paid out the rope carefully so that it should suffer no sudden check that might disturb his balance. Not once had she hampered their ascent, and he realised that without her help they would have already been doomed to failure. He felt the rope check and guessed that she was where Hans seemed to have cut the next step just too high. Then the rope came in again, and she was up. They had spoken once since leaving the glacier, but already he felt that unspoken transference of thought that comes with long acquaintance; he gave her his hand to steady her over the last step, and through their woollen mittens came the comforting tingle of a comradeship founded on danger overcome. "So far so good," said Joan, and together they went round the corner of the ledge to Hans.

It was James who had fallen; he was only twenty feet above the ledge, but to its right, where the ice slope fell unbroken to the glacier. The rope, ominously taut, made a dark line across the ice to his two companions, who were out of sight above the ledge. One small boot-nail hold on the ice, and his convulsive grip on the head of his ice-axe, which he had driven into the slope, provided his only means of easing the tension on the rope. His arms trembled with the strain of holding, and it was obvious that he could not support himself much longer. A collapse completely on to the rope would mean quick unconsciousness in his weakened condition, while the added strain on the rope might be more than the two above could bear.

It was certain that they must act quickly, and swiftly Hans outlined his plan. He would climb the rest of the wall to the other party; when he had secured them, as best he might, Gilbert was to throw a looped rope to James, so that he could pull him to the ledge, while Hans lowered from above. Joan was to secure Gilbert's rope as he balanced on the edge of the ledge.

"It is better that we do not waste time," the guide said, looking at James and cutting steps up from the ledge. In a few minutes he shouted down that he had reached Peta and Willi and belayed the rope.

Gilbert moved to the edge of the ledge; he had felt ironically amused at his efforts to save from the consequence of his folly the man who stood between him and Peta, but now all personal feelings were submerged in the need for action.

"Are you ready?" he called, and threw the coils upwards and outwards. Only the rope's end reached Brand, and weakly he held it for a moment, then let it go.

It trailed down the ice slope, and, as he coiled it in again, Gilbert averted his gaze with an effort from the sickening view down its limp length to the thin black thread that was the *Bergschrund* far below.

He threw again, and again James failed to hold the flying coils.

"Sorry," he gasped faintly, "nearly done—can't catch it."

"Poor devil!" thought Gilbert, and realised that the other had reached the stage of physical exhaustion where he could hold on to his meagre supports, but nothing more.

Suddenly he heard Peta's voice. "Catch the rope, you fool!" she cried. "Can't you see that we shall all be dragged off if you don't?"

Her voice was high-pitched and hysterical. "She won't last much longer," thought Gilbert, and wondered what Hans could do if she cracked under the strain. Surprised, he found himself thinking of her dispassionately for the first time. "She can't stand the strain; if we can't get to James quickly, she will let us all down," he thought, as he turned to Joan and said:

"Belay my rope, will you? I'm going across to James—it's the only hope."

"Yes, it's the only chance," she answered, "but I must go." She saw that Gilbert was about to protest, and added: "If I fall you are strong enough to hold me on the rope; if you fall I shall not be able to hold you—then we shall all go."

She thrust her rope into his hands, and bent to cut the first step. (*Continued on page* 90)

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She's taken for her daughter's sister

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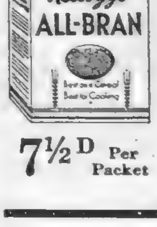

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"Women have better balance than men, anyway," she said, trying desperately to hide the unsteadiness in her voice.

"I can't let you take this risk," said Gilbert.

"Don't be a fool," she flung back at him over her shoulder. "I'm relying on you—this is the safest thing for all of us."

Her axe swung rhythmically as slowly she made her way, step by step, over the forbidding bulge of ice towards her objective.

"Oh, God, don't let her slip," said Gilbert through his teeth, and braced himself on the ledge in readiness to hold.

From above he could hear Peta petulantly complaining to Hans that she was cold. Joan would not do that, he thought, and suddenly realised that something irreplaceable would go out of his life if the small figure in the blue climbing suit failed at her task.

With every nerve tensed he watched her reach James, and, balancing carefully on her meagre holds, attach the spare rope to his chest loop, then turn again, and start to come back across the traverse. Now at least she had the extra security of the other rope, thought Gilbert, slowly taking in her rope again, and realising that his palms were wet with sweat.

"*Schöne,*" said Hans, "we have seen the worst."

The six of them were crowded uncomfortably on the ledge, and in spite of the guide's optimism, Gilbert, looking at the rescued three, knew that there was still much to be accomplished before they reached the glacier and safety. Willi, the guide, was far too voluble in explaining the severity of the storm that had delayed them, and that it was the fault of Herr Brand that they had descended the wrong side of the ridge.

"She should not have made us go," he said grumblingly to Gilbert.

"Give me a hand here, and don't talk so much," he replied curtly, and went on with the task of rubbing some feeling back into James Brand's frozen fingers.

Gilbert was beginning to feel a reluctant admiration for Brand; he had withstood the rough bumping on the rope across the ice slope without a word, and on his arrival in safety on the ledge had apologised for "causing all this trouble." But in spite of his courage, he was obviously very shaken by his fall.

It was Peta, however, who caused Gilbert the most anxiety. She was obviously on the edge of a nervous storm; shrilly she abused Willi for failing in his duty as a guide, and her husband for endangering the party. Gilbert noticed petulant lines round her mouth that he had not seen before; her obsession to save herself at all costs had sharpened and coarsened her features into an unfamiliar mould. He looked at her dispassionately, noticing how Hans was careful to keep very near her. Suddenly as they prepared to leave the ledge, on the first stage of the descent, he felt very sorry for Brand and hoped that he would be able to keep his identity from him. "I should not like him to feel that he owed anything to me," he thought.

Slowly the rope ran out over the ledge, as one after another the members of the party slipped over its edge to feel for the first step. It was dusk now, but somewhere there was a moon behind the clouds, and a faint light glimmered on the ice and showed the line of steps as darker smudges on its surface.

Gradually they worked their way downwards, and at last Gilbert saw Brand, who was in front of him, helped off the last ice step by Joan, and was able to relax the tension on the rope. Willi, who was leading, was already testing the snow bridge, and proclaiming it frozen hard by the night frost. Gilbert stepped down into the snow and turned to help Peta, who had descended between Hans and himself.

"I'm sure Willi and James ought not to have allowed me to come on such a dangerous climb," she said petulantly. "You would not have done it, would you, Gilbert?" She threw him one of the wheedling glances that had formed a painful memory.

He glanced at her coldly. "I suggest that you look after your husband, Mrs. Brand—he's not in very good shape," he said; then, seeing that she was safely on the snow, turned away to watch Joan, who was already following Willi over the frost-hardened snow bridge.

Soon they would be safely across the glacier, he thought, to where the hut window showed its cheerful square of light. He felt curiously content, his spirits lightened of the gloom that had oppressed them for so many weeks.

Peta and James Brand must go their own way—he was free of them. They must work out their salvation as he must work out his. No more regrets for the past, he thought, only the promise of the future.

He steadied the rope for James to cross the bridge. To-morrow he would accompany Joan, with Hans, on her journey over the pass.

He thought of the high flower-strewn meadows that lay on its farther side; here they might laze a sunny afternoon away, lulled by the mellow clatter of cowbells, until the shadows lengthened as they made their way down to the little climbers' inn, with its wide-spreading eaves and shuttered windows.

After the evening meal they would watch the sunset on the high peaks from its balcony and talk of climbing and new climbs together.

He hurried over the snow bridge and caught up Joan on the level ice of the glacier.

As he fell into step by her side, she glanced up at him and smiled her schoolboy smile.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, that's that," said Gilbert decisively.

He caught her hand and felt the answering pressure of her fingers.

Close together they went towards the hut, and Hans, wearily bringing up the end of the rope, saw and chuckled to himself.

END

But Are They Precocious?

(*Continued from page 67*)

But if youngsters are disillusioned over ambition and love, they see no futility in comradeship. They are firmly convinced of the necessity of comradeship.

This is the soundest training they receive in schools and in camps. It is instilled into them by constant talks on the wireless, by broadcasts in different tongues, adventures recounted by every type of human being, linking sympathy. In this forecast of toleration and comradeship lies the future's bright hope.

No, children have not changed. Their outlook may be as different from ours as ours was to our unemancipated mothers'. At heart, they, we, and our forbears are the same.

Place any girl or boy, however "precocious," in the country among fields. Quickly their so-called sophistication drops from them. They are soon intent on searching the hedgerows for flowers, nests and fruits, just as we were before them.

But you cannot come the heavy grown-up over them, either as a relative, friend or parent. For they no longer regard their elders as unfailing sources of wisdom, towers of all strength.

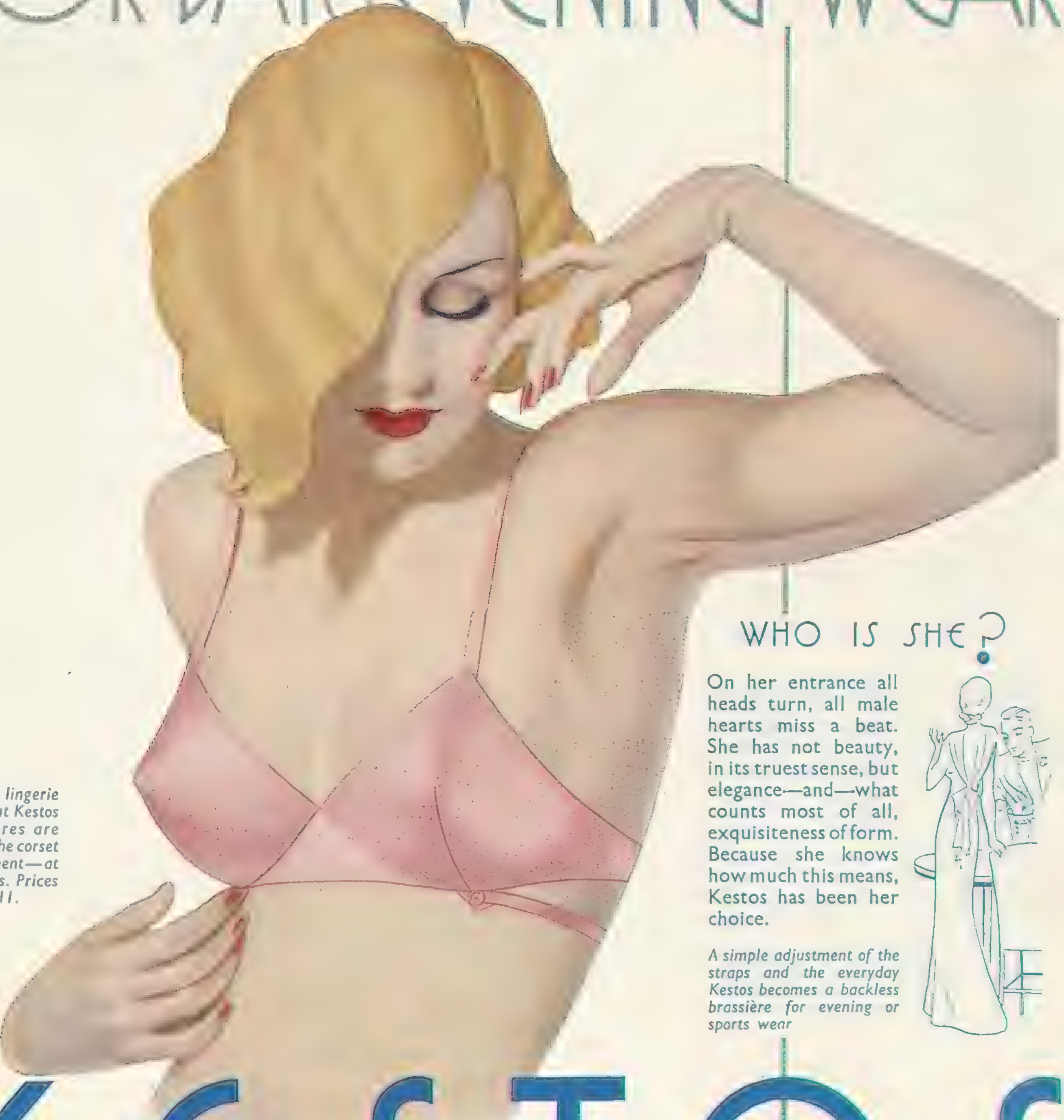
We, ourselves, have deliberately weaned them from that thinking, left them to find themselves as babies, cradled them in independence.

So, it will be wiser to advise them rather than to command, to solicit obedience rather than to demand it. And, if you expect grace of manner, there is only one way in which you will be able to obtain it: give them *your example.*

There is no force to compare with the force of example where children are concerned; for if one word and quality can be applied to them all, indiscriminately, of whatever rank, age or station, it is that they are born mimics.

END

FOR·DAY & EVENING·WEAR



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Death of Boris Korsakov

(*Continued from page 17*)

another. Perhaps you will advise me of any conclusions you may come to? Nothing would please me better than to be done with the case. But at the moment I have very strong suspicions about Mr. Alawis. If he murdered Boris Korsakov—and, frankly, I think he did—it was an extremely cunning job."

AL OMAR is fifty to sixty miles south of Aleppo. Harley and I spent a day in Damascus revelling in the glory of the most wonderful bazaar which "Western progress" had failed to modernise. It was not my first visit to the ancient capital of the Caliphs, but under Harley's guidance—he knew the East better than the average New Yorker knows Fifth Avenue, or the normal Londoner knows Piccadilly—the old city revealed hidden beauties.

A big French car, driven by a negro chauffeur wearing a white uniform with scarlet facings, awaited us on the following morning; a groom similarly dressed stood beside the open door. We set out for Al Omar.

Of that journey I could write if I had the pen of a Pierre Loti: of the blossom-laden orchards which surround Damascus; of the plains beyond, where the poppies stretch like a blood-red carpet into the blue shadows of the Lebanon hills. Paul Harley's keen sensibilities inhaled all this as a cocaine addict inhales "snow." His was the divine gift of detachment: he could revel in the present, yet, when the all-important problem came again upon the table for dissection, could bring his unusual powers to bear upon it, unimpaired by this temporary indulgence.

Approaching Al Omar we drove through mile after mile of tobacco plantations until the ancient walled town, standing upon a slight eminence, came into view. Away on the left, beyond and over the tobacco plantations, we saw blue-shadowed mountains snow-crested.

"I hope you realise," said Harley suddenly, "that I have taken up this case more or less under false pretences."

I dragged my mind back from a retrospect in which the Caliphs of Baghdad had figured, the Holy Roman Empire, and some of the glories of the vanishing past, and:

"Nothing we have discussed," I replied, "indicated that you had any doubts respecting the innocence of Mr. Alawis. I never even suspected that you thought he was guilty of the murder of Boris Korsakov."

"It was wise of you," Harley replied, smiling in his humorously grim way and gripping my arm. "If I had suspected such a thing I should never have taken up the case."

CIRCLING around the town with its ancient walls, we presently came to the residence of the Sheikh; for the gentleman known in London as Mr. Alawis, managing director of the Lebanon Tobacco Company, was known in Al Omar as the Sheikh Alawis al Halab, and was one of the wealthiest landowners in that province of Syria.

Beyond the old fortified town and going north towards Aleppo, a well-paved road had been constructed. Along this we went for four or five miles, then turned sharply east through a plantation of *lebbekh* trees, and presently the car was driven up to the gates of a large villa which had evidently extensive gardens.

These gates, which were very imposing, were of iron scroll-work having gilt decorations and hung between massive stone pillars draped with wistaria. The high walls flanking them also were overgrown with bloom and foliage. Through the scroll-work of the gates one could see a winding drive bordered by banks of flowers and overshadowed at points by fine trees. The house itself was not visible from the gates.

The negro groom jumped down from his seat beside the chauffeur and rang a bell set in one of the stone gateposts. A plane-tree grew just beyond the gate; its shadow lay sharply upon the rounded roof of the lodge, a domed building from which, in response to the ringing, a powerful Senegalese porter appeared. His uniform corresponded in general to that worn by the chauffeur and groom. He carried himself with a military swagger.

He unlocked the heavy gates, the groom sprang back to his place, and the car rolled up the drive.

"Any extradition proceedings," Harley murmured in my ear, "which Inspector Hull may contemplate would be difficult, I thought."

"Most," I agreed.

The drive twined in apparently aimless fashion through well-kept gardens: flowering trees abounded. We had gone a long way before the house became visible: a considerable mansion, the older part mellowed, characteristic and very beautiful, but with modern additions not wholly in keeping with the original design.

Before a portico of marble pillars entwined by bougainvillæa the car was pulled up. The groom sprang to the ground and rang another bell. A high, carved wooden door, almost hidden in the shadows, opened slowly. A tall negro dressed in white came out and stood at the door of the car which the groom had thrown open.

We stepped down on to the marble pavement, then walked in through the high doorway into a hall supported by carved wooden pillars; a cushioned, dimly lighted, scented place. There were alcoves with strangely painted walls; on one side a high, stained-glass window, the dominant colour rose, which one might have guessed once to have adorned a church. There was no one in this apartment.

The white-robed negro conducted us to seats, bowed.

"I will inform my master that you are here," he said, and withdrew quite silently, his feet sinking into the rich pile of the carpet.

"No further confidences," Harley murmured in a low voice. "The walls of houses such as this have ears."

Presently the negro returned, bowed again, and conducted us up the carpeted stair. On one side of it were open cupboards containing pieces of porcelain and other ornaments. The lighting in the hall was cloistral; the atmosphere, the atmosphere of the harem.

WE were presently shown into a room so wholly unlike anything which I had anticipated that I drew a sharp breath of astonishment.

It was a completely businesslike study, lined with bookcases containing books which bore the brand of long use, and behind a large writing-desk, with orderly stacks of documents, telephone, works of reference in a neat rack, and other businesslike appointments. The Sheikh was seated, but rose as we came in.

He was a good-looking fellow, tall and wearing a well-cut white drill suit. I saw that a tarbush lay upon the table. He had very dark brown hair, so dark that at a glance one would have termed it black, brushed back from a well-shaped forehead; a moustache and a pointed beard; a dusky complexion. His eyes, however, were blue, fringed with deep black lashes, and as he rose to greet us they seemed to be dancing with merriment. My first impression of the Sheikh Alawis al Halab was definitely favourable.

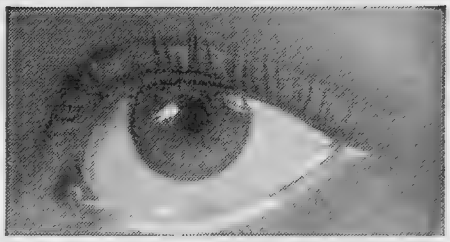
"Mr. Harley," he said, extending his hand, "you are very welcome. And you, too, sir."

These greetings over,

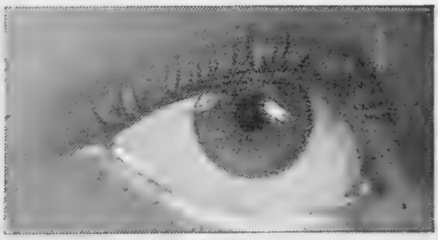
"Please be seated," the Sheikh continued. "Although I am a frequent visitor to Europe, I am somewhat out of touch with these matters." His accent was so slight as to be almost imperceptible. "What refreshments may I offer you?"

"I suppose," Harley replied (he had the gift of being unexpected), "you haven't any really cold beer?"

(*Continued on page 94*)



If your Eyes



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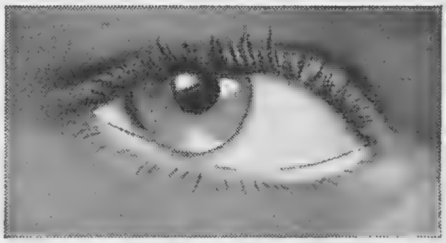

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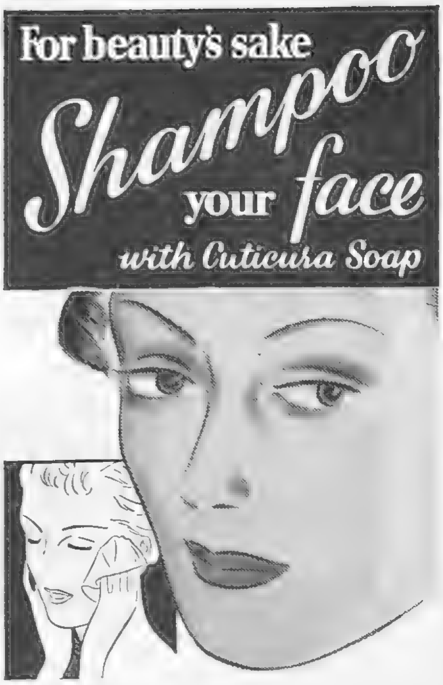

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The Sheikh laughed loudly, exhibiting a row of fine, white teeth.

"Our tastes are similar!" he cried. "And you, sir?"

"Nothing could be better."

"Good."

He clapped his hands. The door swung open and some kind of Arab, wearing the uniform evidently common to the Sheikh's household, entered. The order was given in Turkish, a language with which I am on less than nodding terms. The man went out again.

"Now, gentlemen"—the Sheikh resumed his seat behind the big table—"my representative in London assures me that I am in some kind of peril, hence your presence here. I am glad to see you, and I am at your disposal if I can in any way assist whatever inquiries you come to make."

Paul Harley steadily regarded him from beneath those tufted brows.

"Scotland Yard," he replied, slowly and distinctly, "is disposed to believe that you know more about the death of the late Boris Korsakov than they do. I am here to avert an international situation: I refer to an application for your extradition which may hang upon this interview."

A slight shadow seemed to cross the comely face of the Sheikh. He was altogether likeable: already I hoped that Detective-Inspector Hull's ideas had no basis in fact. It was hard to believe that this man was a murderer, but easy to understand that he would be attractive to a romantic woman.

"Perhaps, Mr. Harley," said the Sheikh, as the silent Arab returned with a large jug on a tray with three glasses, one filled with an amber-coloured liquid, "it would be as well, since Mr. Muradin has advised me on the situation which has arisen, if I gave you a brief account of my movements in London during my recent visit."

Two glasses of excellently cold beer having been poured out,

"You will forgive me," the Sheikh continued, smiling and raising the glass which the servant had set before him, "but the traditions of the family prohibit beer. Your health, gentlemen."

The cool, good-tasting beer was very refreshing after our long journey. I wondered what the third glass contained.

"I think you should know, Mr. Harley," Mr. Alawis went on, "that I afforded Mr. Korsakov facilities for obtaining material here. He had the run of the place for several months and made a number of interesting drawings."

"I take it," said Harley drily, "that certain quarters were barred to him?"

"You refer no doubt to the women's quarters?" The Sheikh smiled. "Yes, always in an Eastern household there must be limitations to the liberties of guests. But here, in this house, Boris Korsakov spent the greater part of the three months which preceded the unfortunate episode in London. We were old friends; Korsakov knew the East intimately; and during part of the time that he was here I was in London, where it was my pleasant privilege to entertain his wife."

"Who has disappeared," Harley jerked. "Can you throw any light upon her present whereabouts?"

The Sheikh sipped from his glass, set it down, and lighted a cigarette.

"I am advised by Muradin," he replied, "that Scotland Yard has taken an unpleasant view of the fact that I was in London at or about the time that the tragedy occurred, and that I, as well as Anna Korsakov, disappeared, shall we say, simultaneously. I can only state that I dined with Mrs. Korsakov that night, went to a theatre, and then to supper at the Savoy Grill. We went on with some people to Arlington House, as no doubt you know. Anna and I left shortly after midnight. I dropped her at her sister's flat in Baker Street."

"These facts are already familiar to me," said Harley. "Your subsequent movements, Mr. Alawis, embody the points at issue."

The Sheikh smiled his humorous smile.

"When in London," he replied, "I sometimes overstep those Moslem limitations which I am compelled to observe here. I had a slight headache. The night was fine. I walked from Baker Street to my hotel. Feeling that the coolness of the river would be helpful, I went via the Embankment. From memory, I reached my hotel at one-thirty."

"One thirty-five is the time which I have," Harley replied drily. "Say, an hour and five minutes unaccounted for. And during that hour and five minutes, if medical evidence may be relied upon at all, Boris Korsakov committed suicide. Well, well!"—he stood up and stared out of the window—"I have accepted the instructions of your London manager, and at this point perhaps I may remind you that I am a member of the Bar; you may regard me as counsel for the defence. Have you any information that you would wish to give me regarding Mrs. Korsakov?"

"None! Why do you ask?"

"Simply because she seems to have disappeared at about the same time as yourself."

"Most unfortunate."

"Undoubtedly."

"Indeed, compromising." The Sheikh also stood up. "I trust she has done nothing foolish. Women are so emotional."

"I have learned," said Harley, still staring out of the window, "that women are moved by emotion rather than by what we smugly call common sense."

And as he spoke, indeed almost before he had finished speaking, from somewhere outside came a cry in a woman's voice.

Alawis al Halab started towards the door as if electrified.

"Pardon, gentlemen!" he exclaimed.

When he was gone and the door closed, Harley turned and stared at me.

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes."

"What did it sound like?"

"To me, like a woman crying 'Kaye! Kaye!'"

WE dined alone with the Sheikh, an admirable dinner perfectly served by two silent negroes wearing the characteristic uniform of the house.

Our host made no reference to the strange intrusion which had terminated our first interview, nor did Harley mention it, but it were useless to deny that a sense of uneasiness overhung the occasion. Mr. Alawis was an entertaining talker and perfect listener; witty, sympathetic, and keenly humorous; his knowledge of art seemed to be extensive. He was hypercritical, I thought, in regard to the work of the late Boris Korsakov.

Beyond pointing out that any action that Scotland Yard might see fit to take would be handicapped by his nationality, and any attempt to secure his extradition in such troublous times very dangerous, he did nothing to assist the mission upon which we were come.

"You assure me that Boris Korsakov is dead," he said, "and I accept your assurance. In return I assure you that I know nothing of Boris Korsakov's death and certainly did not kill him."

He was called away shortly afterwards on urgent and unavoidable business. His apologies were profuse, but he begged us to regard the house as our own until his return. In the privacy of the suite set apart for our use, three beautifully furnished rooms with a really luxurious bathroom attached, and overlooking the gardens bright with flowers and gaily plumaged birds, we held a conference.

Dusk came long before it was ended. Harley, pacing the floor of the sitting-room and sometimes staring out of the window, had smoked three pipefuls, when finally,

"You will have noticed," he said, "that there is one wing of this building which seems to be inaccessible—the east wing—undoubtedly the women's quarters. We may take it for granted

(*Continued on page 96*)

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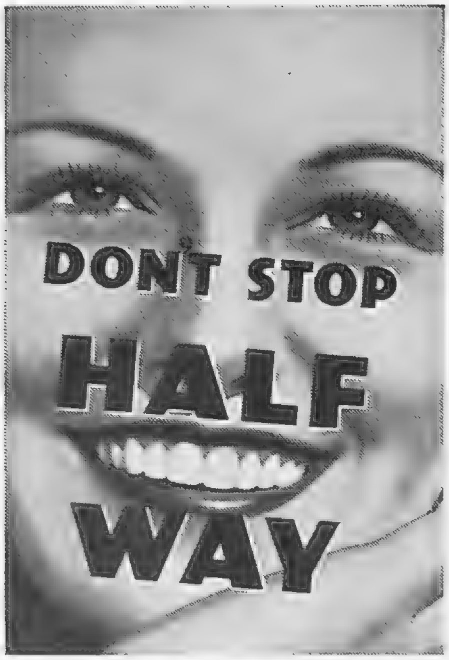

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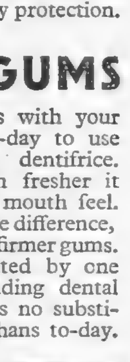
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that Mr. Alawis does not live alone. Yet, characteristic of an Eastern household, we have not seen a woman about the place. Which brings us to the very odd episode so carefully overlooked by the Sheikh during dinner. You have confirmed my own impression that the word was 'Kaye.' The only conclusion is that it was spoken by Anna Korsakov."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "do you think she is here?"

"Consider just the one fact which I have mentioned. Who else in this remote part of Syria would call so unusual a name as Kaye, unless it were the wife of the late Boris Korsakov, to whom no doubt he was known as Kaye? There are strong suspicions, which the French police may yet confirm, that Anna Korsakov joined Mr. Alawis in Paris."

"But how do you account for her crying out the name of her late husband?"

"I cannot account for it, unless owing to remorse she has become demented. But that she is here I feel moderately satisfied. Hence my suggestion that we employ the Japanese honeysuckle which grows right up to our balcony, and privately explore the outside of the east wing."

He crossed to the open French windows which gave access to the balcony . . . at which moment, unheralded by the slightest sound, a woman walked in.

"You are right, Mr. Harley," she said. "You must excuse me for listening to your conversation. But it is possible to reach your balcony from mine."

She was a striking picture as she stood confronting us. Dressed in a simple white frock which clung to her fine figure, she wore a blue girdle; she had blue shoes on her bare feet. There was something barbaric in her beauty: her ivory skin, greenish-grey eyes and that mass of curling Titian red hair.

Harley stood quite still, regarding the intruder, as I stepped forward.

"Mrs. Korsakov!"

"Yes," she smiled, a full-lipped smile which displayed small teeth. "You remember me and I remember you. And now," turning her strange heavy-lidded eyes to my friend, "you will want to question me, Mr. Harley—or perhaps you would rather I told you my story?"

Harley, whose composure in unusual circumstances served him well, moved an armchair forward and bowed.

"Shall I be guessing wildly," he asked, as she sat down smiling up at him, "if I suggest that Mr. Alawis has gone to take another opinion?"

"Not entirely," she replied; "he is afraid to trust you, although I told him he was wrong."

"Your present visit is unknown to him?"

"He is on his way to Aleppo. But my mind is made up. I am going to tell you the truth. Then"—she shrugged her white shoulders—"you can do as you like."

"Thank you," Harley murmured, and offered a cigarette, which she accepted and lighted.

"Mr. Alawis," she went on, "made my acquaintance shortly after my marriage to Kaye—Boris Korsakov. He made me extravagant offers which I rejected. Kaye knew nothing of this. Kaye's profession, as well as his disposition, made him a somewhat neglectful husband, and as time wore on I don't deny that I took advantage of the devotion of Alawis to amuse myself in Kaye's frequent absences. Alawis, a clever man, saw that longer absence might perhaps assist his purpose. He arranged, during his last visit to London, for Kaye to come here to this house, which he placed at his disposal, to make studies and drawings for the production of *Sinbad*. Kaye was away for nearly three months."

"Using this house as his base?" Harley suggested.

"Yes."

"And during this time Mr. Alawis was in London?"

"Yes."

Very composedly she dropped cigarette ash into a tray which Harley placed upon the arm of the chair.

"So that you can understand what I have to tell you, I must say here that Kaye made in this house a curious discovery. He came across a portrait of Alawis al Halab taken some years ago, before Alawis (by which name I always knew him) had grown a beard and moustache. As an artist Kaye saw a thing which no one else would have seen: Except that he, Kaye, was fair, and Alawis very dark, they were in features and build alike as twins!"

"H'm!" Harley muttered, and began to pace the carpet.

"He decided that a beard and moustache would be an improvement in his own case, and so he cultivated them while he stayed here. He also allowed his hair to grow longer; you may remember that he wore it very short. In the meantime his continued absence and his carelessness in answering my letters had reduced me to an almost desperate frame of mind. Alawis, whose great wealth gave him influence, had made arrangements for my return to the stage in a leading role; but I quite knew upon what conditions my contract would be signed . . .

"When we parted on the night of the tragedy I had an appointment to meet Alawis at the studio, later—to give him my final answer.

"I was staying in a small service flat in Baker Street much more suited to my loneliness; it belongs to my sister, who, with her maid, is abroad. Alawis left me at the door, as no doubt you have heard, but I started out shortly afterwards to meet him at the studio.

"When I arrived, a man who at first glance I took for a stranger was there with Alawis. It was Kaye, bearded and moustached!

"He had returned secretly and had been watching me . . . The old duelling pistols lay on a table. He was in a mood which I had met with only once before. It is common in his family, I think; what is sometimes called berserk—a cold, terrible anger. He said, 'We have arranged to settle this matter for you, Anna. You can give your undivided attention to the survivor.' Alawis was a good pistol shot and had accepted the conditions."

She spoke with restrained emotion, but, glancing at her, noting the glint in her green eyes, the steadiness of her fingers as she held the cigarette, I told myself that this beautiful tigress had enjoyed every moment of that grim encounter.

"They stood facing the wall at either end of the long studio: Kaye forced me to speak the words—One—Two—Three—upon which they were to turn and fire. I did as he ordered. No one would have dreamed of disobeying him.

"Alawis, who had always hated Kaye, turned a fraction of a second before I said 'Three' . . . The bullet went through Kaye's long hair and left a scar on his scalp. In that fraction of a second, whatever he had intended to do before, Kaye made up his mind. His aim was true."

She paused for a moment. Now, her emotion was real.

"I can't tell you what occurred for some time after that . . When I recovered I found myself in the bedroom; Kaye had carried me there. He had planned the whole thing in such a way that whatever happened I should not suffer. It sounds fantastic, but Kaye always had a fantastic mind. I staggered along to the studio, and saw Kaye—even *I* would have said so—lying on the floor, and Alawis waiting to go!

"Kaye had shaved Alawis and trimmed his hair. With some preparation of peroxide and, I believe, gold metal-paint, he had made the dead man blond!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed.

Harley continued to pace up and down.

"He had thought it all out. It was not inspired by desperation: Boris Korsakov must die! He had stained his own hair and beard temporarily. He afterwards employed a more permanent method. I returned to my sister's flat. No one saw me go in and no one saw me come out. Kaye had removed every scrap of evidence to show what had occurred, even the (*Continued on page* 98)

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broken vase, the fragments of which he took away. But there was a hole in the wall which he was unable to hide, made by Alawis's bullet."

"He overlooked one other small point," Harley murmured, "which Scotland Yard found of interest. There were no marks of burning on the dead man's vest. Also, the officer in charge has observed that the body is that of a dark man. However——"

Anna Korsakov's eyes followed the moving figure; her voice now had sunk almost to a whisper.

"Alawis had no personal servant with him. No one at his hotel suspected that the man who returned there and collected all his baggage, his passport and everything else necessary, was not Alawis, but Kaye. He left for Paris in the morning. I joined him there."

"And you mean," I asked amazedly, "that he has succeeded in establishing himself here?"

"He knows the routine of the household intimately. He speaks the language well. You see, he has been an Orientalist all his life. Alawis al Halab lived here in something like feudal state. The women are the only real danger. The handwriting of Alawis is a difficulty but, to an artist in line, not a great one. That is my story, Mr. Harley"—she glanced again at the moving figure—"a mediæval story if you please. Kaye will be back in an hour. I know where he has gone and what he fears. The matter rests with you. If you think he is a murderer, I do not. It was a fair fight, man to man, for a woman: I was the woman. Alawis was a crooked fighter; Kaye was straight. Kaye won; and as long as I live"—she stood up challengingly and looked from face to face—"whatever good luck or bad luck may bring, I stand by him. And now, Mr. Harley, what shall you report to Scotland Yard?"

Harley stopped abruptly, directly in front of her where she stood. Their challenging glances met. There was a moment of complete silence, and then:

"I shall inform the police authorities," he replied, "that my inquiries have convinced me that Mr. Alawis did not kill Boris Korsakov."

END

The General's Home Town

(*Continued from page 45*)

was swollen grotesquely and covered with livid reddish spots as big as fifty-cent pieces. The girl sprang away and covered her eyes.

"His temperature is 105," said the doctor gravely, "and I can hardly feel his pulse. I think he will die in a few hours."

"What's the matter with him?" demanded the General, very much alarmed.

"It's called the 'spotted fever.' It is rather rare. I have never seen a case before."

"Is it infectious?"

"Very infectious, but I do not know how it is communicated."

The girl drew away from the dying man. At that same instant two private soldiers came around the end of the truck. They were carrying between them a third man. His face was also swollen and also covered with large red spots.

The General was silent for a moment and very serious. Then he turned to the girl with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Señorita," he begged, "please help me. Please take care of these followers of mine. A woman's care is better than drugs. It restores the will to live."

"No, no!" screamed the girl, her face very white. "I can't. I won't!"

She fled down the road.

THE reporter, Lenihan, reached Rio Delgado about a quarter of an hour after leaving the General's camp. He was stopped by sentries on the outskirts, but allowed to pass without much questioning. He went to the central Plaza and parked his car behind several others in front of the small hotel. The Plaza was full of soldiers, lounging lazily under the trees. A sentry sat on the ground outside the hotel door.

Lenihan entered the lobby and found himself in the midst of a dozen officers who were laughing and joking with a couple of flashy girls in gaudy rayon dresses. A short fat man in uniform sat behind a desk to one side. He jumped to his feet when Lenihan approached.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

Lenihan explained himself in fair Spanish and presented his identification papers. The officer read them and held out his hand with oily cordiality.

"So," he said. "You are a reporter from the great American Newspaper Corporation? Your boss owns also the Las Salinas mine—no?"

"Hell," thought Lenihan. "They all know it."

"That's right," he admitted. "And I suppose you're Colonel Castillo."

"Yes," said the fat man cordially. "I am Colonel Castillo. You shall see how clever I am. I am holding this town as a hostage. All the inhabitants are old friends of General Espina. He will not use his guns, and presently I shall be reinforced by troops from the capital."

"Very clever," said Lenihan, "but where do I sleep?"

Colonel Castillo shouted a series of orders. Lenihan's bags were carried upstairs to a small room on the main patio.

"Dinner is at seven," shouted the Colonel after him. "We have better food than General Espina."

For an hour Lenihan worked at his portable typewriter, making up a report for the home office. When he was through, he began to unpack his suit-case and happened to notice the black steel box given to him by General Espina. He wondered whether he should try to get it opened to-night, but before he reached a decision, a knock came at the door and a servant told him that dinner was ready downstairs.

The food was very fine indeed. Lenihan sat next to the Colonel, enjoying an enormous heap of yellow rice and chicken. There was Spanish wine, cold beer, grilled steak, and fried bananas topped off with coffee and brandy.

"The General's advice was good," thought Lenihan gratefully. "I hope he captures the commissary when he takes the town. Good fellow, the General."

He had just finished his third glass of brandy when he heard a slight commotion in the lobby. Through the dining-room door came a couple of sentries. Between them was a tall brunette in a white dress. She was the Señorita Yeves, but her high-heeled shoes were dirty and her dress was torn. Her face was very pale and her lips were trembling uncontrollably. She sank down on a chair and put her hand across her eyes.

Colonel Castillo was all smiles. He set down his brandy, got up from his seat by the table, and bowed gallantly.

"You have come to visit us, Señorita?" he said eagerly. "Ah! That is magnificent. You shall have the best we possess. The whole town is yours. It is a long time since we have seen so charming a woman."

The girl looked up suddenly. Her eyes were staring and terrified.

"The spotted fever!" she screamed. "I have been in the camp of General Espina. Two of his men are dying! It is the spotted fever!"

Colonel Castillo looked mildly curious.

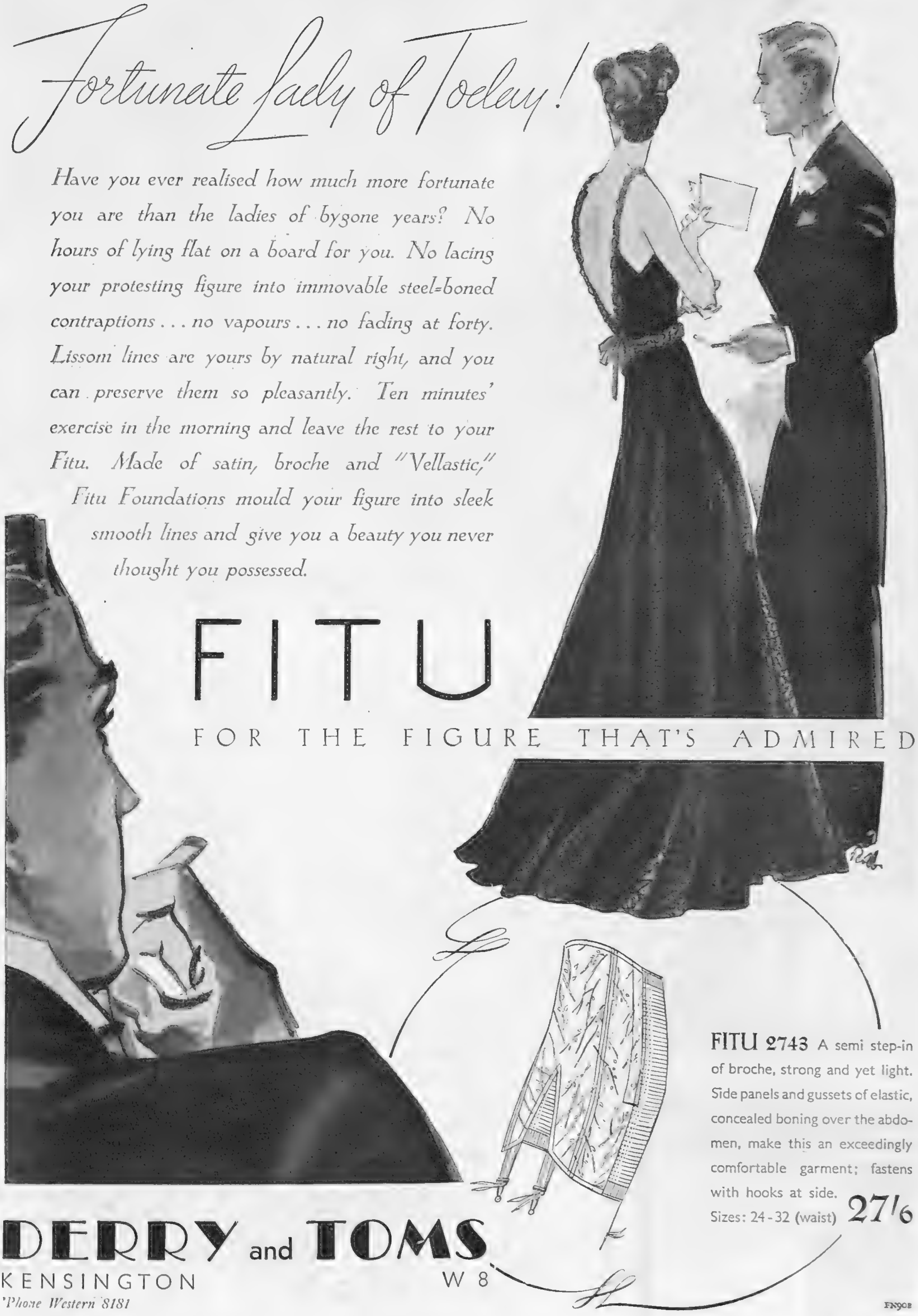
"The spotted fever?" he asked. "What is that?"

"It is terrible. They swell up and are covered with red spots. Then they die. All in a single day. There is no cure at all."

A slow smile spread over the Colonel's face. He rubbed his hands together delightedly.

"Magnificent," he gloated. "We shall stay here in Rio Delgado—in this pleasant spot—in the

(*Continued on page 100*)



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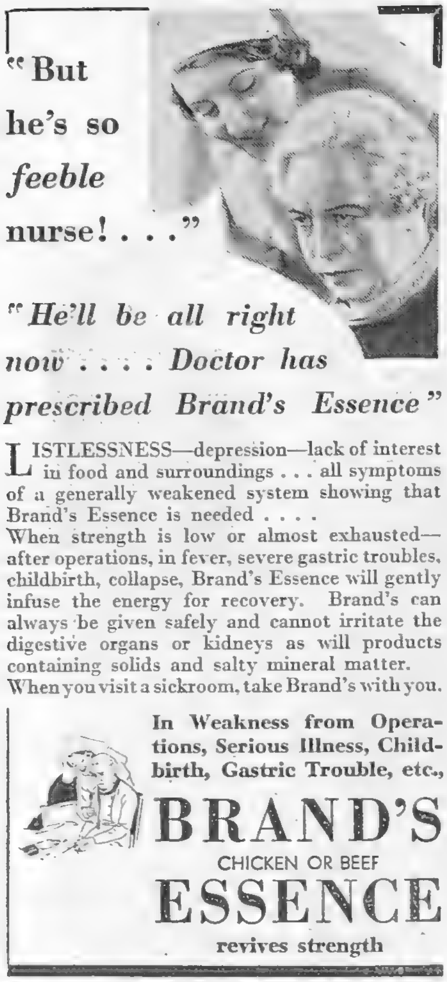

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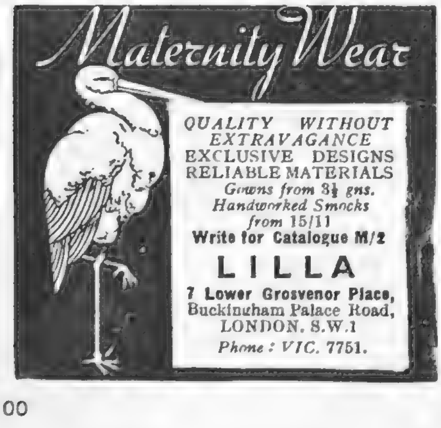

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company of a charming lady. And while we enjoy ourselves, the army of General Espina will melt away. Magnificent!"

"My Colonel," suggested one of the younger officers, "perhaps the lady has brought the pestilence with her. Perhaps we should send her away."

The Colonel looked very displeased. He glanced down at the Señorita Yeves as if to ask for assurances. They were quick in coming.

"Oh, my Colonel," she said with a bright, intimate smile, "you are too much of a gentleman to do that. I have tied my future to yours. And I did not go near the dying men. I swear it by all the Saints."

The Colonel smiled again. His chest expanded. He patted the girl on the shoulder with the fatherly manner of a middle-aged man who doesn't feel fatherly at all.

"We believe you, my child," he said, fondly. "We all believe you."

Lenihan watched this curious scene with growing interest. Several times he tried to catch the Señorita's eyes, but without success.

"Just the same," he exclaimed to the room at large, "I'm glad I've been inoculated against all the diseases in the book. You never can tell."

The Colonel turned on him angrily.

"That is almost an insult to a lady," he cried. "Diseases are carried by filth, by lice, or by fleas. Not by ladies."

"Good sentiment. Bad medicine," muttered Lenihan in English.

He made his excuses and went up to his room, leaving the Colonel and the Señorita Yeves in a very intimate *tête-à-tête*. While he was getting out his pyjamas, he happened to remember the black steel box given him by General Espina. He looked in every part of the room. The black steel box was gone.

"To hell with it," he said finally. "I guess the Colonel's had my baggage searched. He won't find much. Nothing but a lot of manifestoes. I've seen a ton of that stuff. To hell with it! I'm going to bed."

BY half-past six next morning Lenihan got dressed and came downstairs. He remembered the General's promise not to start shelling before nine o'clock. He intended to drive at his leisure to a safe spot on the other side of the town and watch the battle, if one developed.

At a table in the dining-room he found Colonel Castillo enjoying an enormous breakfast with the Señorita Yeves. She looked her best—tall and graceful, full of slow smiles and haughty mannerisms. It was evident that the Colonel was wholly enchanted.

"Come here, my young friend," he called to Lenihan, patting the seat of a chair beside him. "See! The Señorita is even more beautiful than ever. She is not sick. She has no red spots. Her face is not swollen."

Lenihan sat down beside him and helped himself to a plate of scrambled eggs.

"You were wise to desert the General," continued Colonel Castillo. "He is nothing now—a shepherd of dying sheep. The Señorita was wise, too. She deserted him also before it was too late."

"Looks like you're right," admitted Lenihan grudgingly. He liked General Espina very much, and he didn't like Colonel Castillo at all. "Say, Colonel," he added, "how about that box of mine? Can I have it back pretty soon?"

"What box?"

"The black steel box your men took out of my room."

"There is some mistake. I know nothing about it."

Lenihan shrugged his shoulders and turned to his scrambled eggs, but before he could take the second mouthful, a grave, elderly man in civilian clothes appeared in the door of the dining-room.

"Colonel Castillo," he said with a short bow, "I have something to tell you."

The Colonel glared with annoyance. He didn't like business to interfere with his meals.

"What is it, Dr. Moncada?"

"Two men in the town are very sick," said the doctor seriously. "I think they have the spotted fever."

The Colonel sprang to his feet, overturning the chair.

"The spotted fever. Where are they?"

"Across the Plaza. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes," cried the Colonel. He stood irresolute, his face very pale with terror. "No! no!" he cried. "I won't go near them."

Behind the doctor's back the lobby was filling with excited men. An officer pushed into the dining-room.

"I have seen them," he cried. "They are covered with spots. They are dying. More people are sick—a woman and a young boy. We must leave the town at once, Colonel."

"We have seen them too," cried other voices from the lobby.

Panic spread across the Colonel's face.

"Get my car," he shouted. "I'm leaving at once."

He started for the door, but the Señorita Yeves ran after him with a high-pitched scream and threw her arms around his neck.

"Take me with you, Colonel," she pleaded. "Don't leave me to die."

He pushed her away with violence.

"No," he shouted. "You stay here. You brought the pestilence. Don't touch me." He glared at Lenihan. "You too, gringo! You'll stay too."

"It was probably brought by the river," said the doctor, "which flows through the General's camp."

Colonel Castillo wasn't interested in medical theories. He ran for the door like a frightened sheep, pushed through the lobby and climbed into his car, which was already waiting in the street outside. The engine roared. The gears clashed loudly in the hands of the panic-stricken chauffeur. And the car careered off around a corner. Other cars followed, and trucks and foot soldiers and horsemen, all stampeding for the capital. In a surprisingly short time there wasn't a uniform in sight. Lenihan and the girl were left almost alone in the deserted lobby of the hotel. She was weeping loudly in an agony of self-pity.

"Stop that blubbering," said Lenihan without sympathy. "If you didn't get the fever in camp the chances are you won't get it here."

"I'm going to die," she sobbed. "I know it."

"I'm in the same fix," said Lenihan. "How do I know my inoculations will do any good? I never heard of this fever."

He left her in disgust and went to the front door. The shady plaza was full of motion, people running frantically in every direction, some with pathetic bundles over their shoulders, headed for the mountains. There wasn't a car to be seen. Colonel Castillo's army had taken every one, his own among them.

Lenihan watched the scene for about ten minutes, trying to decide some reasonable course of action. Then he heard an autohorn in the distance.

"Maybe they're coming back," he thought. "But I don't believe it. They were scared green. Maybe it's the General. Nothing could scare that baby."

He waited expectantly. He heard the horn again, much nearer. At last a large open car bounded around a corner and headed for the hotel. On the back seat were General Espina and Lieutenant Rojas, both smiling broadly. The car stopped in front of the hotel door. The General sprang out, waving gaily to Lenihan.

"You look pretty cheerful," said Lenihan without enthusiasm.

"Why shouldn't I be cheerful?" cried the General. "I have taken my own home town without firing a single shot, without damaging a single house, without wounding a single man. Why shouldn't I be cheerful?"

"No other little worries, I suppose? No spots on your face?"

"None at all," said the General. "I have a cure for this disease."

(*Continued on page 102*)

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While they were talking, a small crowd had gathered outside the hotel. Someone recognised the General and cried his name aloud. More people came running, half-smiles of returning courage on their dark faces. The General waved at them cheerfully.

"Don't be frightened, my fellow-townsmen," he shouted. "I have a perfect cure for the spotted fever."

The crowd grew rapidly. The people set down their bundles to stare and smile. The General turned suddenly to Lenihan.

"Where's that girl?" he demanded. "The Señorita Yeves."

"Inside. The Colonel wouldn't take her with him."

"I knew it," said the General. "He's a coward. Bring her out here."

Lenihan went into the lobby and returned in a minute with the girl, who was still sobbing loudly. But her sobs stopped and her eyes opened wide when she saw the General.

"Here she is," said Lenihan, wondering what was coming next.

The General went up to the girl and put his arm around her waist in a very familiar manner. He patted her cheek rather roughly.

"Here she is," he said in a loud voice so that all the crowd could hear. "I gave her the best I had. I treated her with the greatest respect. And then she deserted to the enemy at the first hint of danger."

He stood back and looked the girl up and down with a type of admiration.

"She is very attractive, however," he continued. "Last night I asked her to sing for my men. She refused. I asked her to dance. She refused also. But now it is different. She will dance and sing whenever I give her the order. She cannot expect me to treat her like a lady any more."

"Say, what *is* this?" demanded Lenihan.

The General pushed the girl away.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to her, though," he said. "I knew she would desert. I allowed her to desert so that she might carry a very important piece of news to Colonel Castillo."

"What *is* this?" demanded Lenihan again.

"And I am really grateful to you. I could send verbal messages to my friends in Rio Delgado, but I didn't dare send anything else. So I asked you to take a certain box—a black steel box which was locked."

"Yeah! Somebody stole it last night while I was eating supper."

"Exactly. Those were my instructions. Colonel Castillo is a fool. I knew he wouldn't have the brains to take it himself."

"Say, General," demanded Lenihan insistently. "Have you really got a cure for the spotted fever?"

The General smiled broadly and searched with his eyes the edge of the staring crowd. In the front rank was the elderly doctor. Under his arm was the black steel box. The General went over and embraced him warmly.

"This is Dr. Moncada," he said. "He is an old friend of mine. He brought me into the world."

"You better begin using that cure, General," said Lenihan uneasily. "A lot of people are sick already."

"At once," agreed the General. He took the box from under the doctor's arm. "When I lived in New Orleans," he said gravely to Lenihan, "I used to teach Spanish, but I also worked as an adjuster in a disability insurance company. I learned a lot of tricks."

He opened the box. Packed in crumpled newspaper were several small bottles, two artists' brushes, and two hypodermic needles.

"Just some injections to induce a swelling," said the General suavely "and a little red dye. I invented the spotted fever myself. It is my own private invention. I *couldn't* shell my own home town."

END

Building an Ocean Giant

(*Continued from page 19*)

Lining the tank, marine experts and Cunard officials watched its behaviour and a ciné camera whirred off a pictorial record for later study.

In this way 22 models, each varying in hull design, length, breadth and streamlining, were towed back and forth at speeds equivalent to about 30 knots, through man-made weather conditions of every sort. The wave machines produced long Atlantic swells, full-sized gales, hurricanes. Wind machines puffed 80 m.p.h. blasts from every point of the compass.

For months the experiments went on. Over 8,000 tests were made; the models covered 1,000 miles, 2,400 feet of film were exposed. Model after model was abandoned. One rolled beyond the stated limit in certain conditions; another pitched; in another sensitive instruments detected excessive stresses when long rollers left the ship's centre or ends virtually unsupported.

Not only hull models were tested. Over 1,000 experiments were made with model rudders, before the ideally balanced and streamlined version was found. Model propellers, of every size and degree of pitch, were made and tested out in free water, the propelling power of each at certain revolutions noted.

In this way the best hull, rudder and propellers were designed in miniature and, long before the ship took form, the engineers knew exactly how she would behave in any circumstances.

The case of the *Queen Mary* is not an isolated one. The same lengthy procedure will be repeated before the plans for any big new liner are approved, and each time the experts will learn a little more, clip off a few tons of oil consumption here, add a few fractions of a knot there. Naturally, with the *Queen Mary* experience behind them, designers of the "552" will not need such lengthy preliminaries; but you may be sure that dozens of models were again tested out in miniature storms before the "Go ahead" was given.

Directly the exact form of the new liner has been finally fixed, corps of experts will get to work on the full-size plans. Thousands of these plans, covering acres of space, have to be drawn, reproducing in life size every one of the army of separate castings and fittings which make up a modern ship. On these plans engineering shops and casting foundries all over the country get to work.

The actual building of a liner resembles the assembly of a motor-car from mass-produced accessories, rather than the step-by-step construction of a house. Long before the keel plates are laid, mathematically minded experts have worked out a detailed schedule, setting out the exact number of men necessary at any one time, the quantities of material to be delivered every week, the number of rivets, plates, girders, portholes. . . .

The building yards of the great shipmakers are planned more for launching than for building; for it is during the brief 60 seconds during which the mass of steel slides to the sea that the greatest stresses have to be borne.

The modern building way is of heavy concrete, supported by hundreds of massive wood piles driven into the subsoil, and sloping down to the water at about half an inch to the foot. At each side rise great walls of latticed steel, on top of which travel mobile cranes which will lower the steel parts one by one to the ant-like workmen below.

The first step in construction is the laying of the keel blocks—great, tough "pedestals" of wood stretching down the centre of the yard. These will have to take the whole weight of the completed liner. There is usually some ceremony when the keel plates are first laid—a sort of foundation-stone affair—but there is really nothing to it. A crane lowers a few long steel plates. Men below arrange them so that they stretch, slightly overlapping, down the keel blocks. A few rivets clatter into place. And a new ship is conceived. . . .

The real keel

(*Continued on page 104*)

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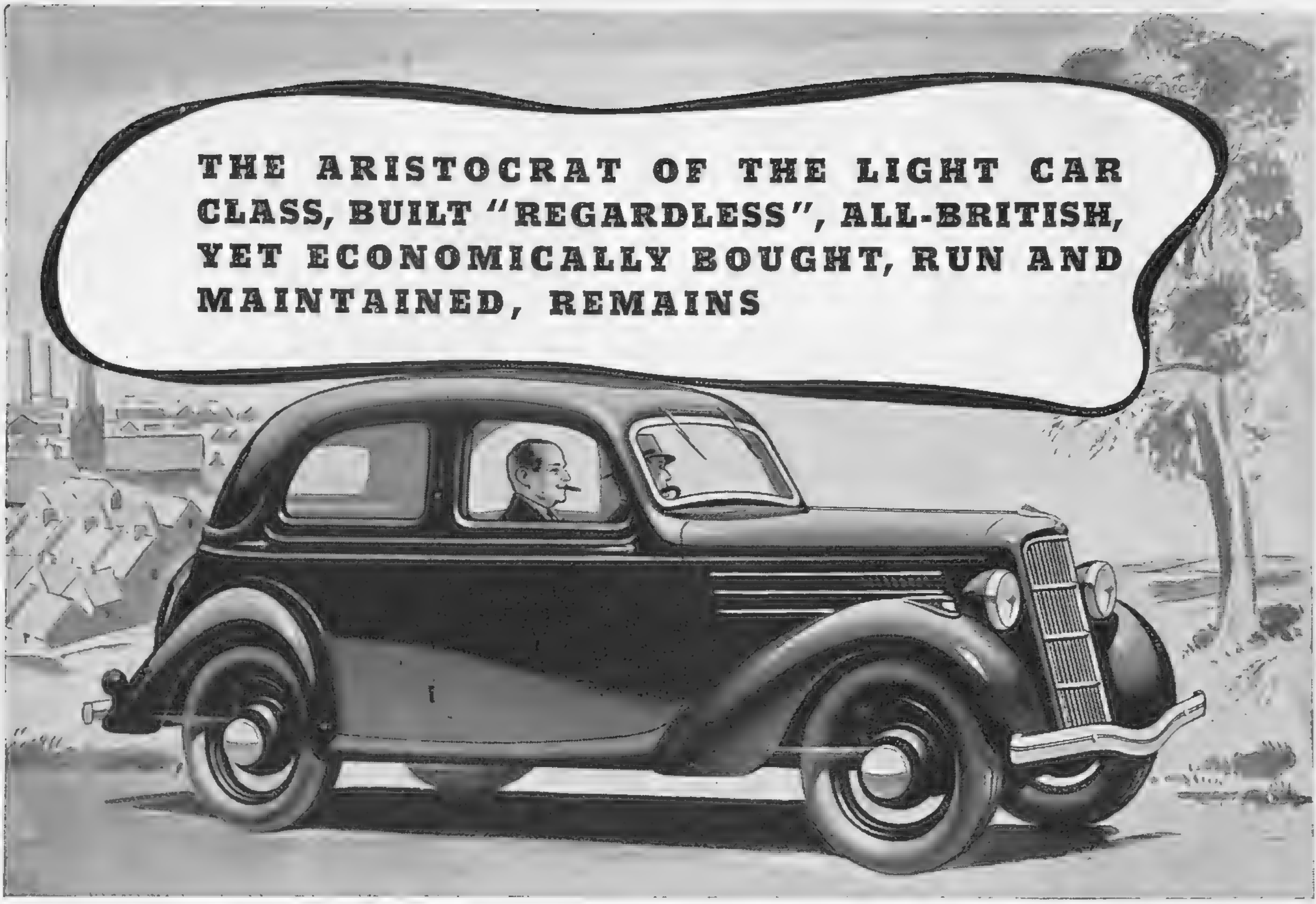
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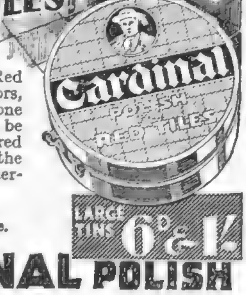

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is laid later. This is called the vertical keel, and resembles a heavy, long steel girder, lying on its thin edge for the whole length of the ship. Here is the real backbone of the vessel, which will have to bear enormous stresses and strains when it finally rides the rollers.

After the "spine" come the "vertebræ," upended steel plates, curved to the bottom of the ship, which radiate out from the keel, strengthening and stiffening the whole structure and acting as the walls of the dozens of compartments which make up the ship's double-bottom.

This, the most important part of the structure, is completed in a few weeks. Numbered, curved steel plates are taken from their "filing cabinet" storage and riveted over the skeleton of the bottom, and soon for hundreds of feet stretches a hollow, six feet deep structure which in a few years will be protecting the great ship from danger with its double skin, and acting as a reservoir for fuel, lubrication and water at the same time.

From now on the ship proper gradually takes shape. From the spine radiate up the "ribs"—curved steel members on which the plating of the hull will rest. From the ribs sprout the deck skeletons. And as the skeleton grows, a following army of platers clatters in its wake, gradually clothing the monster with steel. . . .

While the structure grows heavier, the question of support becomes more vital. At first a few light timber shores, propped against the young hull, were enough. But as the hull rises, a forest of thick beams sprouts up against it, wedging it firmly in place against the forces of gravity and wind.

Then comes the day when the vast stern castings, which have to bear the weight and thrust of the great screws and rudder, are fitted into place. The stern casting for the new Cunarder is likely to be one of the most massive metal giants ever to be poured out of a mould. It will be as tall as a block of flats, weigh as much as an ocean-going steam-yacht, and prove a sick headache to those responsible for transporting it by road to the shipyards. . . . When it is finally in place, the great steel structure really becomes a ship.

As the hull expands, so does the army of workmen. First come carpenters, platers and riveters to prepare the keel; next the main body of platers and riveters to clothe the hull, next the caulkers, testers and carpenters. And all the time an even greater regiment of architects, engineers, carpenters, joiners, painters, decorators, electricians, upholsterers and experts in half a hundred trades is waiting to swarm aboard the steel shell when it slides out into the water on the way to the fitting-out basin.

The construction of a great ship brings prosperity to towns all over Britain. Probably 250,000 workers will be employed in some phase of the building of the "552." Only 7,000 will work actually in the yards, but in 60 cities all over the country factories will roar at full pressure to provide the yards with the materials and fittings they need.

After months the ship is ready for launching. She is still hollow. None of her massive boilers or turbines have been lowered into her hull, for she must be launched as light as possible. And, because great gaps must be left in her decks to make way for the engines, a large part of her upper works and compartments is unfinished.

Even so, the 90,000-ton "552" will still weigh a matter of 37,000 tons as she rests on the stocks and a 37,000-ton battering ram running amok in a constricted yard is no joke. As the anxious day of launching approaches her builders will think back to all the calamitous launches of the past. They will remember that vast 20,000-ton anachronism the *Great Eastern*, which in the mid 'fifties resisted all efforts to launch it for three months, ruined the company which made it, and was finally rammed sideways into the Thames at a cost of over £100,000. They will remember the battleship H.M.S. *Albion*, which threw up such a wave that it swept 200 spectators into the water and drowned 50. They will remember all the Jonah ships which stuck, or started prematurely, or refused to stop and smashed into the opposite bank, or toppled sideways, or crushed workmen. Then they will look at the towering mass of extremely expensive steel and wonder. . . .

For months beforehand launching calculations will go on. A day will be picked when the tide is unusually high, so that there may be time to guide the floating ship to the basin before she can ground. Experts will work out the most intricate figures about the weight and strength of the hull, of the stresses she will have to bear, and of the strength and any necessary reinforcement of the ways. During launching, when great lengths of the heavy hull are left momentarily almost unsupported, the ship must bear strains greater than any she will meet at sea. And it would look extremely bad if the smart, new "552" broke her back on the launching ways. . . .

Some months before the launching, experts will sound the channel of the river into which the "552" will plunge, plotting the depth of every square yard. Then model workers will take over a section of the testing tank, model its floor with clay into an exact reproduction of the river bed, fill in the banks, construct a model launching way at the side, and place a steel model of the "552," correctly to scale in size and weight, in the stocks. At a signal, the model will slide slowly into the water, bob, and come to rest. The experts will know exactly how the greater mass of steel is really going to behave.

So accurate are these tank tests that when the *Queen Mary* was launched, the engineers were only 40 feet out in their estimate of her run. They calculated that she would come to rest after moving just over 1,200 feet. Actually she travelled 1,194.

The mechanical problem of sliding a big ship into the water is a fairly simple one and has been tackled in the same way for many years. The ship is made to do the work, and slide herself off the ways by the force of gravity. A few weeks before the launching the construction of "groundways" is started. These are solid wood "runways," made of 12-inch thick timber, fixed like a shallow cradle beneath the hull and running right down into the water. Before the actual "sliding ways," which are to support the hull, are built, the fixed groundways are heavily coated with an inch-thick layer of soap, tallow and sperm oil, which is ironed smooth. The sliding ways are also of wood, bolted together so as to form a continuous cradle beneath the hull. They are laid on the groundways and adjusted so as almost to touch the ship's bottom.

When the day comes for the launching, packing is forced between the sliding ways and the ship until they are in as tight a contact as possible. Meanwhile at stern and bows, where tremendous strains will be generated, high sliding cradles are built to embrace each end, and bolted to the ordinary sliding ways.

The ship is then still resting on the keel blocks, but tightly "cuddled" by a continuous cradle of wood, resting on a slippery, sloping groundway.

Immediately before the launching, workmen, creeping beneath the huge, menacing weight of the hull, split away with axes the wood of the many keel blocks. As they work, the ship settles a fraction of an inch until it is really resting in its cradle, and held from sliding to sea only by steel triggers on the ways.

From her side dangle great steel cables in 20 or more groups. Weighing as much as a cross-Channel steamer, their friction as the ship slides down the ways will check excessive speed and lead her gently to the water.

Then, as a bottle of champagne (or Empire wine, perhaps ?) is crashed by an Eminent Personage against the bows, the triggers are released. For moments nothing happens. Then, with ponderous dignity, she moves inch by inch, slowly gathers speed until she is rushing as

(*Continued on page* 106)

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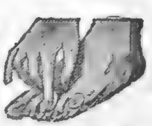

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fast as a man can run, the grease smoking beneath the ways, the great chains bounding and crashing, the workmen shouting . . . Within 100 seconds she is calmly afloat, awaiting her attendant tugs.

During those 100 seconds, the engineers will hold their breath. For at one period, when she nears the water, one quarter of the ship's weight, perhaps as much as 10,000 tons, will be resting solely on the tall cradle at her bows. Ten tons will be pressing on each square foot of the ways. Will the cradle crack, the concrete ways give . . . . ?

For the next eighteen months the great hull, after one brief taste of free water beneath her keel, will rest in the four and a half acres fitting-out basin, while twin cranes, capable of lifting 150 tons each, lower her fantastic machinery into the gaping caverns in her decks. Layer by layer she will be built up from the bottom, until it is time to fit the big engine room hatch in place, and to finish off her upper works. For most of this time upward of 4,000 men will be at work in the echoing steel hull, transforming it gradually into the "super-luxury liner" which will soon carry pampered passengers across the Atlantic in less than four days.

One more period of anxiety her builders will have: when she sets out under her own steam to undergo her "acceptance trials." For days she will steam at full speed, while stop-watched experts check such qualities as full speed, turning circle, time to reverse from full speed, fuel consumption per h.p., speed and hour. Then, when every test has been passed, the Cunard-White Star Company will take her over, and the "552" (or *King George*?) will go into service with the *Queen Mary* to make the finest partnership ever seen on the North Atlantic.

Meanwhile British shipping companies have been, and will continue to be, barraged with criticism by the more advanced students of shipbuilding.

"Why, in this age of streamlining and efficiency, build another old-fashioned contraption, pin-cushioned with huge funnels, masts, ventilators, lifeboats and protuberances of every sort, which simply trap the wind and cut down speed?" they ask. "It would be as easy to design a completely enclosed and streamlined hull, shaped like a shark and without masts or funnels, which would cut down resistance by one-third.

"U.S. experts have already planned such a ship. Of 100,000 tons, she would be able to travel at 50 m.p.h. at the same h.p. and fuel costs as the *Queen Mary*. She would be less affected by weather and could carry passengers for £12 each. A couple of such ships would sweep the Atlantic of rivals in a few years."

Even further go the real "left wing" experts.

"Big ships need so much power and fuel to run them because their hulls are so built that they have to force *aside* the water," they say. "As speed increases resistance mounts on a fantastic scale. When the *Normandie* increases speed from 24 to 31 knots she has to *double* fuel consumption. Thus, with present methods, any real speed-up of the Atlantic service is an economic impossibility. We should copy the speed-boat, which travels fast without waste of engine power because it rides *over* the water, instead of *through*. Its stepped-up hull lifts it almost clear of the waves, so that it skims them like a flipped stone.

"This principle could be applied to ocean-going liners. Some time ago a French company planned a motor-driven, 120-foot ship which, powered only with 4,000 h.p., would travel at 60 m.p.h. It could carry 60 passengers, and would cost only £25,000. Miserable conservatism killed the plan.

"This ship was meant for the calmer South Atlantic, but the idea could be adapted to any seas. Lightly-built liners could be so designed that, at speed in calm weather, their hulls would tend to lift from the water, decreasing resistance, boosting speed. In heavy weather they would reduce speed and steam in the ordinary way . . . .

"Only with such ships will a two-day Atlantic service become possible. Only such ships would be able to compete with air crossings."

Both ideas have much to back them. But would they be supported by the ever-conventional public, used to funnels and outside decks? Not for a generation or two, I think. The Cunard-White Star have been wise in their choice of designs.

END

It's a Queer Place—India !

(*Continued from page 47*)

standard, when chased by a dog, and then as one wondered for a moment whether he would go any higher and touch the high-tension cables, he has slipped off the pole and on to the hill-side, scampering off to the nearest tree.

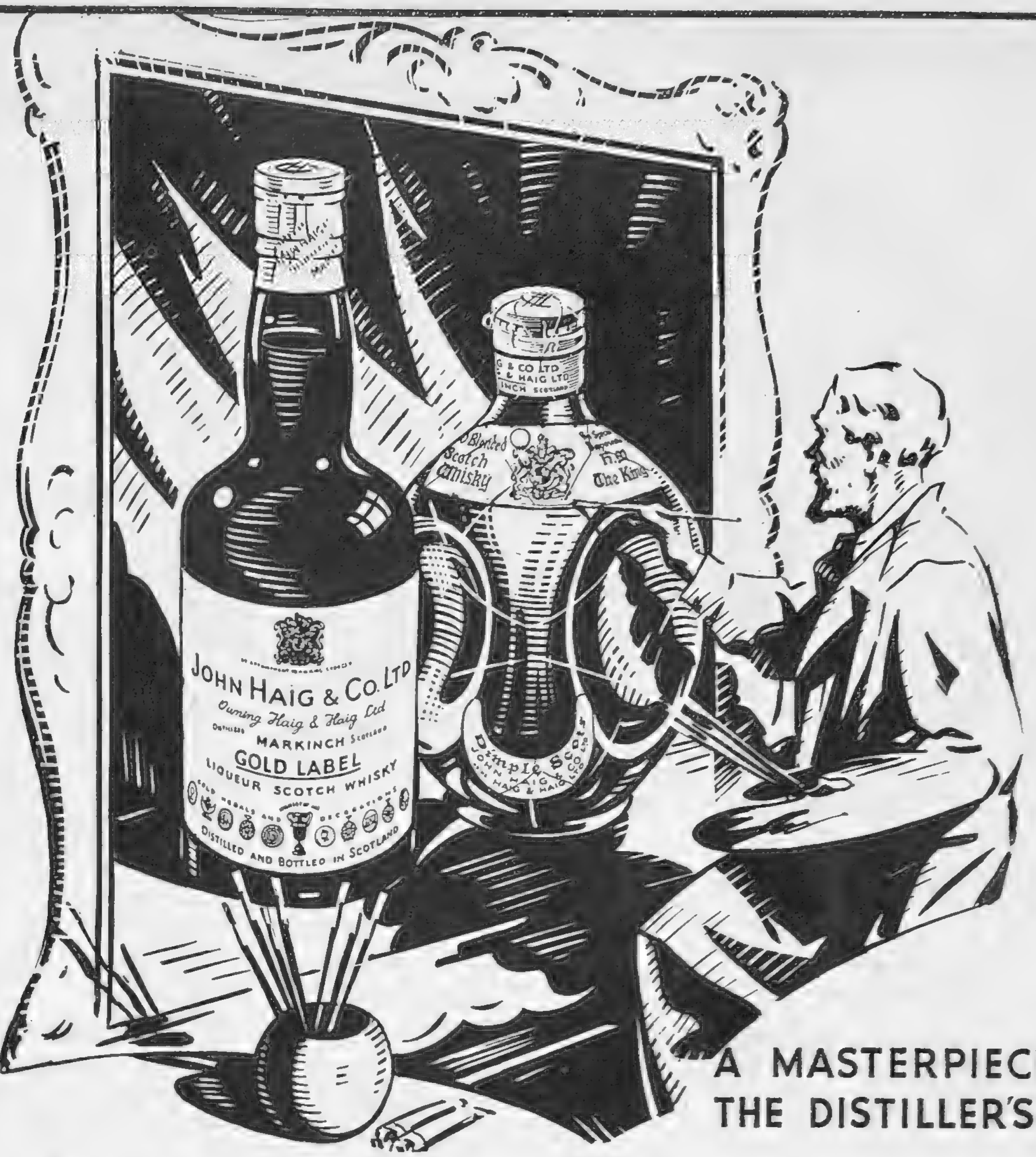
Little wonder, therefore, that the Hindu priest should dedicate temples to these creatures, where his many moments of languid leisure can be enlivened by the quaint antics of these strange fellows. These temples recall to the Hindu mind the fascinating and much treasured story in the Ramayana, frequently described as the Bible of Northern India, of Hanuman. As a punishment for attempting to seize the sun, Hanuman was struck by Indra, the King of the Gods, with a thunderbolt on the jaw (*Hanu*), whereupon his father, who was the god of the winds, locked himself up in a cave and refused to cool the earth unless Indra should promise his son immortal life. It was Hanuman who sent thousands of his monkeys to rescue Sita, the beautiful wife of Rama (incarnation of the god Vishnu) from the multi-headed demon Ravan, who held her a prisoner in Ceylon.

Worshippers attending these temples bring with them many dainties for the monkeys, and consequently these creatures take up their permanent abode in the vicinity. Simla boasts a very fine Hanuman temple, for many years in the charge of an Anglo-Frenchman who had forsaken all European standards for the saffron robe, seeking life's consolation in the practice of Hindu philosophy and the company of monkeys. Visitors to this temple will see in no long time that these creatures are actually divided up into various factions, the resident troop holding its title on a precarious tenure, for rival factions continually strive to gain a place in this land of plenty.

The largest and strongest member of the troop is the Rajah, as the temple priest designates him. His sovereignty he maintains through sheer force of limb and fang, for in his state, where dangers lurk in every shadow and death is ever near, it must be might that is right and justice has to be meted out by competent hands, swiftly and without mercy, as many a torn coat and broken limb testify.

Stretching a moment in the sun, he seats himself on a convenient parapet; with an expression of melancholy abstraction he sits gazing into space, dreaming, yet ever alert. He hears excited chatter. An enemy! He's off. No more a Dr. Jekyll, but now Mr. Hyde, in all his diabolical fury he hurtles through the forest with his subjects in hot pursuit of some intruder. What a moment ago was a peaceful forest, silent but for the pleasant lowing of the pines and the occasional whimper of a monkey, is now an inferno of infuriated demons in the throes of war, screeching and shrieking their battle cries with such fierce excitement that one is compelled to wonder if any will survive the conflict. The war is soon over, however, and the Rajah returns dignified and placid as ever, with not a thought for those of his faithful followers who limp home the worse for battle. And so in this land of our reputed forbears war is eternal.

(*Continued on page 108*)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MANSION POLISH
The BRIGHT way to lovely floors

Floors retain their loveliness far longer when polished with 'Mansion.' A single application will keep a floor looking bright and fresh for days. Such lasting brilliance means the minimum of attention and trouble. And 'Mansion' is

So Quick! So Easy! So Economical!

MANSION POLISH

For Floors, Furniture & Linoleum

Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-.

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DON'T SAY HAIR GRIPS–SAY KIRBIGRIPS

COLORINSE ADDS COLOUR BEAUTY TO YOUR HAIR

COLORINSE ESSENTIAL AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO 2 for 6d

From all CHEMISTS and HAIRDRESSERS

Cruel creatures, yet at times so human. Should a young one die, a mother will continue to carry it about, and she will not cast it away until she has had another baby. Once a little Indian child had been missing from its home for some time. It was eventually found in the midst of a troop of monkeys. Each time it endeavoured to raise its hands to its crying eyes a monkey would pull them down. A gesture of sympathy perhaps rather than curiosity, for I was once told by a friend, by no means given to exaggeration of facts, that he once saw a number of monkeys sitting around the dead body of one of their fellows in perfect silence. There they sat, with heads bowed, for a long time, and only moved away when a dog appeared on the scene.

CARE and affection for children by elephants are, however, supported by many well-known incidents. It is not uncommon for a child to be left in the charge of an elephant, who will brush away the flies from the infant hour after hour—a task to which these creatures are peculiarly suited, for the elephant is an extremely light sleeper and seldom sleeps for more than four out of the twenty-four hours. Not long ago in one of the districts of Bihar and Orissa an elephant had gone "musth" and tore down a narrow street flanked with frail mud and bamboo huts. Men and women fled for their lives as the elephant broke down hut after hut. It suddenly halted at one particular hut. The next instant a child was seen in its uplifted trunk Would it dash the little thing on the ground? As people watched breathlessly it placed the little thing safely on one side and then continued its mad career.

This sight must no doubt have recalled to mind the days when the elephant filled the rôle of state executioner. Unfortunate prisoners were bound to logs which were tied to the elephant's legs, and in this way they were dragged through the city in full view of all the people and finally trampled on by the elephant.

The elephant's principal part in India to-day is played on ceremonial occasions. Indeed, he is a pageant in himself when fully dressed and painted. No rajah of any account omits to keep at least one of these bulky fellows to impress his subjects and enhance his prestige. Ganesh, or the elephant-headed god, finds a place in every Hindu household. He is frequently garlanded with marigolds and his assistance invariably invoked before embarking on any business enterprise.

SECOND only to the elephant in ceremonial importance is the camel. The gaunt lineaments of this creature certainly do not suggest this, but when gaily caparisoned and harnessed to the state carriage, fancy can compel the sight into moments of graceful pageantry. His maintenance is inexpensive, for he is equally satisfied with the thorniest *babul* as with the tenderest of leaves. Caring neither for the heat of the noonday sun nor the damp and cold of monsoon days, he moves in utter contempt and indifference to all around him, except when his keeper is smoking. The camel is an inveterate "smoker," and can enjoy the smoke exhaled by his master's *hookah* as much as any loquacious colonel smoking his cigar at the club!

Nevertheless, the camel is never a serious rival to the elephant, who has proved himself both ornamental and useful, lacking only in usefulness to his African brother when dead. His ivory is inferior to the African elephant's for the reason that he has too much salt in India, which causes more rapid discoloration. This fact I gleaned from an Indian ivory-worker who had spent ten years on carving a foot-high ivory elephant from a single tusk, which he had priced at the equivalent of £1,000. He ought to know!

Incidentally, the elephant was the cause of a serious "trunk" case in India when the new King George V rupee was issued. It was contended by the Muslim community that the elephant represented on the coin had so short a trunk that he resembled a pig, the very name of which is anathema to the Muslim. The rupee had to be withdrawn and the necessary changes made in it.

Though one of the most dangerous of animals to tame, the elephant is one of the easiest to train. He is trapped in Mysore, Ceylon, Siam and Burma, where he is used for lumbering. He is sometimes caught in pits, sometimes driven into great enclosures, and when weakened by starvation he is taken out and trained under the escort of tame elephants. Circus trainers generally select females or "bachelor" elephants, and never attempt to do any training at the slightest signs of his going "musth," a seasonal disorder of which the trainer is warned by the swelling of the temples and the discharge of an oily substance from near his ears. The attack may last days or months, when to all intents and purposes he is a dangerous lunatic.

A STRIKING contrast to the docility of this creature when he is his normal self is to be found in the panther or leopard. I once witnessed the training of one of these creatures. It was not pleasant and very different from the training of the performing bear, for example, which one frequently sees in India with his peripatetic master. The bear is first made drunk with an intoxicant called *bhang*, and when in this state he is waltzed around by his owner in the fond hope that he is teaching the creature to dance. No such fortune for the panther, which is led into an enclosure at the end of two ropes fastened round his neck and held fast by two attendants. The trainer, armed with a whip and a stick with a spiked knob, as it were a hedgehog stuck on to the end of it, uses this mercilessly on the poor animal to begin with. He is then offered some meat. He eats it ravenously. He is then pulled and tugged about, given more meat, prodded a little more, till finally the poor animal, bleeding from the mouth by now, refuses further food, though still very hungry, for he has been well starved as a preliminary to his lesson. But for this refusal of food, he shows no other sign of being cowed and puts up a gallant fight to the end against terrible odds.

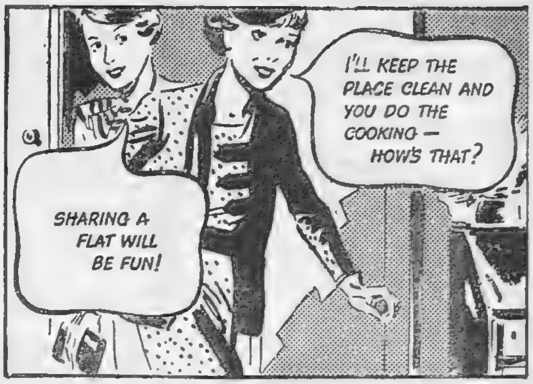
These animals are far more difficult to handle, whether in the arena or in the forest, than the larger members of their species. It is the habit of these creatures to place the unfinished portion of their kill in the fork of a tree. Later they will return to it, days after sometimes, and, despite its dreadful state of putrefaction, devour it with relish. For this reason a scratch or a bite from a panther almost invariably turns septic.

Experienced shikaris will always declare that a wounded panther, with its extraordinary nimbleness, is far more dangerous than a wounded tiger or lion, though perhaps tigers hold the record for human consumption. In 1760, when famine caused the death of great numbers of cattle and deer, the tigers, being thus deprived of their natural food, attacked the town of Bhadarpur in the Gorakpur Division and killed about 400 people. Those who escaped the tigers fled, and the city remained deserted for years after. (From Government records.)

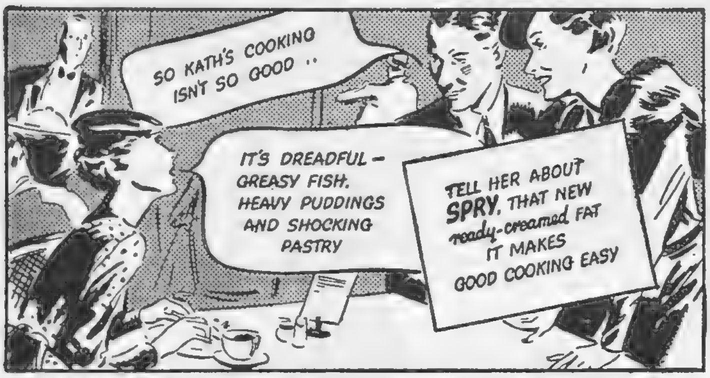
This story should at least provide alleviation for any qualms of conscience you might feel at the seemingly unsporting advantage offered by a *machan* (raised platform) for tiger shooting; but if still in doubt, the following story might serve to dispel finally any lingering thoughts of disturbing sentiment.

It was a chilly night in the Central Provinces and an uneventful night of vigil over a kill had very much damped the hope of bagging what was a notoriously bold and dangerous man-eater. It all seemed very disappointing when, as objects began to take shape with the approach of dawn, a movement was noticed in the thick undergrowth below the *machan*. On this raised platform sat a veteran shikari and his son, silently watching, till they saw a fine specimen of a tiger come out into a little clearing; but before he could (*Continued on page* 110)

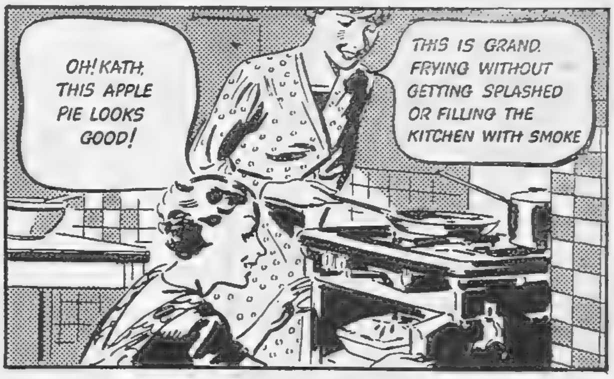
Spry cooking brings Betty home to dinner


I'LL KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN AND YOU DO THE COOKING — HOW'S THAT?
SHARING A FLAT WILL BE FUN!

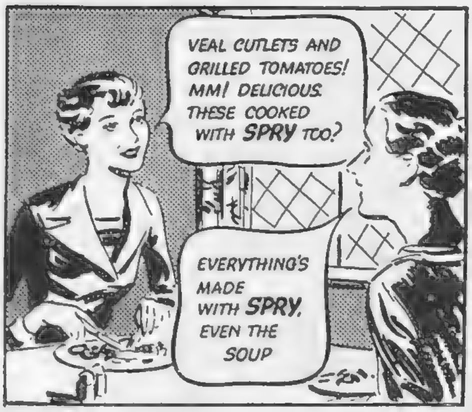
Betty and Kath were saving up for their holidays, so they decided to share a tiny flat and eat at home. As Kath worked in a bank and could get away early, and Betty couldn't leave her office till six, Kath volunteered to do the cooking.


SO KATH'S COOKING ISN'T SO GOOD ..
IT'S DREADFUL — GREASY FISH, HEAVY PUDDINGS AND SHOCKING PASTRY
TELL HER ABOUT SPRY, THAT NEW ready-creamed FAT IT MAKES GOOD COOKING EASY

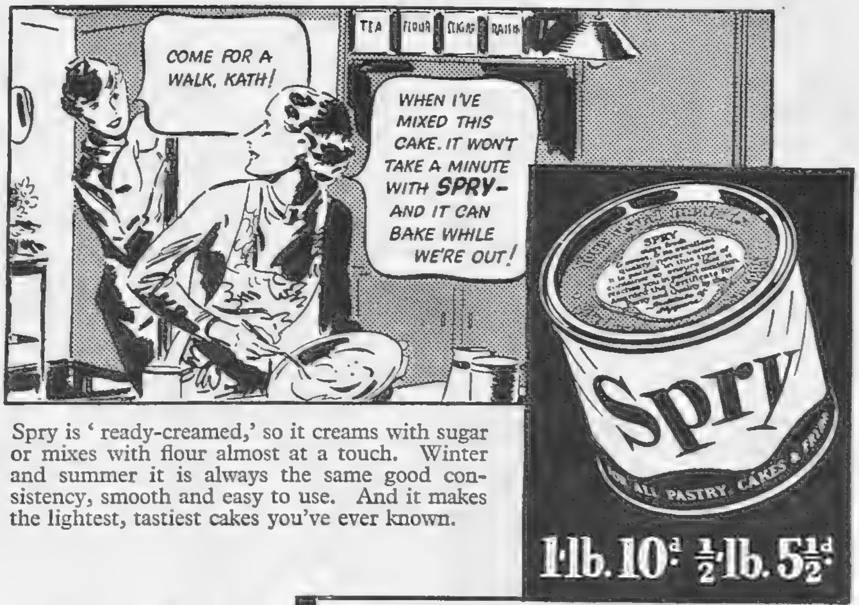
Unfortunately Kath was no cook, and Betty took to eating out. Relations were rather strained; but she repeated what she had heard about Spry—" Everything you cook with Spry turns out marvellously."


OH! KATH, THIS APPLE PIE LOOKS GOOD!
THIS IS GRAND. FRYING WITHOUT GETTING SPLASHED OR FILLING THE KITCHEN WITH SMOKE

Betty's dealer was just as enthusiastic about Spry. " There's no indigestion with Spry cooking," he said, " and I've never heard of a failure. It's an all-vegetable fat, Miss; and as pure as can be. See how beautifully white and smooth it is."


VEAL CUTLETS AND GRILLED TOMATOES! MM! DELICIOUS. THESE COOKED WITH SPRY TOO?
EVERYTHING'S MADE WITH SPRY, EVEN THE SOUP

Betty said she'd never tasted such perfect food. " That lovely crisp pastry last night, and tonight's steamed pudding! Congratulations, Kath." " It's not me," said Kath, " it's Spry. Cooking with that marvellous fat is absolutely child's play."


TEA
FLOUR
SUGAR
RAISINS
COME FOR A WALK, KATH!
WHEN I'VE MIXED THIS CAKE, IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE WITH SPRY— AND IT CAN BAKE WHILE WE'RE OUT!
Spry
FOR ALL PASTRY, CAKES & FRYING
1 lb. 10d. ½ lb. 5½d.

Spry is ' ready-creamed,' so it creams with sugar or mixes with flour almost at a touch. Winter and summer it is always the same good consistency, smooth and easy to use. And it makes the lightest, tastiest cakes you've ever known.

Spry the 'ready-creamed' fat

Spry is packed in handy tins—they're cleaner and more convenient. Get in a supply and have Spry always ready. No matter how long you keep it, it stays sweet and fresh.

ONE fat for ALL your cooking!

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED

6 points you'll like about Spry

1. It's 'ready-creamed'—so light, so smooth.
2. It mixes at a touch.
3. Gives you lighter cakes and pastry.
4. Fries without smoke or smell.
5. Makes everything more digestible.
6. Stays fresh and sweet indefinitely.

SPR 65-5

reach the remains of the buffalo he had killed the previous night a shot rang out and the tiger fell limp and still. After waiting some little time to make sure that the animal was dead and that he had no mate in hiding near by, R—— slid down from the *machan* and made towards the tiger. He was now but a few yards from the beast when suddenly it rose and sprang at him. This dreadful scene was witnessed by the son, who had remained on the *machan*, but he dared not fire, for his father was in a direct line between him and the tiger. It was a terrible moment for him as he saw the tiger in mid air and almost on top of his father. Fortunately it was but a moment, for at the same instant a shot rang out from R——'s gun, who stepped aside at the same time, and the animal fell dead at his feet—a cunning old man-eater who all but succeeded in having yet another tasty meal.

IT is a generally accepted fact that no wild animal is the aggressor when he encounters man. Man-eaters are of course excepted, but as this section of the community bears no marks of identification, a wide berth for such creatures is always advisable, and it is amazing how wide that berth must sometimes be. Once in Simla, where I generally slept in the verandah of my house during the dry weather, I was awakened by the deep breathing of what I at first thought was a dog under my bed. I shifted. I heard something scamper away. I jumped out of bed and there I saw the sleek figure of a panther run across the tennis court and down the hill. This almost in the heart of the summer capital of India!

The next morning, feeling tremendously heroic, I mentioned the incident to one of my servants—a hill man—fully expecting him to gasp at the sheer excitement and thrill of my tale, but the only remark it evoked was: "In my village there are plenty of *burra billies*" (big cats).

And so it is throughout the length and breadth of India. Man and beast live in circumstances of such strange and close association that the one is heeded but little by the other except when superstition and hunger become disturbing factors.

END

Something for Nothing

(Continued from page 23)

"I have gotta da mungey," said Gonzales thankfully. "After all. . ."

The most charming thing about Lola was her modesty.

So modest, so frightened was she that Gonzales' love story did not progress very rapidly. Mostly they just sat in silence, on a stony ridge overlooking a ruined temple, and watched the sun set. Once she gave him a little quick kiss that was like the passing kiss of a butterfly. Sometimes she let him put his thin arm about her waist.

And Gonzales suffered all the hells and torments of lovers and grew even thinner than before, and all this time Portenza guessed nothing. True, his friend was silent and lost in daydreams, and his kind, rather simple face had taken on an oddly wistful expression, but Portenza thought nothing of that.

In pursuance of his private plan, he grew nicer and nicer to Gonzales as the time of the ripening of the soft fruits drew near. He went out of his way to please him. Gonzales liked jewellery. One day early in May Portenza picked up a very fine ring.

He gave it to Gonzales without a qualm.

"Whatta for?" asked Gonzales, his jaw dropping.

"Are we not friends? Good friends for many years, always living together. Now then, I givva my friend a ring, don't I? Why not?"

Gonzales was touched. It could not have happened at a better moment.

He hurried away.

Out on the stony hillside looking over to the ruined temple the moon rose white and wonderful. It lit up Gonzales, his voice thickened with emotion, slipping the handsome ring on to Lola's little golden finger. . .

She was pleased as a child. She held it near her face, then far away to admire the effect. She cast swift, maddening, sidelong glances at Gonzales, and told him she loved him, and that he would take her away and turn her into a rich lady one day. The errant breeze took a long strand of her tawny hair and wound it round Gonzales' neck like a loving arm, loosing the floodgates of his pent-up emotion and removing the last of his inhibitions once and for all.

PORTENZA watched him between half-closed, suspicious eyes. Something was up. Gonzales sang about the house. Gonzales was more cheerful than he, Portenza, had ever known him to be before. In this mood, one might get him to do anything.

Portenza had made, here and there amongst friends along the water-side, careful enquiries on the matter of the law of inheritance.

"It is for nothing. . . A matter of interest only."

They understood him perfectly and nodded and told him all they knew. Unless there was a proper signed paper, he gathered he had no chance.

So, with forethought and with care, Portenza drew up a document and kept it ready. No one knew, with Gonzales in his present mood, when the auspicious moment might not come.

He opened a seam in his *matrasse* and hid the paper inside, since all would be lost if Gonzales came on it untimely and out of season.

So all went smoothly and well, and they were better friends than ever they had been, except that Gonzales was a noisy and troublesome sleeping companion.

It was not till the end of May that Portenza smelt a rat.

"Where is the handsome ring, man?" he demanded one day. He noticed Gonzales was not wearing it.

Gonzales put him off with an excuse too clumsy and childish for serious consideration.

Suspicion lifted its head like a snake in Portenza's mind. Had Gonzales sold it and spent the proceeds on himself? Portenza, who had had to fight an overwhelming temptation to do this himself before he parted with it, burned with fury and indignation.

Then it was he began to follow Gonzales to see what Gonzales was about. But Gonzales, most unlike himself, was unusually artful, and nothing came of it.

In the end Portenza stumbled upon the secret, as one so often does, when and where he was least looking for it.

He was standing beside a fish stall in the market, weighing the merits of some highly coloured prawns, when a girl came in. A golden tawny girl she was, with a basket on her arm.

Swiftly and competently she shopped.

Her feet were bare, and she wore a faded old blue cotton frock, but for all that Portenza thought her the loveliest thing he had ever set eyes on.

Some English sailors near by seemed to think so, too, for they laughed and they whistled to her and jollied her along, for all the world as if they knew her.

Bemused, Portenza followed her from stall to stall.

It was whilst her slim hand was pinching loaves to test their freshness that he saw the ring. He saw it and stood transfixed, staring at it. There was no mistaking it. It was unique and costly, a ring not easily come by in those parts.

(Continued on page 112)

Under the spell of MICHEL

● The rosebud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating colour to lips . . . makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayer, more permanent lipstick to-day. Insist on Michel, the Creator of the Permanent Lipstick which changes colour to suit every complexion. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

7 APPEALING SHADES:

Blonde, Brunette, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry. The New Modern Tint, Capucine.

Michel LIPSTICK

DE LUXE 4/6; LARGE 2/6; POPULAR 1/6.
Ask also for Michel Rouge and Eye Cosmetique.
Obtainable at all good shops.

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CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (B.E.9.),
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8, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel Lipstick in ....shade.

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We know what the men like
'green label' Chutney with their chop

Men love the piquant flavour of 'green label' Chutney—it's so tasty. You only get this rich flavour with the *original* and *genuine* 'green label' Chutney because such quantities of real Indian mangoes go into its making. These are blended with real Indian spices and seasonings—no wonder it's so tasty. Price 6d to 2/6. Be sure the picture of the "Tom-Tom" man and the name J. A. Sharwood & Co. Ltd. is on the green label—your *guarantee* of *quality*. Ask your Grocer today for

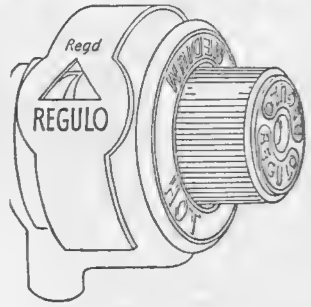
Regd. Trade Mark

'green label' chutney
INDIAN MANGO

2/37

I've always plenty of time for baby now

I'm a regular 'REGULO' fan!

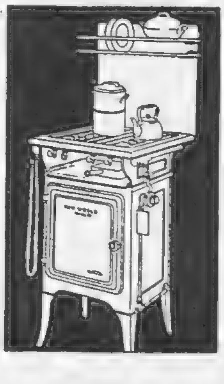


Just after baby came there were times when I felt that things were getting too much for me. And then we got a New World Cooker and Oh! the difference it's made.

It's the 'Regulo' Control I find so convenient. Once I've set the control and put the food in the oven, I don't even have to think about the kitchen. I just put cooking right out of my mind until it's time to serve the meal. And what a meal! You can't help being a good cook, it's all so simple.

Even without baby to look after I can't imagine how I got along without my New World Gas Cooker.

FREE. An invaluable little booklet "Tasty Dishes," that gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves, together with 'Regulo' settings and cooking times. POST COUPON TO-DAY. No kitchen should be without this booklet.



The 'Regulo' Cooking Numbers appear in the triangular opening as the knob is rotated. The three sides of the triangle are a reminder of the features that have made the New World the most perfect cooking oven obtainable, i.e., Single Oven Burner, Direct-Bottom-Flue-Outlet, and the 'Regulo' Automatic Oven-Heat Control. These three features together are distinctive of the New World Cooker with which the highest standard of cooking is attainable.

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COUPON

NEW WORLD

REGULO-CONTROLLED PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

He seized the slender wrist and stared closely at the shining stone.

"Where did you get that ring?"

She stood, her hand behind her, looking up at him.

"From my lover," she said.

And there was Ma Cortez, all a bustle, shooing him off.

"You let her alone. She's a good girl, betrothed to a man of property and not for the likes of you!"

She winked. The English sailors beside the door looked on at the scene and laughed uproariously, while Lola stood looking immensely modest and demure.

So that was it. That was what had been going on behind his back. Without a word, Gonzales had been deceiving him for months and leading a double life with this girl.

It still wanted a month to the ripening of the soft fruits and the cheap season for custard apples. Just a month. Portenza congratulated himself that he had made his plan in time. Left for another year, it would have been too late.

That night he tracked Gonzales successfully out to the ruined temple. He lay, suffering untold tortures, watching the two figures meet against the big white disc of the moon, and merge into one, hearing the distant murmur of voices and of kisses, and he felt, in imagination, that slender figure, and all that cloud of tawny hair blown about him, as he hid behind the fig-tree, all alone.

Wasting herself on a gink like Gonzales, who wasn't a man at all, when there were real men willing to take her. He closed his eyes, shutting out the present, dreaming a dream. Once let him get rid of Gonzales—all sorts of things might happen.

Might—and should. For would not the house soon be his, and the regular money coming in?

The thing was to get that paper signed now, and without delay.

GONZALES returned late, with that hazy, dream look in his soft, dark eyes. He found Portenza very festive, with a bottle.

"Now then, man. Drink some."

Gonzales inspected the bottle, but without enthusiasm. He had none of the manlier vices.

"Notta to-night. . . I must sleep."

Portenza kept his temper and gritted his teeth. . .

"To-morrow maybe there'll be none."

Gonzales only yawned, flung himself on his bed, and fell asleep with amazing suddenness, not bothering to remove his clothes. Portenza went over presently and looked at him. His face had a strange, livid pallor. He breathed short and swift and shallow. Love was certainly playing the dickens with poor Gonzales.

Portenza put away the bottle and slept himself. He dreamed the golden girl was his, and her tawny hair all about him, when he was awakened by the sound of dreadful groans.

Gonzales lay on his bed. His face was greenish, his features contorted. Portenza had seen him like that often enough before, in the season of cheap ripe fruits, but it was not yet that season.

"What now?" asked Portenza, disturbed.

Gonzales gasped, writhing: "I thinka they give me something. . ."

Portenza went for the doctor. He was annoyed. To himself he said,

"Certainly he has eaten the lobster."

If only he had known this was going to happen, how simple it would have been!

The doctor came with the dawn.

Gonzales was lying in a strange attitude upon his bed. He looked as if someone had spitefully tied him into a knot.

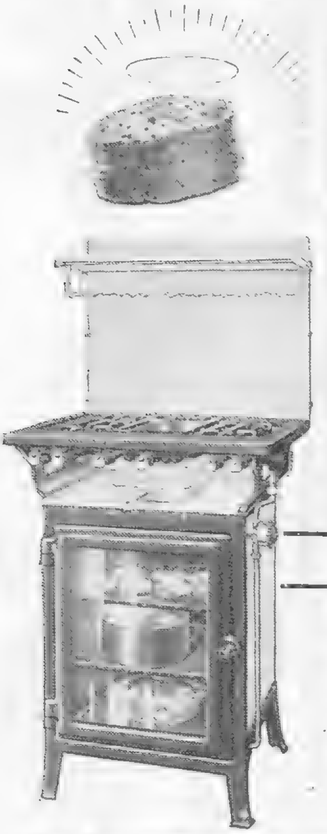
"Dead . . . Quite dead . . " said the doctor. He looked into Gonzales' mouth. He pulled down Gonzales' eye-lid.

"Unless I'm much mistaken, strychnine poisoning," the doctor said.

"But that is

(Continued on page 114)

HOW TO BAKE A PERFECT CAKE



You want to bake a cake "just like Mother made"? Turn gas on full; light the oven burner. Set the Regulator at the right mark. Heat up oven for 10 minutes. Put the cake in; the Regulator automatically keeps the temperature even.

This even temperature is essential. Many a promising cake has been spoiled by letting in a rush of cold air. But with the Vulcan Cooker there is no need to open the oven for inspection; the double glass door gives a clear view of the interior. Then, when "time's up," out comes the cake, baked to perfection.

- *Patent Armourplate glass door; unbreakable; non-steaming.*
- *Automatic Oven Heat Control.*
- *Porcelain enamel finish in mottled grey or plain colours; chromium plated fittings.*
- *Single oven burner; large cooking space; economy in gas consumption.*
- *Housewife planned hotplate, with covered griller.*

OF COURSE YOU NEED A

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PALACE HOTEL

TORQUAY

impossible, now," said Portenza, conscious of overwhelming innocence. It was on the point of his tongue to say "The time had not yet come."

He bit back the words.

He stood, worried, lost, gesticulating violently, telling them all it was lobster, surely the lobster. His voice rose, taking on an hysterical note, as the police poured in, eyeing him, and not with any liking.

They searched the squalid little house down on the quayside with distressing thoroughness—a thoroughness Portenza had never dreamed of. They found the loose brick with, secreted behind it, the little bottle he had picked up, and was keeping by him. They found inside his *matrasse* the document in which Gonzales left everything he possessed to his dear friend Portenza who had lived with him for so many years. . .

"I fancy this is quite enough," said the police sergeant, wearily.

Portenza wept. He tore his hair. He could not believe there was so little justice in the world. No one listened when he said he hadn't done it. No one took any notice of his wailing protestations and his cries.

"By all my gods I swear I never give it to him."

Nobody seemed to place the slightest reliance in Portenza's gods. . .

"Then why you keep it there? Why you hide it there?" they asked him.

Portenza found that difficult to explain.

THERE was evidence of every sort against him. From the bars and from the drinking shops about the quayside came those he had lately questioned about the laws of inheritance, and said their little say.

Portenza was despatched on a sunny morning, just as the wind changed, turning the sea towards Crete a leaden grey, with a trimming of little white horses.

To the end he protested his innocence.

THE sun shone. The big ships came and went. The naval barracks were decorated for a feast day, with flags. Down the dusty street came a beautiful girl, neat and modest of mien, and dressed in black. Shoes on her slender feet, she had, and gloves on her hands. As she passed the gates of the naval barracks, the naval ratings there paused in their task and winked. Winked long and knowing at the coxswain of the Admiral's launch lying alongside.

"What's come over French Lola. All poshed up of a sudden. Now when I knew her first——"

Said the coxswain of the Admiral's launch:

"It seems that gink that was murdered over Valetta way left her all his money and a house. . . It seems he was going to marry her."

The jaws of the various naval ratings then dropped.

"Marry French Lola. . . . Coo! What for?"

"Search me," said the coxswain of the Admiral's launch, as he put to sea.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 37)

—far from it—but he is prepared to cut any girl's throat if she won't get a move on. That is as it should be.

His new novel, *The Secret War* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), offers one of those immense, international plots which make the reader feel like a Cabinet Minister; it is exciting, very active and, above all, swift.

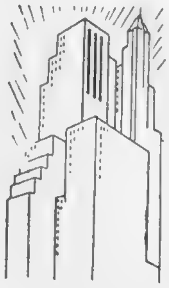
THE NONSENSIBUS (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) is an anthology of nonsense compiled by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. It is full of the most engaging rubbish in the world, and I recommend it strongly as a bedside companion—especially for use before rising. I wish that room could have been found for more than one example of the work of my favourite writer, Miss Dorothy Parker; but that one is a masterpiece.

END

What Vani-Tred means to me

By an American Cousin

(STAYING IN LONDON)

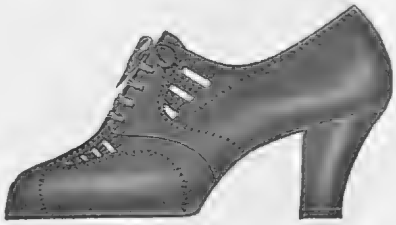


We young women of the Brave New World must keep moving. So we VANI-TRED. Fit and forget, it certainly is with these marvellous shoes. Back home the VANI-TRED shops take loads of trouble to put you into just the right shoe because they know you'll never go wrong again. Out of forty to sixty fittings there's only one that's really you and yours. Any fashionable style you like of course — there are lots of them — but you must be faithful to your number.

There's a special feature★ too you ought to have explained to you—gives you greater treading area and lightens your step — it certainly seems to make an amazing difference.

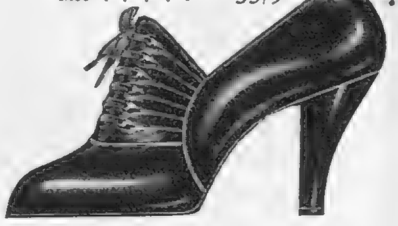
With all this sightseeing I'm grateful to know my VANI-TRED specials are still at hand — British made too — hurrah.

★ *In a VANI-TRED shoe there is an exclusive feature which eliminates the "air-pocket" normally present behind the ball of the foot in a high heeled shoe and responsible for 70% of the body-weight being concentrated on a very short area. By eliminating this empty space and giving a full-length tread area, the VANI-TRED feature ensures greater stabilization and lessens strain on metatarsal bones and ligaments.*



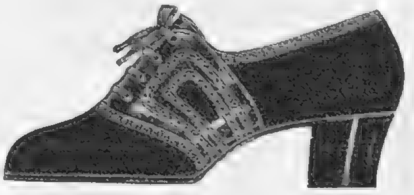
Grelda

Dove-grey is the colour of this five eyelet Derby shoe. The Cuban heel is of medium height and is covered to match the rest of the shoe 35/9



Levisa

An Oxford style with a difference in black or brown glace kid. "U" shaped throat with six eyelets and a 2⅜" Spanish Louis Heel give this shoe a real touch of personality . . 35/9



Doria

Here's a pukka spectator sports shoe—this time in suede and calf, with four eyelets and low leather heel. You can have this one in blue or brown . . 29/9

5

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COOK WELL and SAVE
with a Columbian Cooker . .

The Duchess Cooker (right) will cook for seven persons, and burns the cheapest coal or wood. Cost in simple finish £7.4.0 ; in mottled enamel with polished top £10.12.6. Bath Boiler for 25 gallon tank 30/- extra.

The Duchess Cooker, made in two sizes, burns wood as well as coal.

The Countess Cooker (left) is larger and costs slightly more than the Duchess. It has an additional hot cupboard which conserves the heat.

The Countess Cooker, also made in two sizes, is popular because the cheapest kitchen coal can be burned.

The Kudos Cooker, frequently used as a continuous-burning cooker, uses almost any solid fuel. Its boiler can be connected to a 60 gallon tank for domestic hot water.

The Kudos Cooker (right) has an extensive polished top-plate, a large oven, and will cook for ten persons. It can be insulated to save fuel and reduce heat radiation. In its simplest form the Kudos costs £13 . 14 . 6, while the Bath Boiler, heating tank up to 60 gallons, costs 50/– extra.

All Columbian Cookers are strongly made of the finest materials and will last a lifetime. Catalogues and full particulars will gladly be sent on application to Dept. BEC.

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Window Machinery

(*Continued from page* 53)

conservative estimate, works out at about 1s. 6d. to 2s. a foot.)

This, briefly, is the economics of the modern window as fitted out, in its simplest form, with two curtains to cover a six-foot span.

The tidy heading is the real gain in looks: the gain in efficiency is found in the facts that nearly every component part is a cleverly designed "slip-in" or "slip-on," and is independent of a lot of unfixing of other component parts to get at it.

For instance, the rail itself can be taken down without removing the brackets; runners, gliders, cords, hooks can all be added without disturbing any other details; cords are placed, not threaded behind the rail; and the actual curtains can be taken down in a matter of three or four seconds without unscrewing or undoing anything troublesome at all.

There are different forms of headings. The so-called "French heading" is actually a gathered heading of the simplest type of about an inch and a half above its hooks; shirred or gathered heads are a more complicated but pleasant development; and box pleats and formal pleats are another idea.

But all windows are not simple, nor are they wanted to be too plain. There are really interesting and amusing possibilities in draping. The ruffled border of the draped back voile or net under curtains is essentially a modern idea; as also is the cross-over drapery for the main curtains.

There are, in fact, innumerable prescriptions to be made up for windows—for the tall, formal window, for instance, a ruffled voile pair of curtains, draped back; with straight-hanging main curtains and a box-pleated shaped valance.

This (a typical modern window which is almost the sole decoration of a simple, medium-sized room) has for its machinery a Kirsch Gold Seal triple extension curtain rod finished in statuary bronze.

One development of the modern window is the return of the window blind, and especially the venetian blind. The fitting of the windows of Lady Louis Mountbatten's Brook House penthouse flat with Kirsch metal venetian blinds is indicative of the modern trend.

The mechanism of these is simple and easily and silently worked; the slats can be of any colour.

Ordinary glazed and painted blinds are also returning, but these do not admit controlled light, light without glare or, of course, ventilation, and should be used with discrimination.

END

Strange Exile

(*Continued from page* 27)

must be the Hotel Imperial, Vienna, where he is a somebody, as part-Hapsburg, in that rendezvous of the Austrian aristocracy. It was here that he lunched with the Duke of Windsor, on which occasion what unspoken thoughts must have lain uppermost, of Spain and of England! A flash takes me back to April, '27, and Alfonso and Primo glad-handing the Prince and Prince George from the train at Seville.

The Paris dear to Alfonso has been warned as not safe for such unmistakable features as his. Other capitals are not so good for other reasons. Alfonso has no hobbies and one sport, shooting. His personal circle has largely evaporated or been killed. His most faithful friend, the Duke of Miranda, died. His own family has disintegrated with unheard-of rapidity. The former Queen Victoria Eugénie has taken a house for good, on the north side of the Park. The stricken (when he is not night-clubbing) Count of Covadonga refuses to disconnect from the U.S. Young Gonzalez died from trivial motor injury, victim of the family plague. The elder daughter is a Princess Torlonia in Rome. The younger's (*Continued on page* 118)

‘10 MINUTES TO WAIT before the curtain goes up’—*says* *Isabel Jeans*

—so *Mine’s a Minor!*

PLAIN, CORK
OR ‘IVORY’-TIPPED

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: **30** *for* **1/-** ★ **60** *for* **2/-** ★ *In boxes:* **15** *for* **6d.** ★ **30** *for* **1/-**

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FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 for 1/-

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AFTERNOON Frock in black boucle finished with kilting. Vest and bow of white silk pique. 8 GNS.

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golden hair and good looks are chiefly familiar in London. Don Jaime, stricken hardly less than his elder brother, if in a different manner, has also married Italian and is mostly near Cannes. The third son and one slenderest hope for the throne, Juan, is wed to a cousin of Bourbon-Sicily: address, Paris-Riviera. And that is the Royal Family that for a quarter of a century was graciously pleased to accept the homage of twenty million Spaniards.

"Foxy Ferdie." Here we encounter a return to better ordered exile. Its subject is luckier, being blessed with the gift for hobbies, and few old gentlemen of 75 can ever have had more than Bulgaria's ex-Tsar. Luckily for him, too, he can indulge them.

For the time being the current occupant of the Greek throne is not in exile.

Neither, for that matter, is Rupprecht of Bavaria, who claims to be King for never having renounced after Armistice, as did his father, Ludwig III. Yet it is a very peaceful claim from a neighbour of Hitler's. The "rightful" King of Saxony is a Jesuit at Valkenburg, in Holland, but he also is not in exile.

One who does belong in this *galère*, for her having worn a crown, is the ex-Empress Zita. Still in the early forties, this masterful woman finds a rock in the Catholic faith; let the waters swirl, she will win through, Zita the unreconcilable. She shall live to see her son crowned in St. Stephen's! Part Italian, French, Austrian, Spanish, the devout widow of weak Karl, whom she singularly misled, brings all her mixed heritage of birth to the business of unceasing manipulation, intrigue, and "gingering" in young Otto's cause. A modern classic she is become, as regards the art of restoration. Old ties are drawn and new ones sought; the Press is kept informed and public opinion watched, as Zita essays, without arms, to reconquer a country. Less and less, as her brood of eight grows up, is the Kaiserin of two short wartime years to be found buried away at moated and turreted, grim Steenockerzelle, in Brabant. Funds have come back into the family, and Zita of the rigorous, withdrawn etiquette travels, Italy, France, Bavaria, Switzerland, and ever with an eye on the main chance. She is "the Duchess of Bar," an old Hapsburg title from Lorraine.

EARLIER reference was made to exiles of the front page. Before we go any further, and in order to get things in decent focus, let us turn to exiles of the back page or not of any page at all. The real tragedy of wholesale contemporary exile is usually only to be found in the dull figures of Director Hansson of the Nansen Bureau. Russians: 700,000. Armenians: 240,000. Assyrians: 7,000. Saarlanders: 4,000. A special office has had to be created to cope with the 80,000 to 100,000 refugees from Hitlerism. No mention is made of Italian outcasts because the several thousand still on the dread islands are exiles cared for by the Duce at a cost of about sixpence a day. The Nansen Office, which comes to an end next year, when nobody knows what is going to happen, deals only in stateless, "Heimatlos," passportless people, without resources, without nationality, chivied from pillar to post at the whim of harsh petty bureaucracy. Unable to find work, not allowed to fix anywhere, undesirable on all sides, freely imprisoned as vagabonds, and preferring it, men, women and children find themselves the victims of a new and tragic push game as they are pushed back from one frontier after another. (Naturally the immense numbers cited above are not so involved, but quite a small percentage is entirely sufficient to provide a situation of human misery of which this wonderful century of progress may well be proud.)

Nansen's Norse successor is having his work cut out trying to persuade a handful of States to promise not to continue playing the new tragic game with their particular human pariahs. And when he is not so occupied he is up to his eyes arranging to settle, in Paraguay, stranded Saarlanders who had the temerity to be Jewish or anti-Nazi or pro-

France, but whom the Republic soon grew tired of keeping. The vastness of the tragedy stands revealed in a single citation: in four years all that it has been possible to do with the teeming Armenians has been to settle 10,000 of them in the Soviet Republic of Erivan. States have excuses for not opening their gates—such as their own swollen unemployment and social unrest—yet the whole remains a singularly Christian tale.

Some among those I have called "the Intellects" tower above the kings as personalities and symbols—a leader of the greatest revolution in 150 years, the foremost scientist of the age and one of its greatest novelists. There are others in exile supremely gifted in music, art and social philosophy. Such men and women make a company of exiles such as the world has never known before, and one with social implications that are highly disturbing. "That the human intelligence may achieve its highest excellence it must be free," writes Professor Joad, "free to come without fear or favour to any conclusion to which it is impelled by force of evidence or power of argument, free to enunciate truths unpalatable to powerful persons." And the dictators won't stand for that at all. Hence exile among the Intellects. In point of fact, such outcast thinkers and writers, men of science and the arts, are better off in exile than suffocating in the airlessness of their own countries, since creative brains cannot produce except when in a free atmosphere.

"Whenever I hear the word 'Culture' I reach for my Browning," is a classic Nazi pronouncement, and the speaker did not imply Robert. Better in exile than carrying on under such blight.

Small doubt as to which outcast in this realm of the mind will most interest posterity. At 20, a young Jew named, I think, Bronstein was sent to Siberia. At 40, this same individual, now Leon Trotsky, commanded the greatest revolutionary army since the 1790's, having first summoned it from chaos. At 50, our man languishes on the Marmora isle of Prinkipo, having passed by a benign spell of exile in the Crimea, too benign for Stalin. At 60 . . . but he has a couple more years to go.

Third exile saw Trotsky hidden away in Rambouillet forest under an assumed name, until dug out by the Paris Press. It was then that he had probably the closest shave that he will ever know. This Press, or parts of it, secured livid White Russians from their impoverished Parisian exile to wait fully armed at several points of egress from the forest villa. There would have been no hope had Trotsky emerged, and the murderers would have been acquitted. How he dematerialised has never been revealed, but we next find him on the boat for Scandinavia and fourth exile in Norway, a health-giving interlude in which much writing was done and solid headway made with the organisation of the Fourth International, or "a world revolution or nothing!" But alas for Trotsky, Stalin still had the breeze up and charged that his arch-enemy had plotted against his life and would the Norwegian Government kindly see about it? On December 18th this Government obliged, with the sequel that Leon, who likes to say he is on a planet without a visa, sailed away to the one haven offering, Mexico. His only "papers" consisted of an out-of-date Turkish refugee passport, but Mexicans don't care.

Trotsky is certainly seeing the world for his world revolution. Stalin, no less appositely, has never been outside Russia.

By comparison, Albert Einstein's exile is as an upper reach of the Thames beside a rough Channel crossing. "I do not intend to put my foot on German soil again as long as conditions in Germany are what they are," Relativity's discoverer announced after the Nazis came to power, and three years ago his house was raided, his library burnt, his property seized, and himself was deprived of German citizenship. Ever since Einstein has divided his year between the universities of France and the United States.

Thomas Mann I met just after the family went into self- (*Continued on page* 120)

half an hour
you owe yourself

Half an hour of longitudinal leisure . . . half an hour of luxury you've earned and deserved. Blessed half hour that you mustn't deny yourself; for that interval of luxurious relaxation in a scented bath will help you to throw off the effects of the longest and heaviest day, leaving you fresh and self-confident to face the evening.

Elizabeth Arden has brought beauty and luxury to the modern bathroom in a variety of exquisite preparations: ★ *Fine Bath Salts,* 12/6; *Bath Cubes,* 3/6; *Dusting Powder,* 7/6; *Bath Essence,* 6/6, 16/6. All these preparations are scented with Blue Grass, Jasmin, Rose Geranium or Ambre. *Velva Bath Mits,* wash-cloth, soap, and fragrant cosmetics in one, 3/-, Box of six, 12/6.

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Out in the Far East things began to go wrong. Only little things but they didn't escape the captain's eye. Then, as the voyage neared its end, came the cry - FIRE . . . .
SHANGHAI
WHY DID YOU LET THOSE COOLIES RIG THAT DERRICK BY THEMSELVES? USE YOUR EYES Mr. HYDE.
SORRY, SIR. IT LOOKED O.K. TO ME.
BOUND FOR VLADIVOSTOK
30 MILES OUT IN YOUR NOON POSITION. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU Mr. HYDE? YOU'D BETTER SWALLOW THE ANCHOR AND SET UP FOR A FARMER.
SECOND DOG WATCH
...FEELING UNDER THE WEATHER, TO THE DOC. WHACKED YOUR MEDICINE WIDE. BROACH CHEST AND KNOCK ME UP A DROP OF TONIC.
SO YOU WANT ME TO WORK A MIRACLE? WELL —I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG. NIGHT—STARVATION. YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH ENERGY. YOU FORGET THAT SLEEP USES UP ENERGY AS WELL AS WORK. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...
WHAT'S YON YE'RE MIXING? GROG?
HORLICK'S FOR THE MATE. HAS IT EVERY NIGHT NOW. REGULAR. AND YOU'D HAVE A BIGGER PAY OFF IF YOU WAS TO STICK TO HORLICK'S.
THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF NO. 5 HATCH, SIR. IT'S GOT AFIRE SOMEHOW.
ALL HANDS MUSTER! FIRE STATIONS! ALL HANDS MUSTER!
WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE, Mr. HYDE. NOW YOU'D BETTER GET A BIT OF SLEEP —YOU'LL NEED IT AFTER THE LAST TWO DAYS.
LEADENHALL ST.
THE CAPTAIN SPOKE VERY FAVOURABLY OF YOU, Mr. HYDE; PARTICULARLY DURING THE FIRE. WITHOUT PROMISING ANYTHING, IT'S ON THE CARDS THAT YOU'LL GET A COMMAND OF YOUR OWN IN A VOYAGE OR TWO.
WELL SIR, YOU'LL GET A GOOD MAN, AND I'LL LOSE A GOOD CHIEF OFFICER.

YOU need not search the high seas for examples of "Night-Starvation." Every day, in every kind of work, tired people are unable to do their job properly. Energy has been used up during sleep, keeping heart and lungs at work. They don't know how to create new energy to take its place.

A hot cup of Horlick's regularly at bedtime creates the new energy needed. It will help you to wake up thoroughly refreshed and ready to do an efficient day's work, and guard you against "Night-Starvation." Plain or Chocolate Flavoured. Prices from 2/-; also Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S

imposed exile in '34. It was at the little beach of Sanary, near Toulon, and Frau Mann told me how they had had to leave their home in the pines at Zoppot at a few minutes' notice. It was later sacked. Mann is as Teutonic as a knight of that blood could have wished, but he says: "As a German, I can understand what has happened. As a human being, I cannot justify it. I can never return to Germany until justice and freedom have preceded me there." So when the Nobel winner is not lecturing in America he is to be found at Kunsacht, near Zürich. As mentioned, he and his have now been expelled for ever from the homeland.

Many German exiles have made their homes in the Zürich district. Apart from the language and amenities, it feels so *near*. Others are not much farther away in the Tessin, the Italian part of Switzerland. Names that come to mind include Remarque, Emil Ludwig, Feuchtwanger, the brothers Zweig. Ludwig Renn, ex-officer, went to fight with the International Brigade. At Berne is to be found Señor Madariaga, former Envoy in London and Geneva. A Liberal, he was advised to stay away from Spain for his own health. Another Swiss exile, albeit one who might have returned to his native land any time in the last 17 years, is Romain Rolland. Rolland quitted France as a pacifist during the War and wrote *Above the Tumult* at Villeneuve, Geneva. At 70, he remains there.

Bruno Walter's bâton is thrice welcome everywhere except in his own country.

Paris has a little coterie of prominent outcasts: ex-Premier Nitti, who favours a Montparnasse apartment, where he writes; Alexander Kerensky, doyen who, after editing an anti-Bolshevik paper till it went smash a year ago, now concentrates precariously on books. Nicolas Berdyaef, expelled after prison terms for upholding religion. Had there been no Russian Revolution, Berdyaef would probably to-day be that country's most prolific and widely known man of letters and philosopher. Modestly, he is to be found in the suburb of Clamart; edits the review *The Way*, and directs the Academy of Philosophy of Religion.

Another author, Ann Morrow Lindbergh, is in unique self-exile with a world-famed husband.

Ex-Foreign Minister Sforza writes in Brussels, which capital the poet Ivan Bunin, Nobel winner, 1933, has also selected. Ernst Toller opts for London. Gaetana Salvemini, greatest living authority on the intellectual history of the world, is a professor at Harvard. "To breathe the breath of liberty! My God!" he exclaimed on arrival in America. Where that fine German, former Chancellor Bruening, is seems not generally known. I have heard ominously "an exile in his own country."

So to figures more exotic.

The ex-Khedive has been longest in exile—since 1914. But Abbas Hilmi II can go everywhere except Egypt, and does, much of the time in his splendiferous steam yacht *Nimet Allah*, which is fitted with a dance floor and bar, although its owner prefers the library, and boasts a "League of Nations" crew of umpteen different nationalities (Scotland in the engine room). One of the Levant's biggest men of business, Egypt's former ruler is to-day quite good friends with those who exiled him.

Oh, what a fall was Amanullah's! One year driving with Hindenburg, having the Duce as cicerone, staying in Orientalised apartments in Buckingham Palace; the next, he and his Queen Sourayah ("who won all hearts") hard put to it as outcasts at Vevey. At 44, he is off the map, in Rome, where the Duce is reputed to be a friend in need. One never knows. . . .

The ex-Lion of Judah has moored himself at Bath, where the morning paper intermittently tells of a new recognition of the conquest of his country, causing the exile no doubt increasingly to warm to Western civilisation in the absence of other warmth.

One who has done over a decade of

St. Helena-like exile is Abd-el-Krim, the tough old Riffian who, after running the Spaniards into the Mediterranean, was to cause France's admirable Moroccan forces much worry until Pétain and Primo jointly disposed of him. Krim begged to be allowed to stay on in his native hills, as France's friend, but Paris thought otherwise, and the warrior was packed off to the Isle of Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, in which tropical spot an adipose and ageing Moor endures, surrounded by wives, offspring, and attendants. It is just on the cards that the French *may* now need him in Morocco.

A highly selective exile is that of the abdicated Old Etonian King of Siam, who prefers Surrey to Bangkok, ostensibly because he wished to retain the power of life and death over his subjects, but possibly also because of a falling royal barometer at home. He is now learning to fly.

I once was privileged to buy a box of paints for an ex-Shadow of God upon Earth in exile. I refer to the former Sultan and Caliph. At the time of his exit from the Bosphorus (1924) one read that "Abdul Medjid's personal belongings filled a fleet of lorries," and that "the last of the Caliphs occupies the whole first floor of a Swiss luxury hotel." The facts were slightly different and no less interesting for being so. Mustapha Kemal gave Abdul 500 pounds Turkish and six hours in which to leave Stamboul. The party of 16 sons, secretaries, wives, and daughters arrived at Montreux almost without the proverbial bean, and had to remain two months "in pawn" awaiting funds, during which period the hotel manager grew only more anxious. The ex-Commander of the Faithful, a jaunty, spatted and monocled old boy who played the violin, wrote verse, and painted Mt. Blanc opposite, had a non-controllable wink which, until one got to know about it, disconcerted slightly. Abdul, at 70, is

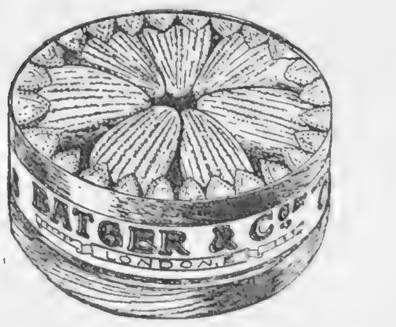
(Continued on page 122)

A Sweetmeat for All Occasions

THERE are times when sweetmeats, however good, begin to lose their thrill. One grows tired of the same flavours, the same cloying sweetness.

One of the minor problems of a dinner party is to provide interesting sweetmeats that are not much trouble to prepare, and are yet up to the highest standard of flavour and delicacy.

Chinese figs are a great discovery. They bring the novelty of a new flavour to the table with an appetising appearance and complete absence of stickiness.

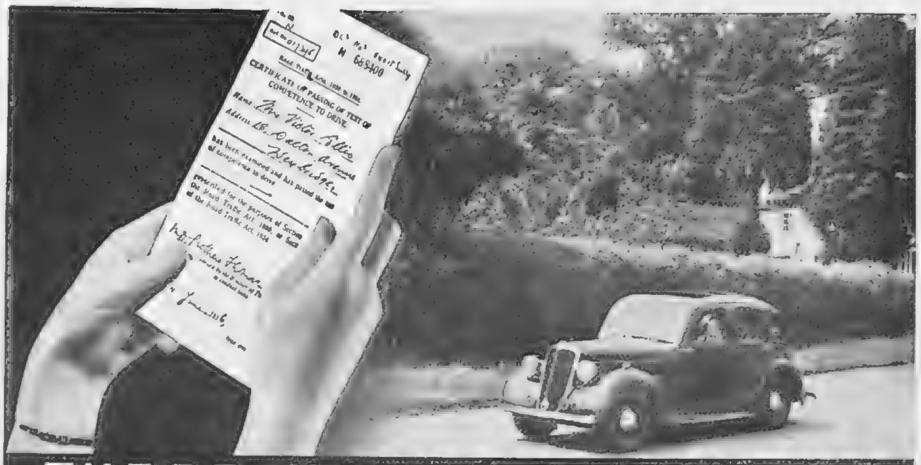


This delicious sweetmeat is composed half of real fruit and half of pure fruit jelly. You have all the natural goodness of the genuine fruit, free of its disadvantages, which are stickiness and the profusion of pips.

You can serve Chinese figs as a delicacy after dinner, and you can eat them at any time of the day with enjoyment and assurance of their wholesome goodness.

Children can be encouraged to eat Chinese figs. As a fruit, the fig has excellent medicinal properties, as everyone knows, and in this form you can give them to children without fear of their spreading the delicacy all over them.

Chinese figs are always in season and easily obtained. But be sure and get Batger's original Chinese Figs. All good retailers and confectioners sell them.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You can have a skin as lovely as hers. The facts below explain how Pond's Vanishing Cream can make your skin look beautiful:

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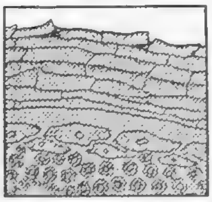

Cross-section of the skin showing how dried-out surface cells make it rough and scaly. Pond's Vanishing Cream puts into the cells a substance which makes the skin soft and smooth again.

But you can put into your skin the very softening substance found in lovely young skin. For this substance is in Pond's Vanishing Cream. And when you smooth the Cream on your face, your skin absorbs the substance, becoming soft at once. Then your powder goes on with wonderful smoothness. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds your powder on for hours, too.

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Smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on *before* you powder. Then use some last thing at night to bring to your skin a lovely softness while you sleep.

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now happily installed at Cimiez, having added billiards and gardening to his accomplishments, though I am not instructed whether he has added to wives Shesuar, Hair Nissa and Chanchidscha. The Nizam of Hyderabad is generous; his son, Jah, married the ex-Caliph's favourite daughter, Durri-Sheva; and it is said the Nizam hopes Jah may one day win the successorship to the Caliphat against Ibn Saud of Arabia, the Sheikh of the Senussi, Ataturk, and young King Farouk. 250,000,000 own allegiance to the Caliphat.

Henry Pu Yi, Japanese puppet President of Manchukuo, is an exile from China, where he has twice ruled as Emperor. This Americanised young Celestial's story is perhaps the most piquant of all. His life was moulded by his celebrated old great-aunt, the Empress Tzu Hsi, who bossed China from 1850 until her death in 1908, in which year, and on her strict injunction, the three-year-old son of her favourite, Prince Chun, was put on the throne. He was Pu Yi, but he only lasted four years, being sent to an alien nursery by Sun Yat Sen, at the coming of the first Republic. Five years later the twelve-year-old ex-Emperor was reinstalled, but for twelve days only, upon which General Tuan chased him back into the forbidden zone of Pekin. The Republic returned. At 16 Pu Yi took a brace of wives, and two years later, 1924, "the Christian General" Feng drove the trio out, for the Japanese to give the exiles haven at Tientsin. Here Pu Yi settled down half as guest, half as prisoner, and the next one heard of him was in 1926, when his sub-wife sued for divorce, alleging ill-treatment by one of the two eunuchs in attendance. Pu Yi then went in for the *ménage-à-deux* with his American-educated wife, Kuoschiasi.

In 1932 the Japanese made Pu Yi firstly Emperor, then President of the seized Chinese province; and at Mukden the Son of Heaven, the Emperor of the Great Pure Lyn, sits to-day, awaiting the hour when he shall ascend for the third time the legendary dragon throne swaying 500,000,000 subjects, with 5,000 years of history behind it. Meanwhile thrice an emperor at 30 is not too bad.

The next category of Exiles must and fortunately can be handled sharply. Two pretenders to thrones have already been as good as dealt with in Otto and Juan. The former is in the news all the time. A lesser known claimant is Dom Duarte, whose position as Duke of Braganza and head of the House since the childless death of King Manoel in 1932 goes unchallenged. The Prince is 29, a linguist and a great winter sports adept, having been born in Austria, where he has lived most of his life. At present Portugal is firmly under Dictator Salazar and Dom Duarte's chances look slim.

Another neglected exile is "Tsar" Kyrill of All the Russias. Kyrill was one of the few to escape from the *Petropavlosk* when she blew up at Port Arthur. At 60 he golfs and yachts from a sturdy stone house in the fishing village of St. Briac, adjoining Dinard, and he is unlikely to keep on the Villa Edinburgh, Coburg, where his wife died last year. "Tsar" Kyrill takes it quite seriously, even to having his son Vladimir addressed as the Tsarevitch. Vladimir was born while his parents were escaping through Finland in 1917. Kyrill issues manifestoes saying he will retain much of the Soviet structure.

Prince Napoleon has never entered France in his 22 years. As long as he claims his great-great-grand-uncle's succession, he may not do so. Rich himself, he lives in Brussels with a richer mother, the former Princess Clémentine of Belgium, who inherited from the Congo a fortune left by Leopold II.

Monseigneur the Duc de Guise, Orleanist Pretender, has been 11 years in exile at the Manoir d'Anjour, near Brussels. But he has really passed his hand to his heir, the young and active Comte de Paris. The Duc spends his days poring over France's battles of the past, and is said also to practise military drumming. The exile ban only affects himself and his son. His wife, "Madame," and his daughters may come and go as they wish. The Guise family is reputed to be worth £4,000,000, and the Comte de Paris apparently does not have to ask twice in connection with his propaganda budget. Among other things, he edits a weekly review called the *Courrier Royale.* The nearest he gets to France is when he is stopping *en famille* at his frontier château facing Sedan—he married a cousin, Hélène de France, and has a young brood of four.

I had hoped to delve into a final category marked "Oddments," but there is space just for one oddment only, and she can scarcely be omitted.

At 9 each morning a big, grey-haired woman, of healthily-coloured cheeks and chin with character, leaves a small house in the Chaussée d'Ixelles, a Brussels suburb, to do her marketing, for which she carries a capacious straw bag. She is always alone, but not bowed down. In the market place she has a bantering word of bargain over the vegetables or the chicken or the butter. This serene *hausfrau* then returns home, and after attending to her housework will as likely as not take a swim in the neighbouring public baths or go for a long walk before cooking her lunch and serving this to herself. In the afternoon another long walk or reading. And then the evening meal, perhaps a cinema, and bed. Rarely does a soul cross the threshold.

Someone has found peace at last—the former Crown Princess Luise of Saxony.

Said to receive an allowance of £300 a year, provided she does not return to Germany and gives no interviews, this vital young woman of thirty years ago, who fluttered Europe's dovecotes with her love affairs, bears no rancour, and if she thinks about the past and of what may have been lost through living one's life in one's own way, she keeps quiet about it. Married 45 years ago to the later King of Saxony and divorced in 1903, she has three sons and three daughters living, yet it is not believed she sees any of them. The daughters are married to Hohenzollerns or Hapsburgs. In Brussels their mother has lapsed to "the Countess Montignoso." The lady has even been known to refer to herself as "the Comtesse d'Ysette," a pun on *disette,* meaning famine or hard up. For years she had still another name: Madame Toselli, wife of "the man of the Serenade." When Toselli lay dying in Florence, in 1926, his former wife hurried thither and held him in her arms, although they had parted, and bitterly, many years before. To-day the visitor she welcomes most—almost her only one—is a 25-year-old Toselli son, one of two. What a transformation—the one-time *Princesse Terrible* of Europe marketing alone in a Brussels suburb!

END

Menus for a Month

(Continued from page 71)

MONDAY, MARCH 29th

Consommé in cups
Fish Pie
Escalopes of Veal Chasseur
Sauté Potatoes
Rhubarb Fool

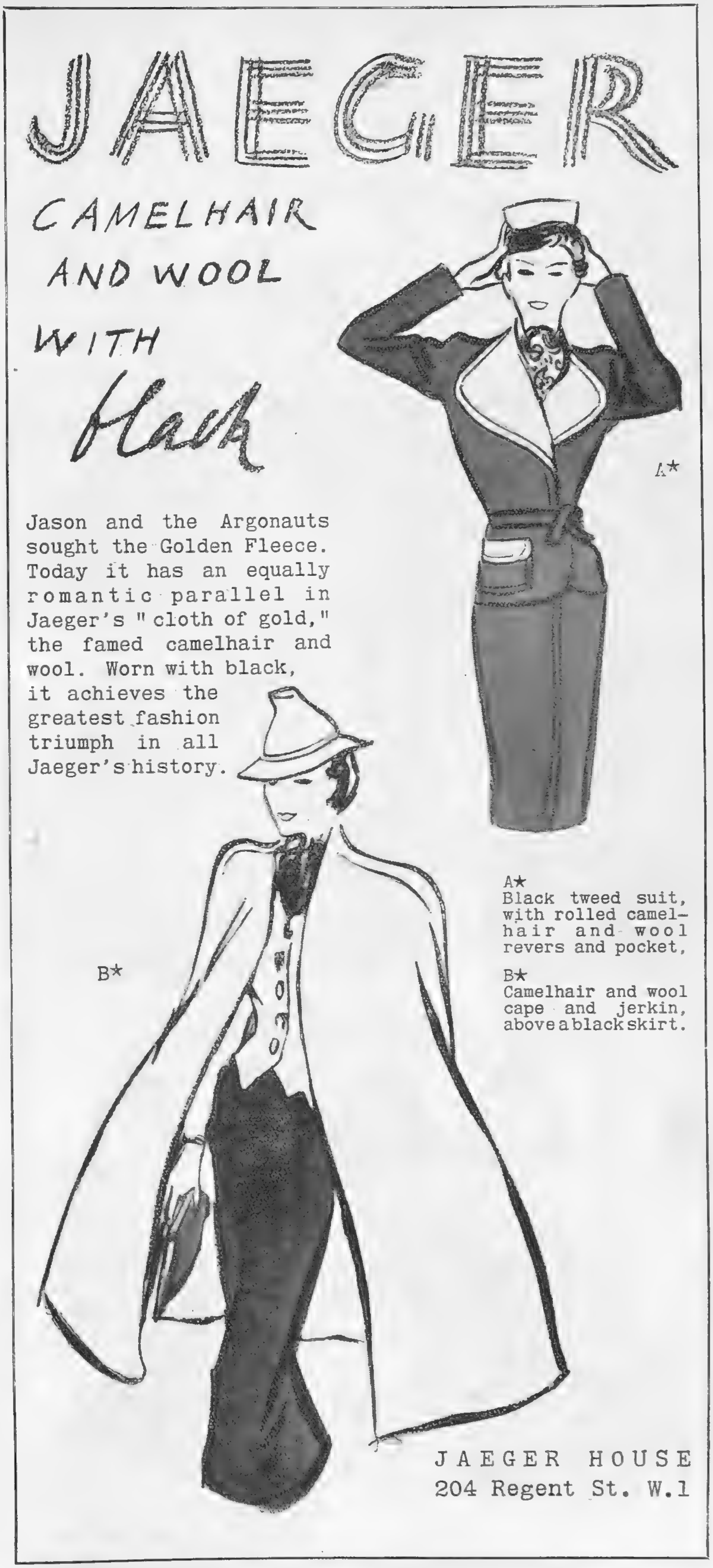
TUESDAY, 30th

Eggs en Cocotte
Curried Lamb, Rice
Salad
Crème Renversée

WEDNESDAY, 31st

Tomato Soup
Tournedos Boucheronne*
Cheese Soufflé
Fruit

* *TOURNEDOS BOUCHERONNE*
Small Tournedos (fillets) of beef cooked in butter with small pieces of bacon, potatoes, mushrooms and a drop of sherry.



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Jason and the Argonauts sought the Golden Fleece. Today it has an equally romantic parallel in Jaeger's "cloth of gold," the famed camelhair and wool. Worn with black, it achieves the greatest fashion triumph in all Jaeger's history.

A★
Black tweed suit, with rolled camelhair and wool revers and pocket.

B★
Camelhair and wool cape and jerkin, above a black skirt.

JAEGER HOUSE
204 Regent St. W.1

John Bull Guards His Empire

(*Continued from page* 13)

say, a quarter of the habitable surface of the globe. Half of this territory had been added in the last half-century. The war brought in rich gains in Africa and the Pacific.

Inside the enormous empire dwell 70,000,000 white people, 48,000,000 in the home island. There are 360,000,000 people of native races of India and Ceylon, and 40,000,000 black folk. There are six million Malays and six million Arabs, a million Polynesians, and a million Chinese. Christians number 80,000,000, of whom 13,000,000 are Roman Catholics. Hindus aggregate 210 millions, and Mohammedans 80 millions. There are 4,000,000 Sikhs, 12,000,000 Animists, 750,000 Jews, and 12,000,000 Buddhists. When the King-Emperor speaks into a little microphone to "my peoples," he addresses nearly 500,000,000 people, rather more than a quarter of all the inhabitants of the planet.

Just before his death old Clemenceau spoke of John Bull "staggering under the weight of his conquests," and thought it probable that the Empire would collapse under its own weight. But the British had built well. They had made roads, railways, harbours, docks. They had linked the Empire with shipping lines. They had built great irrigation works, and made the desert flower. They had brought cattle and sheep to empty lands, and raised poverty-stricken countries to affluence by developing their mineral resources and the potentialities of the soil. In the difficult post-war years they dug their toes in and held on.

THE Colonial Empire that was once talked of as a luxury now contains 60,000,000 people, with a total trade of over £500,000,000 annually, and a trade with Britain which to-day exceeds the corresponding trade of the Indian Empire—wherein dwell 350,000,000 people. The resources and potentialities of the whole Empire now far exceed those of the great American republic, or an economic federation of Europe. Within the Empire territories lie 60 per cent. of the world's gold supply, over half the world's cattle and sheep, half its tin, all but a tenth of its nickel and rubber, a third of its zinc, a fourth of its lead, a third of its wheat, two-thirds of its rice, 80 per cent. of its wool, and a large proportion of its cotton, sugar, coal, and copper.

The Empire also owns the world's biggest mercantile marine, and the world's most formidable and efficient navy, a matchless chain of fully-equipped coaling stations, ports, harbours, and naval bases strung around the world, and its own stabilised monetary system. Within the Empire frontiers there is the guarantee of law, order, freedom, and the *pax Britannica*, and outside its frontiers the protection which goes with membership of the British Empire clan.

The home country's trade with its colossal Empire approximates only about a third of its total world trade. But the stream of empire economic activity percolates through every channel of home trade, and largely explains the enormous financial strength of Britain, and its ability to draw all the raw materials and food it needs from the world beyond its coasts, and to foot the bill for the world's most elaborate and costly social services.

ALL the Empire lands are thriving to-day. As for the British island, it has climbed back from the near-bankruptcy of 1931 to the van of the recovery list, with record trade activity, more money in the banks and a greater volume of savings than ever before, unemployment down from 23·1 to 12·2—just short of a million down, at 1,360,000—and 10,896,000 persons in jobs, the biggest number in British history. National wage payments rose 3 per cent., and more workers participated in increases than in any year since 1920. This raise was achieved by employer-worker negotiation. Strikes in 1936 were more numerous than in 1935, but involved fewer workers, and were settled with less loss of working hours. Actual distress is very localised.

The trade recovery is still progressing. The only reason why the rate has slowed down is that skilled labour is now in short supply, and many plants are working to capacity. The pace will quicken again once the new factories now being constructed are completed, more skilled workers are trained, and unskilled workers taught to tend automatic machines.

There is not a surplus but a shortage of labour in Britain now; not a shortage, but a surplus of capital; and not a surplus, but a shortage of plant. There is no indication yet that Britain is anywhere near the peak of the trade curve.

What a country to conquer—and what an empire to loot! No wonder the dictators snort as their eyes rest on the gold mines and diamond mines of Africa, the jewels and treasure hoards of India, the vast herds, the limitless fields, the mineral wealth, the colossal equipment for production and trans-

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portation. And all this wealth, movable and fixed, is held by a white tribe numbering in the aggregate only four millions more than the 66,000,000-strong German tribe.

Food for dangerous dreams there. The British have been slow to realise how dangerous. They thought men had had enough of war. They thought men would work together to stop war again at all costs. They thought men everywhere preferred butter to bombs, and cabbages to cartridges. They did not entirely realise that they had succumbed to a wish-thought: that they, too, were dreaming dreams—the pipe dream of the wholly replete, who want only to be allowed to rest in peace and digest their last large meal.

They let the sea fleet decline. The air fleet dwindled, and the pilot list stagnated. The army fell below even minimum strength. The territorial force slumped. Pacifism grew; its vote was big enough to swing the balance in an election. Japan grabbed Manchuria. Italy grabbed Ethiopia.

And then the slow British saw at last how it was, and they started to do in a great hurry what they should have done five years earlier: because it looked like being their turn next.

IN short, what France has done with steel and concrete from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, the British imperial tribe is now setting out to do with sea and air fleets, garrisons, and bases, from the English Channel to the Pacific, by way of Gibraltar and Aden, Cape Town, Singapore, and Hong Kong.

When one starts to trace the projected defence system on a map, figure out the probable final cost, and visualise the immense war movements which lie shadowy behind these blue-prints and finished works, one is apt to pause as at the gateway which divides the world of everyday realities from the world of nightmare fantasies. But that is just it—beyond the veneer of this everyday life we live in our protected zone there does lie a world more horrific than a Doré etching for the Book of Revelations.

In January, comfortable citizens in this sea-girt island had another brief glimpse of it when the second batch of bolshevik conspirators was brought before Stalin's Military Collegium in Moscow, and sundry cans of beans were spilled. Bacilli and bumpings-off. German Gestapo plotting with exiled revolutionaries. Ambassadors conspiring with assassins. Japanese secret service intriguing with disgruntled Red minor oligarchs. Russia to be squeezed between Germany and Japan as prelude to a new world war fostered and aided by bolshevik cells on the calculation that, on the other side of it, civilisation would collapse, and the bolsheviki, pure and unadulterated, could step in and realise Lenin's old dream of a world revolution and a world order based on the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It out-does the craziest of spy and international intrigue yarns. But truth always is odder than fiction. There are bright and bold brains now among the war-minded groups who, so far from trying to forget the Great War, merely view it as the First Punic War of the modern world, which settled no more than did the First Punic War of the ancient world.

ONCE again, two great rival civilisations struggle for supremacy: the civilisation of the peace-minded free peoples and the civilisation of the war-minded dictatorships. The ideals and ideas, the ways of life, of these two great groups are mutually hostile and eternally irreconcilable.

Ultimately, there cannot be room for both. One or the other will have to change, or succumb. The British have always found it very difficult to change. This tenacity of character explains their inability to see the beauties of regimentation on the one hand, or collectivism on the other, or a Cæsar anyway.

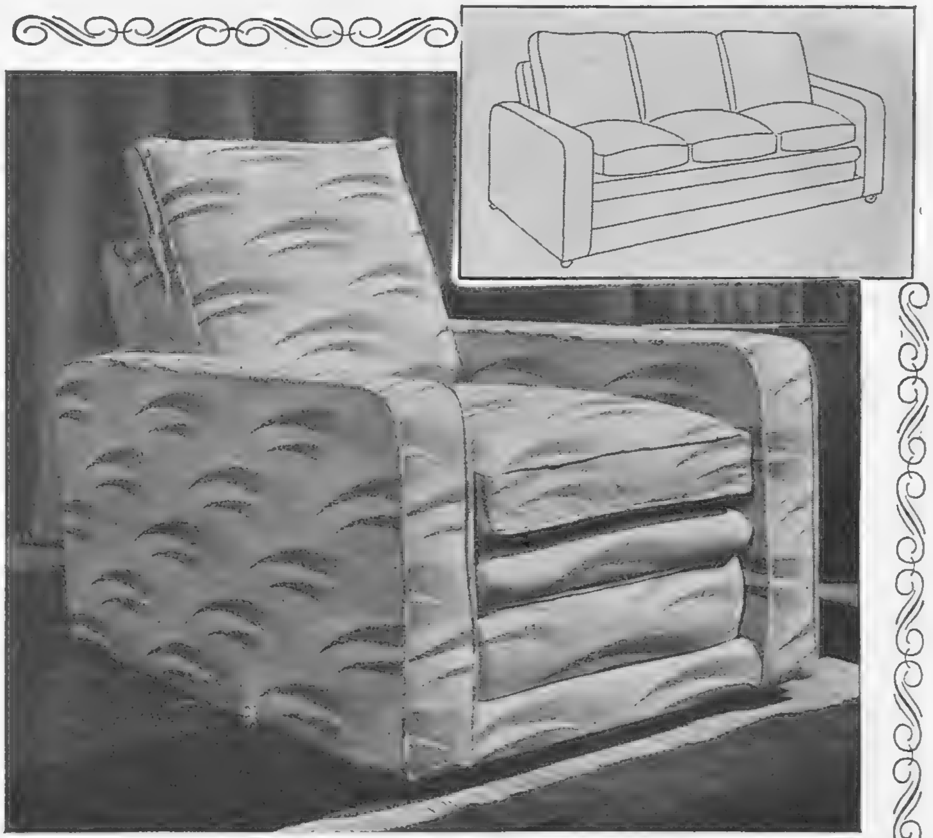
They have, therefore, to make themselves so strong that they cannot, barring unforeseen accidents, be conquered by any hostile state or group of states; while, so long as reason dominates the counsels of the latter, no hostile move will be made against them or their group, on the argument that a man planning to break into a strongroom does not use his skull as a battering ram. History has yet to provide a case of a war of aggression being started by a military state whose war staff reckoned that it could not win, and whose rank-and-file marched forth to fight under the strong impression that they were about to commit mass hara-kiri!

It looks a straightforward proposition. But it has taken the British almost as long to face up to it as it took the Romans to face up to the Carthage problem after the first of those old wars to decide which of two mutually irreconcilable types of civilisation was to survive to shape the future course of human thought and action.

Now they are making up for lost time. From end to end of the island, the arsenals are roaring. Hundreds of thousands of men toil to make new warcraft, tanks, aircraft, vast stocks of arms and munitions, gas masks for the entire population. Great new factories are arising to expand tremendously the output of machines, weapons, ammunition, and equipment, at the first blast of the war siren Central bodies are being created to take care of organisation if and when the nation goes on a war basis.

If anybody had said prior to 1914 that the programme to meet the danger of war, and if possible avert it by a show of irresistible strength, would cost a thousand million pounds, the British, stunned, might have asked: "Is the Empire worth it?" while the bankers cried "Ridiculous," the taxpayers muttered words unprintable even on asbestos, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer fainted dead away.

But now authorities regard this figure as a modest estimate. (*Continued on page 126*)



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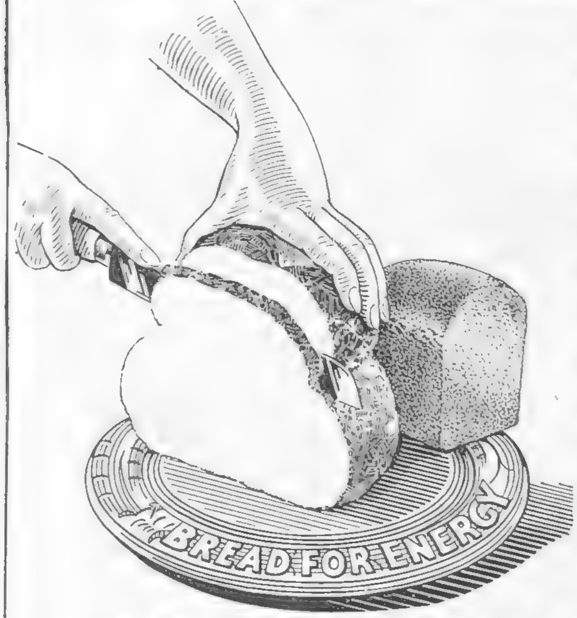

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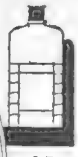

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John Bull Guards His Empire

The mother country alone is spending £160,000,000 out of current revenue in 1936–37, the first year of the greatest re-armament programme in British history, and austere critics like Mr. Winston Churchill find this spending paltry, and contrast it with the grander conceptions of the Hitler-Goering regime, which is spending from £800,000,000 to £1,000,000,000 in the same twelve-months period.

BILL for bill, the British are certainly on the low side. The Italian military expenditure has not declined from the Ethiopian war peak: it has risen another 15 per cent. The Japanese are dominated by an aggressive expansionist war party who grab half the national revenue, and whose junior members coolly bump off ministerial protesters, and cheerfully commit hara-kiri afterwards. Roosevelt is spending £200,000,000 on war preparations this year, although the United States has nothing to fear within its own continent, and is comfortably moated by a 3,000-mile-wide ocean on the east, and a 5,000-mile-wide ocean on the west. The expenditure of Stalin's Russia during 1937 is put at over £1,500,000,000. But, then, that is a very large empire, the world's second largest in territorial extent, and they are organising two mighty armies to fight Germany at their front door and Japan at their back, have a million men in the standing army, the world's biggest air fleet, nearly 100,000 pilots actively training, and think nothing of putting 750,000 men to work building a second railway line to link their Western army with the army of the Far East, and both with the supply centres.

However, Britain has only just started: likewise the self-governing dominions, and India. The latter are all heavily increasing their arms and defence expenditures. Even Canada has notched up her defence expenditure for 1937 by 70 per cent., with air force appropriations doubled, and 102 new aircraft for the air fleet, including two dozen bombers, 11 torpedo bombers, and seven submarine flying boats.

EVEN more significant is the Irish Free State leader's widow's mite. Mr. de Valera cannot go back on his principles and pay the land annuities which he withheld. But he offers to contribute a like sum towards the upkeep of the British Navy. Things are shaping in a way which menace the freedom of Mr. de Valera's three million Irishmen to do what they like, as, when, and how they like, in their own land. As between sharing the fate of Spain or Manchuria, Mr. de Valera's Free State prefers to help preserve the British Empire and stay within the shelter of its guards and gates. The joke is on Mr. de Valera—but it is a grim joke.

However, at the Imperial Conference he will be able to share it with the South African Nationalists, who, in their time, were almost as secessionist as he was. For they, too, are retiring behind the Empire defence walls as the threat to their existence as a free people intensifies. Defence Minister Oswald Pirow has a plan to defend British Africa on Singapore lines at Cape Town. He proposes a great naval base and an enlarged fleet to be provided by Britain, with the Union providing land and air forces to undertake the defence of Rhodesia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, and Nyasaland. Work on this base has started. A stretch of land is being reclaimed from Table Bay, and a £5,000,000 graving-dock is to be constructed to handle ships as big as the *Queen Mary.* Long-range guns on Robben Island, enlargement of the Simonstown base, a fortified seaplane base at Saldanha Bay, anti-tank units, a great new arsenal, an air force with 1,000 pilots and 3,000 mechanics: these are high-lights in the police plan to guard this section of the Empire.

The huge Singapore base is being rapidly enlarged, and probably by 1940 will be the station for an immensely powerful new

Pacific Fleet (at present the combined British naval forces of the China station and in the East Indies, along with the Australian and New Zealand fleets, could not withstand a strong Japanese fleet which included battleships). But the new Cape Town base may prove to be equally important in the Empire chain if Britain, at war, adopts the ocean strategy advocated by some strategists.

The strategists are still arguing. They need to.

THE fact is that the present British Empire represents still an unfinished adventure. It is on the march, but just where it is going, and where it will end, nobody knows. That, however, is an observation which applies equally to the Third Reich, Mussolini's new Italy, Stalin's Russia, Japan under the domination of a warrior group who demand and get half the national revenues, New-Deal America, and the human family as a whole.

If the British imperial people either daunt the war-minded states into peaceful ways, or crush them in any struggle they start, the little jewelled crown which is being brought out for use in May will one day rank among the world wonders. The civilisations which produced the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, and the Pharos lighthouse of Alexandria—these civilisations have gone the way of the men who made them: both are dust. But there seems no reason, short of defeat of Britain in war and destruction of the Empire, why the crown of Edward the Confessor which King George VI will don on May 12th should not go on crowning a King-Emperor titular head of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and the symbol of their chosen way of life, until it is worn thin and assumes for the people of the future the same antiquity that the Seven Wonders have for us in A.D. 1937.

TRUE, Stanley Baldwin looks to some like Fabius, and contemporary Britain like republican Rome at the time of that little trouble with Hamilcar and Hannibal—a Rome with Cæsarism to come, and a progressive decline along that pixelated path to extinction.

But maybe the pattern of old history is not, after all, repeating itself with us. After a thousand years of life, we may still be young enough to adapt ourselves to change, withstand all challenges and assaults, and continue our life and growth until, in the end, we merge with the other English-speaking people whose civilisation we sired, and impose the Anglo-Saxon way of life as the basis of a new world order and civilisation.

End

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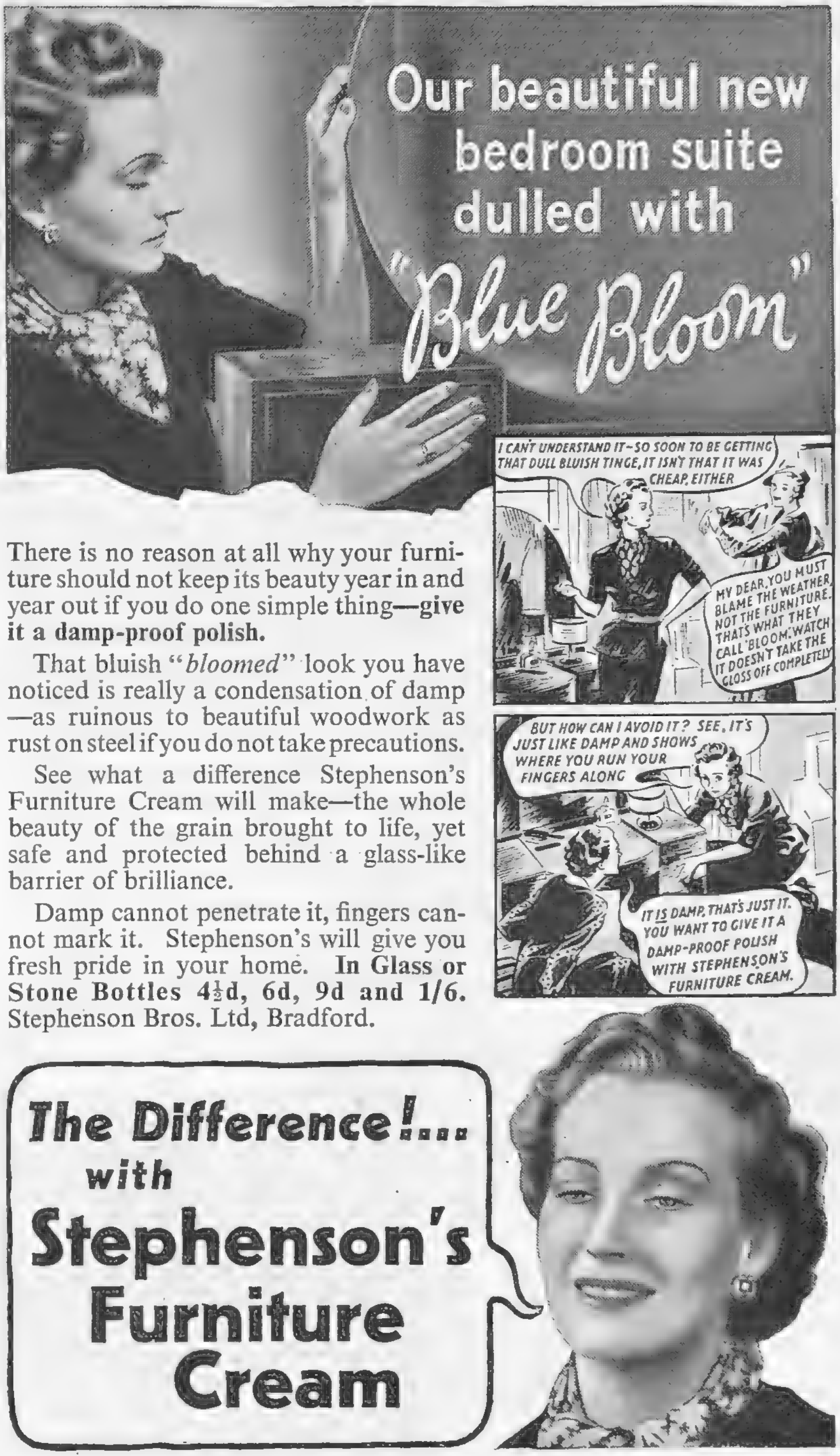

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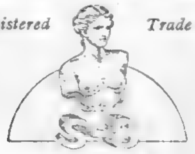

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IN THE COLOURS OF FASHION

Hearts of Oak

(*Continued from page* 11)

once in obedience to signal. The manœuvre was slowly executed in so light a wind. It brought the enemy headed north, with Gravina in the rear instead of the van. And the reefs of Trafalgar came under the lee of both opposing fleets. For a time it seemed Villeneuve meant to run back for the harbour of Cadiz. Nelson was ready to attend to that! But they shaped slowly now in the form of a deep crescent and laid topsails to the mast, awaiting the Admiral's attack. Bert grunted softly to himself. It was all very clear now. He gave slow word for double-shotted guns.

Aloft, from the poop of the *Royal Sovereign*, the scene seemed so bright and full of gaiety. Lofty pyramids of canvas from better than fifty ships of war sparkled in brilliant sunshine. The sea was full of the blinding sheen of them. The English fleet crawled eastward across deep blue water, in two single lines, toward that shapely crescent of bristling guns, with the frigates hovering on the windward flank like smaller pilot birds of prey.

Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign* led the lee division, with the plan of battle clear in his mind, the famous memorandum with the Nelson touch. Against a superior force of sail and metal, he was to cut through the allied line at the twelfth ship from their rear, while Nelson kept them busy in the centre until the business to leeward was through. Nelson himself in the *Victory* sailed on at the head of the windward fleet. Where he would strike no one could tell as yet. Neither Nelson nor Collingwood should have been at the head of their lines, going first into such an enemy fire. But Collingwood would not allow his next astern, the *Tonnant* ship, to pass: and Lord Nelson, signalling his *Téméraire* to come ahead if she could, at the same time gleefully crowded the *Victory* with every stitch she could bear. Whole hog or nothing on the glory road!

So they closed. Quiet lines of tall white-winged ships drifting slowly over a calmly heaving sea all drenched in Spanish sunlight, almost as if about some pleasantly diverting game. An hour before noon of that famous day the fleets lay less than two miles apart, the French and Spanish ships utterly motionless now in their line with topsails backed. "Close action!" flung out from the *Victory's* signal yard. Manœuvres were over. The fate of England's empire gurgled forward with the threads of white foam at the ponderous bows of the leeward fleet.

On Bert Wallering's gun deck, too, the matter was very plain by now. There was a tight, throat-catching tenseness there. The massive overhead beams seemed suddenly to be stranglingly close and low. The crews stood taut at their humpbacked guns, motionless, alert, with wide flaming eyes. Gaunt shadows danced on their polished backs from the smoky fire matches hanging over the water tubs, smouldering. The running tackle lay clear, rammers and swabs on the wet sanded deck. At the hatchways the cartridge boys stood rigidly. What lay behind those set and staring eyes no man could ever know.

The *Royal Sovereign* ghosted in. It was clear now where that ship would strike the waiting battle line. Just astern of that huge Spaniard, *Santa Ana*, and just ahead of the French *Fougueux*. Bert could see them both, vividly, across a narrowing strip of peaceful sea, gun maws bared, their rope-patterned fighting tops thick with black specks of men. It all seemed so still and quiet at that moment as they closed, a stillness made more intense by that slow hiss of water close at hand, the hard breathing of a chum, the faint brashing of canvas, the rattle of a block aloft. Bert Wallering breathed hard too. Then an officer shot down with a rattling of sabre chains. He stood for an instant rigidly erect, surveying the fighting deck with a flashing eye.

"Lord Nelson has signalled, men!" he shouted in a startling deep bass voice. "Nelson has signalled: 'England expects that every man will do his duty!'"

Wild cheering broke loose instantly.

Well, that was good. Men had to cheer or go stark mad In the sudden uproarious din of that confined space Bert Wallering cheered too. What man of England wouldn't? But his lower jaw twitched. And under his breath he growled:

"Does he have to *tell* us that?"

No: he didn't have to tell common men that. They did what they had to do in the face of fame or disaster, hoping vaguely there would be an end one day. Because there was always Bess and the kids for them. That was what Bert thought about in a moment of vivid lucidity, even as he pointed the cannon with an expert's care. And in the very midst of that lusty-throated cheering the *Royal Sovereign's* bow gun spoke.... A deep, dull boom!... The action at Trafalgar began.

THE sound of that single explosion reverberated with thunderous echoing, the first challenge of the mailed iron fist. An instant of silence followed. Then the French ship roared out answer, her forward ordnance belching flame and smoke. The *Royal Sovereign* held her fire. Through the gaping ports they saw the opposing line of battle burst flags and pennants high aloft. The English fleet broke colours too. Starred flags of the Admirals fluttered in the breeze. The rest of the ships broke the ensign loose, Nelson's pale white ensign with the flaming cross of St. George. Far to windward on the poop of the *Victory*, Nelson, seeing the enemy flags, knew at last where Admiral Villeneuve was—in the eighty-gun *Bucentaure*, almost in the centre of the line. Calmly he ordered Captain Hardy to bring the *Victory's* head to starboard. French and Spaniard started pounding him, a terrific fire as he sailed down the van, cutting his upper sails and yards and bloodying his deck as he sailed straight for the *Bucentaure*.

But it was the *Royal Sovereign*, leading the leeward division, that first smashed the enemy's line. Bert Wallering, crouched behind the haunch of his gun, held one arm rigidly outstretched, fingers stiff. The quarter gunners glued their eyes on his outflung hand. The *Santa Ana* was so close now he could see the staring eyes of her men and hear their cries. His arm slashed down. The matches touched: the men sprang back. A moment later the entire port broadside exploded with a deafening roar, raking the Spanish flagship as they passed. The black guns recoiled. Sweating men laid hold of the lanyards. Gunners roared for fresh cartridge and shot. They heard the starboard broadside smashing at the *Fougueux*, but the acrid, stinking smoke spat back through the ports, filling the fighting deck. They could see little. But they all could hear the din, the roar, the cries of wounded, the crash of toppling spars and rope and slatting canvas as the *Royal Sovereign* cut the allied line between the *Santa Ana* and the French *Fougueux*.

You could hear the tons of metal, if you only had time to listen, splintering and smashing through stout oak. On the deck overhead the marines cheered. The topmen started a stiff rattling of musket fire and hand grenades. Behind Bert Wallering as he worked his guns he heard a shrill excited voice cry out. The fever! The fever was at its full. He turned for an instant to shout a word. But he didn't. For that voice of England was never ended. There was no one there now where its owner had been. Only the wet sand on the rubbled deck was no longer colourless... Well, that's what it was there for, the sand. To keep naked feet from slipping before they were hit. The little midshipman boy would know now, wherever he might be, what its purpose was. Further along the quarter a Spanish shot scored a direct hit against one of Wallering's guns. It roared inward, blasting the carriage to splinters. Through the thick smoke Bert saw men stagger away like grotesque shapes seen in a soiled fog. They were his chums, those lads, but he couldn't help them now. There was nothing to be done. Nothing. Except to work the guns. Work the guns! The flame-hot

(*Continued on page* 130)

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wet black guns that drooled dirty smoke from their yawning maws.

Meantime the *Royal Sovereign*, smashing through the line, yawed up to leeward of the allied fleet. The crashing of the guns had killed the wind. The huge ship staggered as Bonaparte's iron ripped at her sides. One by one the rest of Collingwood's leeward division cracked down, shredded white canvas aloft, clouds of ejecting smoke below. The still sea vomited billowing powder smoke, hot screaming metal, splintered spars. The two huge three-deckers, Collingwood's *Royal Sovereign* and Gravina's *Santa Ana*, almost aboard each other, fought it out like two snarling mastiffs. And Bert Wallering worked his guns.

Overhead on the upper deck he heard faintly, in all that violent uproar, the crash of a falling spar. Then another. It wasn't his business, but by the sound of it he knew a mast had gone. Two, in fact. The *Royal Sovereign's* mainmast, shot through and coming down astern, carried the mizzen along with it. Momentarily the smoke cleared away from the square hole in the fighting vessel's side. Bert was just in time to see the *Santa Ana's* mizzenmast go toppling like a felled tree. A sailor's nightmare, this! She was swinging in close again, crippled, her after gear and canvas dragging a welter of wreckage in the sea astern. He saw men there on that wounded deck, the glitter of naked cutlass steel and boarding pikes. Closer. Closer.

"Grape!" he screamed, as if anyone could possibly hear. "Grape!"

He went down the quarter tier himself, clawing at the gun pointers and shouting in their ears. The hot cannon came in, those of them still in action. Bert helped them strain at the tackle. Then he pointed his gun. His face, haggard, streaming and wet, was very grim. Savagely he clawed the hair from before his eyes. A dirty business! God! why did a man have to do a thing like this? Then he flung down his hand. The matches touched again. The big guns roared. Half deaf and blinded, the men staggered back, waiting for the smoke to drift off. When it did Bert Wallering saw the *Santa Ana's* deck swept clear. Quite clear. He shuddered. From aloft he heard a tremendous and overpowering cheer of victory sweeping over his ship. The *Santa Ana's* remaining masts wobbled like match picks, then went crashing over the board. She no longer fired. Her guns were silent. From the stump of her main her colours drifted down. . . . She had struck.

Bert Wallering didn't know how long the battle went. Things like that are mercifully not remembered in time. He knew only that after a century or two the furious roar of cannon slackened. Then, after a time, it ceased altogether. Off in the distance a single big gun blared. How loud it seemed! Then another. Then silence. He was utterly astonished to discover quite suddenly that daylight was fading; that the evening dusk was setting in. And he wondered vaguely how such a thing had happened all of an instant while he was busy with other things.

He found himself leaning, utterly exhausted, against the bulkhead, close beside a toppled gun whose carriage lay splintered at his feet. Both his hands were pressing for support against sweating wood. His knees felt wobbly, and he wondered why it was he felt so tired when the fight had only begun. It was a long time before he sensed that the smoky battle lanterns were lit in their brackets at his back. Now that was strange. It had been hours, then, not moments—all that roaring hell. Dear Lord! what men could endure and still survive! Someone was at his elbow, speaking in a quiet voice.

"Ain't hit, are you, Bert?"

Bert Wallering drew himself painfully erect. "No, Jack; not a scratch. Good to see you, lad."

The *Royal Sovereign* wallowed in the swells, unmanageable and only just able to keep the sea. The gunner looked out through the open port. It was (*Continued on page 132*)

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a ragged hole now, splintered and torn. But it was true enough. The evening twilight was settling upon the shoals of Cape Trafalgar. The sea heaved, leisurely, lifting wreckage and debris for miles around. The fading light made more intense the terrible desolation of that famous battle ground. Five of the enemy ships could just be seen scurrying away to the south and east, desperately wounded. But seventeen of them lay captured; dismasted, leaking, battered hulks swinging dangerously in the heavy swell.

Small boats of the English pulled about in that Sargasso of wreckage. Some of them were at rescue work.

Bert Wallering turned slowly away. A bugle's strident blast spilled into the narrow gun deck. A lieutenant in full dress came down the hatchway. The men drew up in stiff attention. The officer's face was stern and sorrowful.

"For to-day's victorious action, Vice-Admiral Collingwood gives thanks," he intoned slowly, "to all the men of the fleet." Then he hesitated. Presently, with a slight hitch of his epauletted shoulders, he went on in a lower tone: "Our commander-in-chief, Lord Nelson, Vice-Admiral of the White, has just died of his wounds received in action on the deck of the flagship *Victory*."

A deep and profound sigh sounded in the murky air of that place filled with smoke-grimed men. No one stirred. They only stood and stared, swaying a little with weariness.

"From this day on," the lieutenant spat out in a sudden hoarse roar, "from this day on all roads to England's glory start with Trafalgar! With Trafalgar and Nelson!"

He turned brusquely away and disappeared from sight. Bert Wallering heard the bugle sound again in another part of the shot-torn ship. He moved slowly. Heavy exhaustion made leaden his feet. But as he passed that open port again, he stopped and looked out once more.

Sunset flamed in the western sky. He watched it with bloodshot eyes. Perhaps it was only because he was so utterly weary that he seemed to be waiting there, transfixed, for some sign he felt sure would come, some sign out of heaven or earth to give a meaning to Nelson's victory, to England's splendid glory.

He heard distant cheering. He wondered what there was to cheer about. And then suddenly he remembered. He remembered how the voice of power boomed. With certainty and with strength.

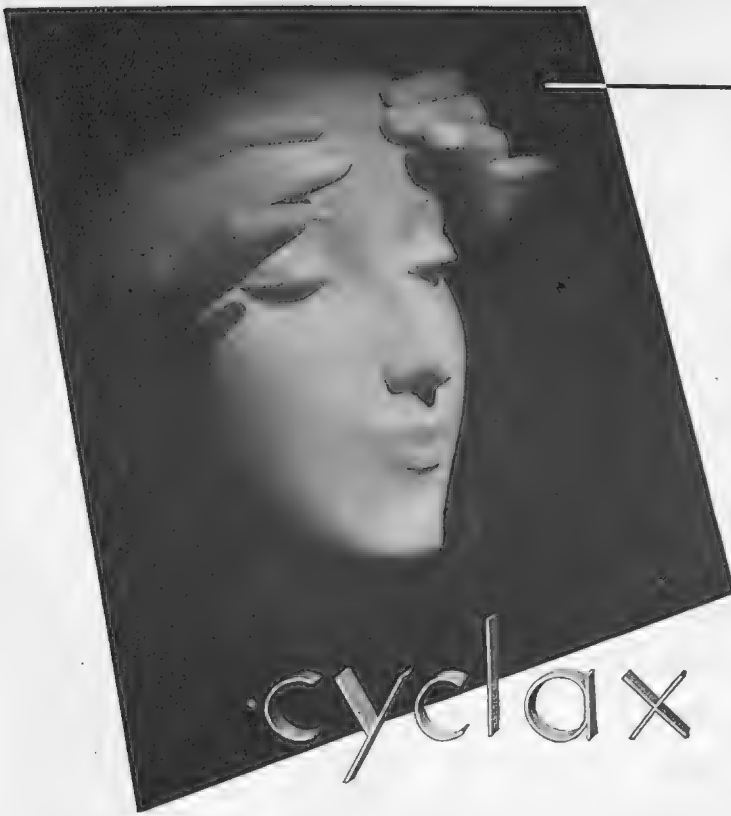
"All roads to England's glory lead from Trafalgar. From Trafalgar and Nelson!"

He felt the thrill of it. What man of England wouldn't? And then, as he watched, the sun's last bright bar of horizontal light came full in his eyes. Only for an instant it lit up his haggard, patient Sussex face. It rumoured something of what his Bess had meant. There was a hint there, too, of a strange compelling glory to refresh the hearts of men. But fainter, more elusive and less brazen, unheralded by the rattling drums, the cannon's roar, or the sabre's skirl of death. With some released inner fibre he strained to capture its import. It seemed trembling within the limit of his consciousness, some silent enduring majesty, glimmering faintly on the western board. He knew! He knew now what his Bess had meant. He reached out for it, eagerly and with burning eyes. It wanted time, though. It wanted a little time to seize on that fair promise the sunset held. A moment; a moment more and it was his own, a simple thing, good and true, to quicken the spirit and freshen the faith.

"You there!" a harsh voice cried out. "What the blazes you doin'? Moonin' there like a bloomin' volunteer. Lend a hand here. Lively!"

The gunner turned away from the fading western light. "Coming," he said dully. "Coming at once, sir."

END



Day-dream

It's fun not to look made up when you are. It's nice to have a skin that is lovely *underneath* the make-up, and it's sensible to stop day-dreaming here and now, and get Cyclax to do something about you.

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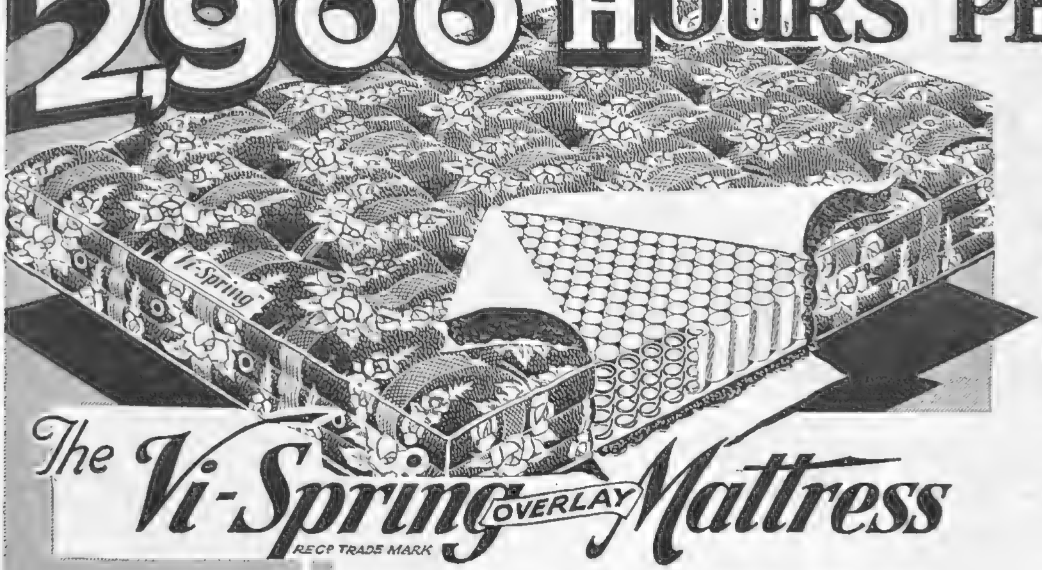

Night after night of sound, restful sleep—every hour of bed-time spent in luxurious comfort—no wonder that those who sleep on a 'Vi-Spring' look so well and keep so fit. Isn't it worth your while considering this famous overlay mattress for your own bed ?

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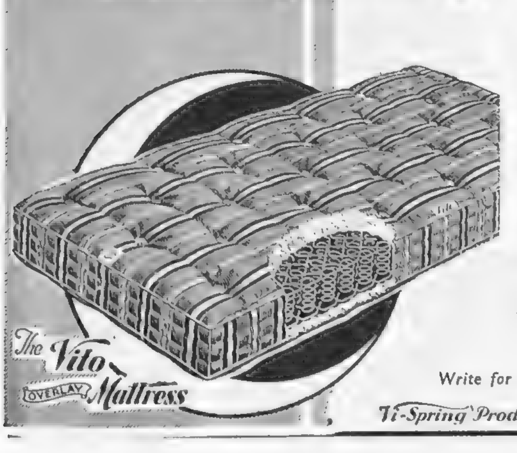
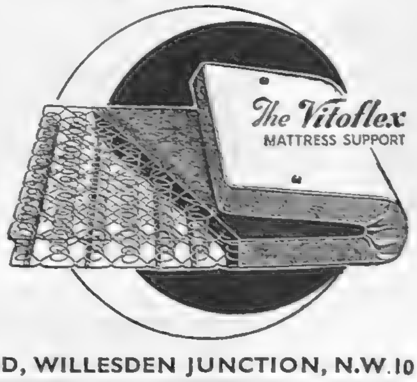
Should you wisely decide on a 'Vi-Spring,' look for the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring' mattress when buying.



The 'Vito' Overlay Mattress.—This fine spring-centred mattress is, without question, the most comfortable and durable of all non-pocketed spring overlays. The unique shape of its Patent Vito Springs permits a method of assemblage which gives the 'Vito' a sturdiness obtainable in no other mattress. Judged by years of service and moderate price, it is the cheapest overlay mattress you can buy.

The 'Vitoflex' Mattress Support.—For comfort and durability it is essential to use an efficient support with any type of spring-centred overlay mattress. On the 'Vitoflex' all springs in the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Mattresses are evenly sustained and uniform softness and resiliency of the bed thus ensured. The 'Vitoflex' eliminates any possibility of sagging and adds a far greater degree of comfort than can be obtained from any other type of support.



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Hedley, Byrne & Co.

We Take the Cure

(*Continued from page 25*)

the patient ?" He had a little black bag, and he put it down and looked at Bob and then at me. You would have thought we could answer him readily enough, and yet we were hesitating. The patient was both of us—and neither of us. We had no definite ailment, or ailments ; no heart, or hearts ; no digestions of importance ; nothing worth mentioning to this famous little man. We were just tired, and that was all there was to that. That was why we had come. It had seemed reason enough—but now it didn't.

Simultaneously we realised this, and each of us made cowardly haste to indicate the other ; and Bob won. "I see," the doctor said. "It is the little leddy, eh ? She is tired out. She plays too hard—and goes too much——"

"Plays ?" I cried tragically. I hadn't even heard the word for fourteen frantic months. It broke me down, and I began to tell the doctor all about everything, from my new book, and why I'd had to work twelve hours a day to finish it, down to the fact that all my hair was falling out. It was a fascinating story, and the doctor thought so too, and it absorbed us both for quite a while. We forgot Bob entirely—and why not ? It served him right.

But pretty soon I grew aware of plaintive efforts on his part to insinuate himself once more into the conversation. He was heard murmuring "Me, too," and "So is mine," and things like that. He kept repeating doggedly that he also had been overworking—which was true enough—and that he wasn't sleeping very well either. Eventually he cleared his throat and said in a loud voice, "And I need to lose some weight."

We looked at him then, and the doctor said, "Yes, that is so. You should lose five kilos. But you can do that by eating little, and by climbing the high hills. You will not need to take the cure for that."

"No cure ?" Bob echoed desolately.

"I think not for you," the doctor said. "You are a big strong fellow. You are not like this little leddy with the blood pressure of a sick chicken."

Bob now looked heartbroken. "You go on into the other room, my dear," I said loftily, "and wait for me."

I found him there a little while later, after the doctor had departed. "Well ?" he said, with what I took to be polite but grudging interest. "When do you begin your cure ?"

"I don't know yet," I said. "The doctor wants to make a more complete examination. I have to see him again at his office at five o'clock this afternoon. What time is it now ?" I inquired eagerly.

But it was only three.

"I think I'll go with you when you go," Bob said. "There're one or two things I forgot to tell him."

We had two hours, and we decided to go walking and explore.

We wanted a forest walk, and the concierge was proud to say that there were ninety miles of forest walks in and around Marienbad. This should have been a warning to us, but it wasn't. "Good," I even said. The concierge, approving my approval, became volubly informative—the nearest path began at the side door of the hotel. All the paths were carefully planned for invalids of all degrees, with benches every hundred feet or so, shelters at half-mile intervals, the celebrated forest restaurants on the hilltops far and near, and indications of the grades *en route* provided by thin stripes of colour painted on strategic tree-trunks—yellow stripes for the steep climbs, green for the even steeper ones, and red and blue stripes for the level stretches and the mild inclines.

Babes in the woods could not go wrong, it seemed, and in this fatuous conviction we left the hotel via the side door, and crossed a gravelled courtyard, and found a rustic staircase clinging to a flowery cliff, and mounted it, and disappeared.

What happened to us then was typical—it was to happen to us every day thereafter, and even (*Continued on page* 136)

Yes, it will double *our* comfort and halve *my* housework
My dears—**INSIST** on your new home being ALL-ELECTRIC

Don't take a new home unless it is wired for all electric aids to comfort, or it will be out of date from the outset. You must be in a position to enjoy fumeless electric cooking, light in the right place, dirtless electric fires, electric hot water day and night. I insist on it! Information from your nearest electrical showrooms

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VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

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BE TRANQUIL.
Enjoy Your
Leisure

Design B470

Rest and read in this room

REFUSE to rush hither and thither in search of change or quiet. Find tranquillity in your own garden; bask in the sunshine and enjoy the fresh air.

TAKE things easily in a Sunshine Room; rest and read; have friends to tea; play cards in the evening; if you are restless at nights, sleep in the room, and in the mornings have breakfast outdoors.

Use the room day in and day out and find a new measure of health without cost or effort.

There are many more designs made to revolve: write for Catalogue 414.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD., NORWICH
See examples at Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, S.W.1

twice a day, and so there is no passing lightly over it. It was no incident. It was a part of everybody's cure at Marienbad, and a large part. You took the baths, you drank the waters, you had an infant's schedule on which you lived, you had a diet-list to carry everywhere with you and hold in one hand while you held the mocking menu in the other; you danced at breakfast-time, and strolled to thunderous concert-music at the Kreuzbrunnen at—Heaven help you—seven-thirty in the morning, and you rested before luncheon in your bed at the hotel with fifteen pounds of hot black mud in a cloth bag across your stomach; all this you did for health, but more than anything, and most of all, you wandered footsore in the wilderness, leaning upon your alpenstock, and wondering where on earth you were, and why and how you came to be there, and whether they would ever, ever find you.

This inevitable predicament dawned on us gradually, on that first afternoon. Lost in three minutes, we were not aware of it for a full hour. We sauntered happily, sniffing the air, exclaiming over everything.

We could hear music every now and then, even at first; and after four o'clock the woods were full of tea-time music, drifting sweetly from the terraces of hidden restaurants that might be miles away—so still and clear the air was—or that might be just around the next green bend. "Let's find one, and see what they're like," Bob said; and this seemed easy. Wherever two paths intersected there were whole flocks of signs with pointing arrows, each placed there in the interests of a different restaurant. We failed to note, at first, that distances were never given—or if they were, it was in Czech, and not in numerals. We picked a restaurant called the Café Zoo because we could pronounce it, and for the next half-hour we followed all the signs saying "Café Zoo." We didn't find it. We were not to find it till a week from Wednesday, during a bus-ride. It was practically in Poland, or in Russia.

I can't remember much about the rest of that excursion, beyond the fact that it went on till half-past five that afternoon.

I remember that, and I remember well my ultimate rebellion, near the end—quite near the sudden path that tunnelled straight downhill to town. I remember seating myself firmly on a bench and saying that I not only would not, but could not, and should not, take another step. "This is all very well for you, you know," I said. "You're a big fellow. But I'm a little 'leddy' with the blood pressure of a sick chicken."

One picks these things up very quickly in Marienbad.

BOB won his cure. It was a little, easy, unimportant one, and not to be compared with mine—it was a poor thing, but his own. It kept him busy and contented all that month, during which it shrank him visibly and rapidly to football-star proportions. He lost eighteen pounds, in fact, and one of my incessant duties was to photograph this transformation for posterity. Everybody in Marienbad gets photographed continually, of course, and goes home laden with side views and rear views, chronologically diminishing.

Cures are like operations when you come to tell about them, and I would fain dismiss Bob's with an airy gesture and get on to mine; but there is no denying that eighteen pounds are quite a loss, and it is possible that some of you would like to know how it was done. Very well, then, if you insist. It was done principally, as such things always are, by exercise and diet—Bob could eat only two items per meal, and when I tell you that accessories like coffee, lettuce, zwieback, counted as one item, you will see that this was harder than it sounds.

He had to rise at seven-thirty daily; walk for half an hour; imbibe 300 grammes of healing waters at the main spring called the Kreuzbrunnen at eight o'clock—taking ten minutes to do (Continued on page 140)

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And for ordinary headache or neuralgia there is no finer remedy you could take. Cephos is not just a single drug, but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician—it does not affect the heart.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Powder or Tablet form 1/3 and 3/-. Single Dose Powder or Tablets 2D.

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If along with the photograph of this garment you could see the choice of beautiful colours and colour-combinations it can be knitted in, you would not be able to resist the temptation to make and possess. The wool is Munrospun "Heather Glen." Its knobbly effect makes a pattern in itself. A ribbed yoke at the back matches the ribbed neck-band. Easy to knit and perfect when finished.

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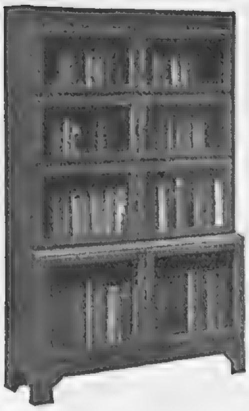

showing the quietness and restraint most suitable for a library or study. The careful British craftsmanship for which Minty's are so well known. Easily extended, of course. In tune with present-day furnishing, these Bookcases, designed on simple satisfying lines, will still please you twenty years hence —still keep your books clean, ready, orderly.

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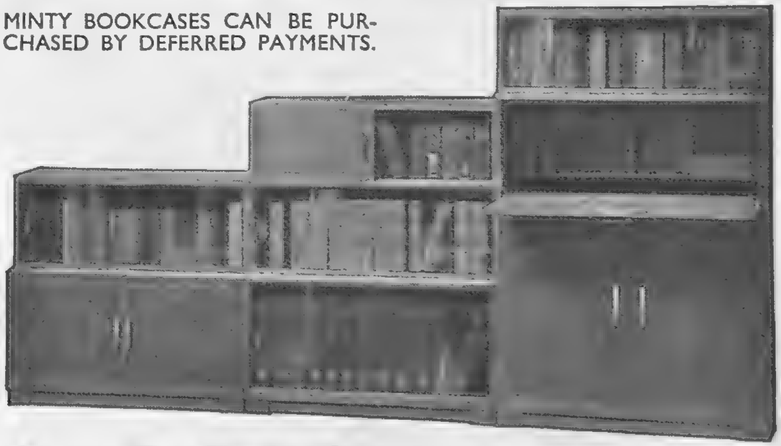

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The plate-glass doors slide freely in chromium-plated runners. Finger pulls are recessed in the glass, which enable the door to open to the fullest extent. Runners for sliding glass doors and other fittings are of solid brass chromium-plated, making them untarnishable.

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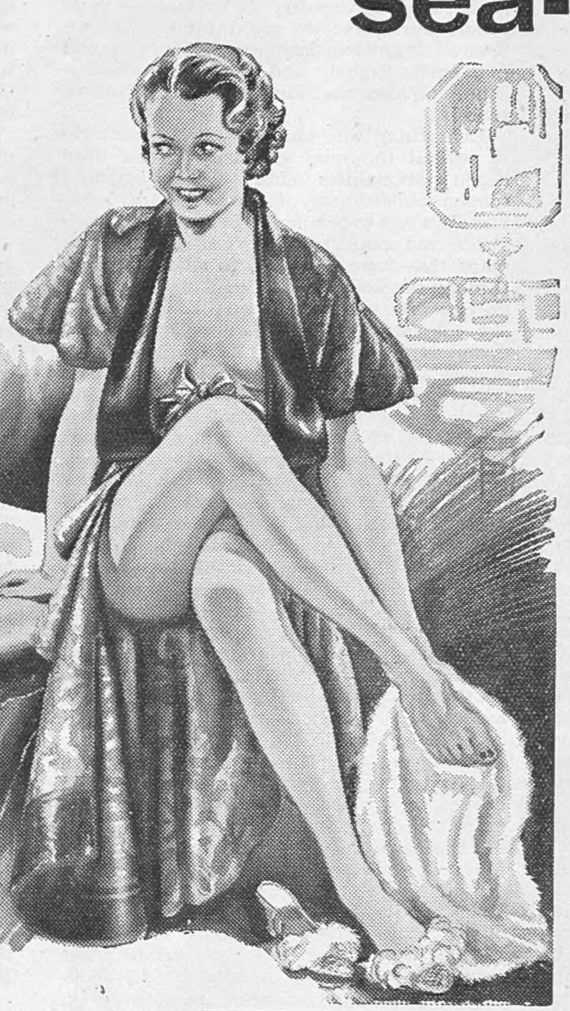
What a lovely "sea-breeze" smell



THIS is really the loveliest soap you have ever used. A great big foaming lather—with the "Smell of the Sea" in its creamy bubbles.

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Almost magically your skin is cleared of every impurity and beauty blemish. *Within ten days* you have a skin texture ten years younger.

The more you use this Iodine Soap, the creamier and clearer and more velvety your skin becomes. Wrinkles and signs of age are gently eased away.

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FALSE TEETH How clean and fresh your mouth is after cleaning your dentures with this Soap. Dissolves away cloying grease and leaves every tooth gleaming white. Germ-free too!

Make Sure you SEE MY PHOTO on the wrapper. because a lot of cheap green soaps are being passed off as "This is the Genuine SIMPSON Iodine Soap."

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Chemist. The Iodine Specialist
SIMPSON
IODINE SOAP
from Seaweed Iodine
6D
PER TABLET
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SIMPSON IODINE SOAP

BRAND

Sold Everywhere Including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors

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that, and walking all the while, with glass in hand and tube in glass, like everybody else—and thereafter betake himself to still another spring, for still another kind of water, and still another sipping stroll; and thereupon walk twenty minutes more before his breakfast.

Thus his day started. He had to dance, as briskly as he could, at tea and dinner. He was supposed to dance at breakfast—a Marienbad idea from which we never quite recovered, what with jazz bands tootling " You're the Top " at eight-thirty a.m., and blazered gigolos with shining morning faces functioning—but at the very sight and sound of this my lord and master struck, maintaining that this was the end, and that some prices were too great to pay, and that if he never got thin as long as he lived he didn't care, and that he wasn't fat anyway, and that, in short, he would not dance at breakfast.

To other indignities, however, he submitted with good grace. He even enjoyed some of them immensely—notably his after-luncheon nap, and his lights-out-at-ten-o'clock-as-in-preparatory-school regime. He liked his daily visits to the doctor—well, and who did not ?—and the high point, the really dizzy pinnacle of all his days, came at eleven, when he hastened blithely to the mammoth marble building called the Moorbad, or Mud Bath, and there allowed himself to be immersed for half an hour or more in a tubful of something very like a vast, warm chocolate pudding. The simile is his. Myself, I wouldn't know about it. I was taking baths in silver bubbles, personally.

Which brings us back to me—and high time too. Just wait till you hear this. My cure was so dramatic that it had to have a prologue called a Milk Day, and another called a Dry Day, before it could even start. The Milk Day lasted twenty-four hours, the Dry Day lasted twelve, and I spent both days in retirement, flat on my back in bed, being fed at three-hour intervals by Room Service. Room Service was a floor waiter who shared with all the other hotel servants a distinctly nurse-and-interne quality—all of them knew all about the cure in general, and one's own cure in particular, and all of them were vigilant and strict in one's behalf. I asked for drinking water at one point. I didn't get it. I had hoped the waiter wouldn't know that water was *verboten* during the Milk and Dry Days—but he did know; he grew sad for human frailty, and with many bows and pardons he talked me out of it.

So there was no help anywhere, and I subsisted on two kinds of pills, a cup of hot black coffee, and a glass of special saltless milk—the milk and coffee alternately every three hours during the first day. Then I switched to two pieces of zwieback, alternating with a hard-boiled egg, a starkly simple one, for twelve hours more. That was the Dry Day, and it ended in a burst of glory with a bit of fish. I had by that time lost eight pounds—although I hesitate to tell you so, for fear you'll want to try a Milk and Dry Day of your own. This you must certainly not do without advice, because the deeper purpose of this slenderising process is concerned with dehydration, and you probably don't need it, and in any case it isn't safe without the pills to keep you hearty and the doctor standing by.

The rest will not astound you properly, I am afraid—that's what I get for being unselfish and describing Bob's cure first. Now I have spoiled my own story, and there is little left to add except the details and the several variations. In the main, my cure followed the lines of his—though in the opposite direction. While he walked uphill, I took buses to the summits and walked down. While he played tennis, I went back to bed. I was forever going back to bed. I had to have four rests a day, of one hour each ; I also had to have five small but strengthening meals a day, while my provider fasted. This sort of difference prevailed throughout our schedules, from morn till eve. We were Jack Spratt and wife reversed. We were the tortoise and the hare.

I can't explain why it was so amusing, but it was. We had a lovely time, that whole month long. Living by typewritten instructions that took care of every hour and even every minute, we were somehow never bored —we never noticed the monotony at all. Now there was nothing that we had to think about, nothing to worry us, nothing we must decide ourselves : we could forget that we were adult and responsible, and just relax, and just exist, vaguely and helplessly. You've simply no idea what fun that is, unless you've tried it.

Everything was fun. The very spectacle of several thousand grown-up people of a dozen nationalities united in this common solemn childishness of spirit and of habit was diverting to behold. We all had walking-sticks, and comfortable dusty shoes, and little maps that were supposed to guide us safely through the woods. We all had doctors, good, grey doctors, watching over us like fond papas. We all ran straight to them with every symptom, every twinge. In the great bath-houses, in all the countless little numbered rooms, we were put into metal tubs of varying depth and prescribed content by uniformed attendants who wished us " *gutes Bad* " and left us sitting there with cold compresses balanced on our heads. We watched the clocks on the tiled walls, and rang the bells beside the tubs when time was up, and were assisted out, and wrapped in towels, and laid on couches to recover. If these were mud baths we were taking, we emerged like chocolate creams in human form, and had to be defrosted with a hose.

We ate and drank what we were told, religiously, burying our noses in our diet-lists at restaurant tables, a hundred of us at a time, with all the tense absorption of heirs perusing wills. The restaurants were made for us—the planted trees and parasols, the cretonne cushions in the chairs, the fringed grey robes like heavy shawls folded upon the chair-backs, were for our benefit. Feeling the slightest draught, we tucked the robes over our laps, like motorists. Feeling a definite breeze, we wrapped them high around our shoulders and sat swaddled like huge babies, or like lively mummies, taking tea. When tea was over, we repaired to quiet corners of the premises, and lay in deck-chairs with our eyes closed, never reading, seldom even thinking. We just lay there, by the hour, and by the thousand.

Saturday nights were gala nights at the hotels, and we sat up till twelve o'clock in innocent excitement, waving red balloons, and throwing pink and yellow serpentines, and dancing stately foxtrots with our doctors.

And once a day, in the late afternoon, we all forgathered in one place—the whole five thousand of us, dressed to kill. We Took the Waters. The phrase is spoken as I've written it, in capitals. In point of fact, we Took the Waters twice a day, but it was only in the afternoon, from five-thirty to seven, that you could be sure of seeing us all, to the last apoplectic Munich brewer, and the last liverish Englishman, and the last hypochondriac from Belgium or Brazil or Boston, Mass. The morning watering-hour divided us according to our stamina—such hardy cure-takers as Bob repairing to the springs to drink, while little " leddies " with low blood pressures, and even little gentlemen with similar afflictions, stayed in bed and sent as deputies their hotel couriers with handfuls of carafes. The morning scene, although it had its points, was not the best we could provide. You had to see us in the afternoons, united.

There was perhaps an eighth of a mile of broad, tree-shaded promenade between two spring-houses, like temples, in a green park in mid-town ; and this contained us. United here we stood, in our best clothes, with glass tubes in our mouths descending angularly to the glass mugs in our hands. United we sat sipping on the phalanxes of benches along one side, facing the line of shops along the other. United we walked up and down, and back and forth, imbibing slowly. Whether we stood or walked or sat depended on our doctors' orders, which were nothing if not detailed and explicit in such matters. For instance, my own six o'clock instructions read as follows : " Kreuzbrunnen water, 150 grams hot, 150 grams cold, mixed. Drink at spring. Blow the water through the tube to remove gases before drinking. Drink sitting down, taking about five minutes. Afterwards walk 10 minutes (but not uphill). Carriage to hotel (do not walk). Rest in bed 6.30–7.30."

The band played, and it was a mighty band of sixty pieces. The whole town came, to pack the promenade from end to end. Everyone came. Now during the watering-hour all entrances from all directions were barred with ropes and guarded by officials in red armbands, and you had to have a ticket even to approach the sacred springs ; but this was nothing. Everybody had a ticket, or could get one.

Excursionists from other places came, with popping eyes. People from Prague and Pilsen arrived to gape at us. Rival cure-takers from Karlsbad, thirty miles or so away, drove over for the afternoon to see how we were making out. We who had been five thousand became ten thousand, herded together. Apple-cheeked *hausfraus* in embroidered dresses. Fashionable Parisiennes. Teutons with bullet heads and stiff, thin stubbles of fair hair. Tweed Englishmen. Monocles. Handle-bar moustaches. All kinds of titles—Lady This and Baron That, and Prince and Princess Whosis, and the Maharajah of Whoop-de-do. The hotel managers of Marienbad. The barbers and the manicurists. The professional dancing partners from the restaurants and hotels, complete with unexpected wives and even offspring who, when nudged, made pretty curtseys to their fathers' passing clients. Diplomats from everywhere. Demi-mondaines in picture hats. Ubiquitous photographers with clicking cameras. Brazilians who owned emerald mines. Italian opera singers from the Metropolitan, New York. A famous French couturière. The former Marienbad gigolo who had married the rich American ; and the rich American's maid ; and the former Marienbad gigolo's valet.

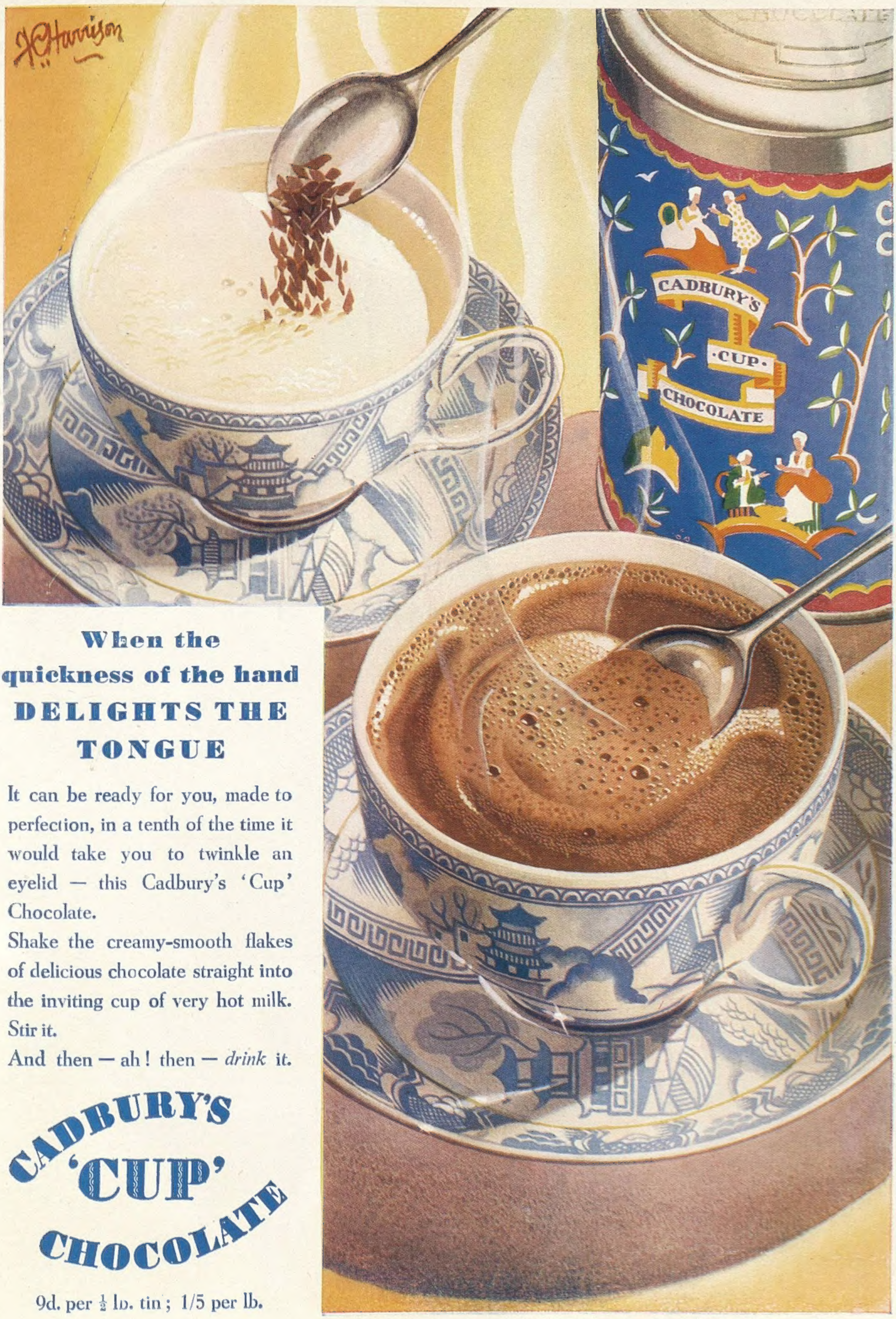
Only the doctors of Marienbad were absent. They, presumably, were resting—while they could.

THIS was the cure, taking it by and large. You have the rough idea. It remains only for me to tell you something of the outcome. Now I believe wholeheartedly in cures, as everybody does who has lived through one, and accordingly I am reluctant to admit that the first outcome of a cure is apt to be an after-cure, and that you do not really feel well for some time. This is unfortunately true, however. You feel rather worse than better. Your week or two—or even three—of after-cure in Switzerland, or in the Dolomites, or in some other high rare altitude, is not the joke you thought it was when it was first suggested to you by your doctor in Marienbad. You need it. Frankly, you feel terrible.

This grieves you more than it surprises you, because you have been warned. The doctors warn you ; and the seasoned addicts have a saying to the effect that any cure you give yourself in summer is a Christmas present. I am now a seasoned addict, and Bob is another one, and we can echo this. It was exactly our experience. September, fair. October, definitely improved. November, fine and dandy. December, marvellous.

We still keep well, thank you. We haven't been so fit in years, in fact. Even February in Manhattan didn't phase us. Even March did not. Now it's April, and we still feel like new people, and we have only two months to go, which pleases us. We sail the twenty-fourth of June. We're going to take another cure, you see. But certainly we are. Of course we are. You bet we are. *Ja wohl.*

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices. 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates : Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum ; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand : Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America : The International News Co., Ltd.



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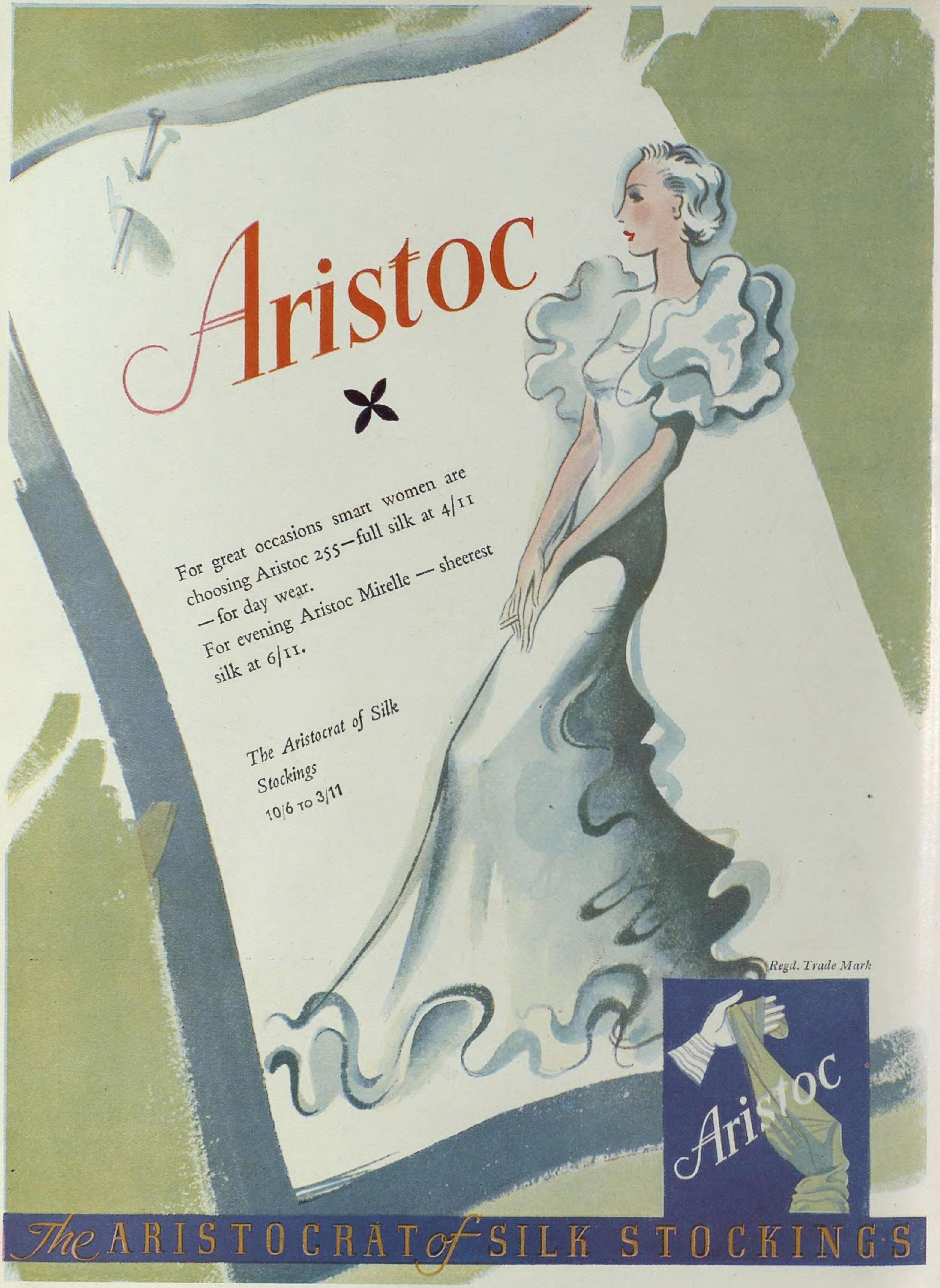

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